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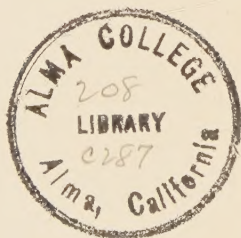
FATHER FABER.

Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

VOL. LI



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. ; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1902

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FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

(1814-1863)

BY M. S. B. MALINS

WITH the dawn of the nineteenth century there began a new era in the history of the Church in England. Those long, dark years in which Catholics had been threatened and persecuted for their religion were to close, and a fresh period was about to open in which they could free themselves from the pernicious influence of constant oppression, and claim, though not without difficulty, a position among their fellow-countrymen.

The Oxford Movement, which began in the year 1833, brought about a revival of thought that made itself felt in every quarter. Neither the Established Church, in which it originated, nor yet the Church itself, remained in the same position after it started. "What was good in the former was by God's mercy gathered into the garner of Rome," and there went to prove the providential outcome of the Movement, the rekindling and extension of the old Faith.

Frederick William Faber was not one of the prominent leaders of this Movement, yet was greatly influenced by it. He was rather the result of it, the fruit of the search after truth carried on by others. The violent attacks of bigotry, the severe criticisms and open warfare that assailed Newman and his companions, only affected him in so far as he was a disciple of the same school, one whose sympathies were identical with those of its originators. Yet the work he was called upon to do was that which only a large and noble mind could accomplish, and his task was rendered the more difficult by the time in which he lived. It was, indeed, a crisis, and men were keenly alert to criticise any fresh display of religious fervour, and to watch with growing displeasure the reawakening of Catholicism.

The seventh child of Thomas Henry Faber, Frederick

William, was born on June 28, 1814, at Calverley, in Yorkshire, where his grandfather was vicar, and on the 12th of August was baptized there in the church of St. Wilfrid. A few months later his father went to live at Bishop Auckland, having been appointed secretary to the Bishop of Durham. As soon as he was old enough, Frederick went to the Grammar School of the town to begin his education, but only remained there a short time, as his father sent him to the Rev. John Gibson at Kirby Stephen, in Westmoreland, where the greater part of his boyhood was spent. The beauty of the lake scenery, the silence of the castle ruins, and the solitariness of the ancient chantries and abbeys, among which he roamed for days together during his holidays, left an impression on his imagination which time could never efface, and the thought of which long years after brought him tranquillity and joy in the midst of labour.

“ Each hazel copse, each greenly tangled bower,
Is sacred to some well-remembered hour ;
Some quiet hour when Nature did her part,
And worked her spell upon my childish heart.”

After a short time spent at Shrewsbury School, Frederick went, in 1825, to Harrow, the headmaster at the time being Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. From the vicar of Harrow, to whom he carried many of his religious doubts, Frederick learnt the distinctly evangelical teaching which marked his earlier years at the University of Oxford. English literature absorbed his mind during his school-days and diverted his attention from the more serious study of the classics—a fact he afterwards deeply deplored, thinking it had materially affected the result of his future examinations. In 1833 he became an undergraduate at Balliol College, but two years later took up residence at University College, having obtained a Scholarship there. Speaking of his early career, a contemporary writes : “ Our first recollection of Frederick Faber is of a graceful and intelligent boy just launched into a great public school ; and next, as a young man who had lately won for himself a high place in honours at Oxford. No one could have known him in those days without being attracted by a grace of person and mind rarely to be met with.”

These gifts gained for him the friendship of many whose names are found among those to whom he afterwards dedicated poems. His freedom of expression and criticism, often prompted by a keen sense of humour, brought him many remonstrances, all of which he met with his natural openness. The studious habits he had formed were constantly interrupted by severe headaches. At Oxford, he found in the beauty of its buildings and their historical associations fresh inspiration for his verse, since already he showed his genius for such compositions. Among other poems of his first year he wrote "The Cherwell Water-lily," which was afterwards published, and of which he remarked, "It is juvenile exceedingly, but it will float." In 1835 he won the Newdigate prize with a poem entitled "The Knights of St. John," which Keble, at the time an *ex-officio* judge in the contest, praised as being "remarkably elegant and highly polished." Faber also contributed to the *Oxford University Magazine* short articles on Burns, Byron, &c., as well as on the religious questions then of burning interest. Moreover, he was heard frequently at "The Union" or Debating Society, and his speeches merited praise among speakers of known repute.

It is, however, of his religious opinions at this time that one desires to know more fully, for they are the feature of primary importance in the remainder of his life. The earliest religious ideas of Faber were gained from his parents, who, priding themselves upon their Huguenot descent, did not fail to impart Calvinistic traditions to their children. To the ardent and affectionate temperament of Frederick these ideas appealed with considerable force, and, as they were taught him by a mother for whom he bore a strong love, they made a deep impression on his mind. But his parents both died while he was still at school, and though the vicar of Harrow enforced the same teaching, these early tenets had lost some of their hold by the time he went to Oxford. He entered the University with a mind full of the keenest interest in the critical position of the Church in which he had been brought up, and anxiously followed every political event which affected it. At the same time his heart seemed already

to look outside for what could satisfy it. Spiritual perfection was the goal he had put before himself, and he resolved to seek the best means for attaining that end. With characteristic ardour he identified himself at once with "The Movement," then at its height, and religious biography, his favourite study, filled all his spare hours. The thought of how quickly some of those around him arrived at a maturity of faith was the cause of his being at times much disheartened. He became a regular attendant at the services of St. Mary's, for whose vicar, the Rev. J. H. Newman, he had an enthusiastic admiration, though they did not become personally acquainted until some years later. As doctrine by doctrine was brought forward and discussed in the *Tracts for the Times*, Faber endeavoured to come to a decision with regard to them in his own mind. Transubstantiation, obedience to bishops, the authenticity of the Fathers, all "bothered" him in turn. Though the teaching of the new leaders appealed forcibly to him, he had strong misgivings as to where it would consistently lead him. "What makes me fear most," he writes, "is that I have seen Newman himself growing in his opinions. I have seen indistinct visions become distinct embodiments . . . all this is still going on, and I know not when it will stop." A reaction set in, and Faber fell back for awhile on the doctrines of Calvinism; not that he really entertained such views, but he had "got a bias towards some of them." This resulted in a determination not to come to any conclusion for some years, and in the meanwhile to give careful study to all points of controversy. In matters literary and political, he had gained a reputation for rushing to conclusions and clinging obstinately to them, but with regard to religious subjects his attitude was quite otherwise. He felt himself incapable of forming a correct opinion of the controversy on account of immaturity of intellect, and acknowledged that for a mere boy of twenty to interpret the Scriptures *ad libitum* would be arrogance and impiety; moreover, as he said, "a bias in religious controversy requires years before it issues forth in settled conviction."

When vacation-time necessitated separation from his friends, Faber kept up a correspondence with them

which reveals with what confidence and mutual sympathy his friendship was given. His letters, full of minute detail of his studies and interests, contain also an expression of his views on religious questions so complete as to show the workings of his mind on almost every point. He was obliged to lay aside for a time the study of religious books, and deploras the deadening effect upon his spirituality caused by an enforced study of the classics. Though but "a boy of twenty-one," he was the centre of a circle of friends, whom he longed to inspire with a love of religion, while they looked upon him as their spiritual guide and counsellor. At Harrow one of them had said of him: "I cannot tell why it is, but that Faber fascinates everybody." He overheard the remark, and it made him desire to dedicate such a talent to God. The hold that Calvinism had upon his mind proved but a temporary one; neither its teaching, nor the evangelical system, with all its inconsistency, could satisfy him, and soon the doctrine taught by Newman reclaimed him, this time to fill and captivate both his intellect and heart, though he did not at present realize that such doctrine must eventually lead him to the Catholic Church.

The year 1836, the last spent by Faber at the University, was marred by much ill-health, which enforced absence from college and loss of study, and in consequence he took only a second class in the final schools, missing a first, it was generally believed, by the casting vote given against him. He also failed to gain a fellowship of his college. To shake off the effects of this bitter disappointment, and to regain his health, he went with his elder brother to Germany for a few weeks, of which visit his poems bear record. Returning early in 1837, he was elected to a vacant fellowship at his own college, and gained the Johnson Divinity Scholarship, for which there was open competition, and in which Newman was one of the judges. These honours were acceptable to Faber, as they at once gave him a position and enabled him to obtain pupils and remain in Oxford with the object of reading for orders, instead of being obliged to seek some country curacy.

About this time Newman and Pusey had set on foot a scheme for the translation of the Fathers. Faber, full of

zeal for the welfare of the Anglican Church, and desirous of spreading "the majestic teaching of the old Catholic theology," obtained an introduction to Newman and offered himself for work. The translation of the books of St. Optatus on the schism of the Donatists was entrusted to him, to be done in what leisure time he could find. This meeting of Faber with Newman served to increase the influence which the leader had already exercised over the mind of the disciple—an influence destined to become more powerful as years went on, until it became at last the guide of Faber's religious life. Another meeting during this same year (1837) influenced him, but only in so far as his poetical spirit and taste were concerned. Spending the long vacation at Ambleside, he began a connection with Wordsworth which became very intimate. Rambling over the mountains of the lake country, they composed verses and together enjoyed the beauties of nature.

On August 6th Faber was ordained deacon in St. Wilfrid's Cathedral at Ripon, by Dr. Longley, his old headmaster. For the remainder of his vacation he assisted in the parish church at Ambleside, preaching two sermons a week, and spent the vacations of the next two years there in a similar way. In the course of them, he published many small tracts on religious topics, all of which were well received. In 1839, on the 26th of May, a day which in later life was to acquire a special meaning for him, he received priest's orders from Bishop Bagot at Oxford. He then spent a short holiday in Belgium, where he owes to having conformed to the Catholic ritual, and to having bought a Breviary and received instruction in its use from a priest at Mechlin. On his return to England, he became a tutor at Ambleside, and spent his spare time in continuing the parochial work he had previously begun there. The strain of overwork, however, seriously affected his health, and he would have been obliged to resign his post and return to Oxford had it not been arranged for him to spend seven months travelling with his pupil on the Continent. Early in the year 1841 they left England. Besides the primary object of regaining his health, Faber set out with a strong desire to study the different forms of Christianity, especially with reference to the position of the Anglican

Church. His book *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples*, published soon after his return and dedicated to his friend Wordsworth, was mainly compiled from the daily record which he kept of his travels. In this beautiful "Journal" Faber reveals his intense love of Nature, his extraordinary appreciation of her varied aspects, and the force with which they appealed to him. His words are full of the warmth and colour of the South, and many impressions gained on this tour were afterwards embodied in his published verses.

In the autumn of 1842 the Rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, was offered him, and though at first declined, he at length accepted it. This step was one on which much depended in his future career. He felt strongly that books and verse had begun to occupy a more prominent place in his thoughts than the duties of a clergyman, and it was this idea which made him decide to undertake the care of a parish. He told his decision to Wordsworth, and his friend replied, "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." It was not that he intended to abandon poetry, but he felt the necessity of subduing the poet to the priest. Before entering upon his new sphere, he decided to visit the Continent again in order to study the methods of the Church in Catholic countries in dealing with souls, especially in the city of Rome. He had obtained introductions to many in authority, and was thus enabled to enter more fully into the inner life of the Eternal City, and gain a true idea of the spirit which dominates her religion and organizes her charities. He learnt Italian in order to read the lives of the Saints in that language and acquire fuller information. It was at this time that the seeds of his devotion to St. Philip Neri were sown. Visiting one day the Church of the Oratory in Rome, he was shown the room in which the Saint used to say Mass, and then saw for the first time the depth of affection borne to St. Philip by his sons. "If any one had told me that in seven short years I should wear the same white collar in the streets of London, and be preaching a triduo in honour of Rome's Apostle, I should have wondered how any one could dream so wild a dream."

His days were spent in visiting what he describes as "the holier churches," and the convents where Saints had dwelt and miracles had been performed. He lived in the heart of a city whose every street recalled some subject of vital importance, where countless martyrs, known only to God, had suffered, where from one man religious Orders had grown up to become great powers in the Church, where Apostles and Saints had preached and taught, where heresies had been denounced, and where St. Peter ever remains to hold together in unity the fold committed to his charge. It is not surprising that Faber's mind was thrown into confusion. He could only bewail the instability of his own position, and experience an anxiety beyond the power of words to express. His friends obtained for him a private audience with Pope Gregory XVI., and Faber rendered the customary homage of kissing his foot. The Holy Father spoke to him of his unstable position. "You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move . . . you must think for yourself and for your own soul"; then, resting his hands on Faber's shoulders, he blessed him with the words, "May the Grace of God correspond to our good wishes, and deliver you from the nets of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church." After this interview Faber was on the brink of becoming a Catholic, and acknowledges that he twice took his hat to go to the English College to abjure, yet some trifling circumstance arose to prevent him. Again, on the Feast of St. Aloysius, while praying at his shrine, the Saint "knocked very hard at his heart," and he left the church speechless. Suffering in mind and body, he wandered about Rome, sometimes losing his way among the narrow winding streets, when he would compare himself to a Protestant seeking to guide himself by private judgment. Yet he hesitated to take the decisive step, fearing to act from self-will or on mistaken impulse, and he left Rome without having done so. A severe illness detained him in Naples and made him abandon his intention of visiting the Umbrian sanctuaries. In Florence he began a course of lectures intended for his parishioners on "The Sacred Infancy and Childhood of our Lord," hoping thereby to en-

courage his flock in devotion to the doctrine of the Real Presence. In October he took up his abode at Elton.

This tour abroad had altered him considerably ; he had learnt much, but resolved for the present to be guided by Newman's advice. Newman at the time was leading a hidden life, and it was uncertain what course he intended to pursue. Both decided to wait, and Faber, casting his doubts aside for awhile, threw himself into his work, hoping it would be a test of the practical power of the Church of England. He determined to organize his parish on the system of the Catholic Church, and to be guided in its ruling by the spirit of St. Philip and of St. Alphonsus. The changes he wrought in the neighbourhood were astonishing. The village, formerly one of ill repute, underwent a complete transformation, though the parishioners did not fail to detect the "popery" in the rector's teaching and methods. While his preaching attracted the people to church in crowds, so that many had to listen through the windows from outside, his personal influence gained almost all with whom he came in contact. Living in a hotbed of rabid Dissenters, he not only claimed their respect, but won from them all such strong affection, that many deserted their own chapel to attend his services, and after his departure, when his possessions were sold, each vied with the other to obtain some remembrance of him. He taught many of his people to come to Confession to him, to receive Communion frequently, and banded the young men together in a Society, to be occupied by day in visiting the sick and in other works of charity, and by night to meet at the Rectory for prayer and the recitation of the psalms. His own life was one of rigorous fasting and of great austerity, but the solitariness of his position, together with the lack of all congenial society, was a load which he at times felt to be almost unendurable. Though the duties of his parish gave him but little leisure, he still continued his literary pursuits. During his two years at Elton he wrote several Lives of the Saints, one of which, the Life of St. Wilfrid, called forth a storm of protest from the Anglican world, and the strong Catholic tendencies he displayed in it alarmed his

closest friends. In truth he was becoming more and more Catholic every day, and when in the autumn of 1845 Newman and many of his party were received into the Church, he knew he must soon follow them. Devoted as he was to Catholic doctrine and practices, he had buried these awhile, in order to test the Anglican system in its practical working. But it had proved itself wholly inadequate, and nothing remained for him but union with the one true fold. Yet that union could only be attained through sacrifice, and to leave Elton, the flock to whom he had grown so attached, the souls who relied so much on him for help, was a separation full of real and bitter sorrow. "I seem more frightened than ever at going," he says, "because of my parish. I really cannot without anguish confront the idea of throwing this up, and leaving these souls to—I know not what." During the time of suspense caused by the difficulty of leaving his parish in spiritual want, he sought, by the increase of penance and prayer, to obtain "honesty to seek God's will, light to find it, love to know it when found, strength to follow it, and special preserving grace" to keep him from stifling convictions.

At length Sunday, November 16th, came, when Faber resolved to bid farewell to Elton and his beloved people. At the evening service he told them from the pulpit that the doctrines he had been teaching them were all true, but at the same time they were not those of the Church of England; she had abandoned and cast them aside, so that he felt obliged to forsake her communion and to join the only Church in which truth was to be found. Rapidly descending the pulpit stairs, he threw his surplice¹ to the ground in the vestry, and went quickly into the rectory. Here several of the dumbfounded congregation followed him, some imploring him to reconsider his decision, some urging him to remain and teach whatever doctrine he might please, others standing silently by, too full of grief to speak at all. Finding him steadfast in his determination, they bade him a sorrowful farewell, and slowly wended their way homewards. Thus Faber was left alone; the cords that had bound him were cut, the sharp conflict had been faced and fought. The follow-

¹ This surplice is still preserved at Elton.

ing morning he left Elton, accompanied by a friend who had asked to be received with him, together with two servants and seven of his little community. Though the hour was early, every window was open to see him pass, and the poor people, waving their handkerchiefs, sobbed aloud, "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go." In the evening of the same day, he and his companions were received into the Church by Bishop Wareing at Northampton, and received Holy Communion and Confirmation the following morning. A complete collapse of health ensued, and Faber, too weak to write himself, dictated a letter to a friend, at the end of which he managed to add the words, "Peace, peace, peace." A few days later he wrote: "Every day seems to increase my happiness, and to deepen in a way I knew nothing of before my union with God. . . . A new light seems to be shed on everything, and more especially on my past position—a light so clear as to surprise me; and though I am homeless and unsettled, and as to worldly prospects considerably bewildered, yet there is such a repose of conscience as more than compensates for the intense and fiery struggle which began on Tuesday and only ended on the Monday morning following. I cannot tell you how every day, every Mass, seems more and more to show me the greatness of the peril from which I have been so mercifully rescued; and natural it is that I should yearn the more intensely, while on the hilltop I watch the angel leading those I love out of the burning Sodom."

Many recent converts had settled in Birmingham and its neighbourhood, and this induced Faber to accept an invitation to stay at St. Chad's in that town, until he should decide upon his future plans. During this visit, he began his friendship with Mr. Hutchison, which continued as long as they lived. The latter had come to Birmingham with the intention of being received into the Church, and describes his first meeting with Faber as follows: "Entering the room I saw a person on his knees before the fire; his hair was grey and he looked to me hungry and worn. I thought, 'This is some poor fellow whom they keep here out of charity,' but to my astonishment he proved to be

Mr. Faber. It was really the turning-point of my life. In the first place it secured my conversion. I was not sufficiently in earnest to make up my mind to be received at once ; and perhaps I should have drifted away from the Church after all, had it not been for Faber. He made me realize things in a way I had never done before."

In the interval of waiting, Faber wrote a long and succinct account of his conversion, taking, point by point, the arguments brought forward by the Anglican Church for her existence. His happiness increased every day, while the brightness of the present and his hopes for the future dispelled the sorrow and gloom of his former life. It seemed as if he had never really lived until now. He turned his attention first to the little band who had accompanied him from Elton and who were still dependent upon him for guidance. He took a house in Caroline Street, and there began, with his small community, a life which he hoped would eventually develop into one of monastic discipline. He was naturally recognized as the Superior, and all gave him implicit obedience. Extreme poverty rendered their lives a very hard one, and they relied mainly on alms for their daily food. Nevertheless Faber was always bright and cheerful, though his health suffered considerably from these hardships. He resolved to seek help for his enterprise from a friend in Italy, who had given him reason to believe he might expect it. Accompanied by Mr. Hutchison, he slowly made his way to Florence, where he had decided to remain some weeks. The letters he constantly wrote to his Community, show how he bore their interests at heart, and with what affection he regarded each member. Knowing how much they would suffer by his absence, he sought to atone for it by writing to them, individually, short sermons and exhortations to persevere in spite of the difficulties which beset them. To one he wrote : "You will not, cannot, get what you look forward to, till I come back ; bear this in mind, put up with what is not to your liking, and sanctify yourself as well as you can with your present means of grace, which are indeed very many, as you well know. In a few months, please God, we may make a start. You may be sure

that in many a hundred places, when kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, I shall think of Caroline Street." And to another he says : " You must remember that in becoming a monk, you give yourself to God Almighty, body as well as soul, mind and will and liberty, and all you are and all you have. To be sure this is but a little sacrifice to make to Jesus in return for the unspeakable one He has made, and makes in the altar every day for you ; but it is a hard sacrifice for us weak sinners to make ; and because it is a sacrifice of love, Jesus counts it a great sacrifice and not a little one." Such sentences as, " I scarcely think of anything but you and England all day long," and " though I am far away, I am far from forgetting you or the great plan which, if it please God, some of us may yet live to see fulfilled," show how closely he held to the idea of founding a monastery, and it was not long before he had formulated a definite rule, which he hoped to enforce on his return.

From Florence, Faber went to Rome in order to spend Easter in the Holy City, and to receive advice and approbation with regard to his plans. In a second audience with the Pope, his Holiness bade them return to England and convert as many of their friends as possible, and Faber delighted in interpreting these words as an authenticity for his mission. It was now decided that Mr. Hutchison should join the Community. His entrance would do away with many of the difficulties which beset Faber in its foundation, more particularly as hopes of obtaining aid in Italy had proved fruitless. After a farewell visit to the shrine of St. Philip, they left the Eternal City, returning direct to Birmingham. A house in Colmore Terrace, more suitable for his requirements, had been placed at Faber's disposal by a friend, and within a fortnight of his return he was established with his Community in their new dwelling. It consisted of the Superior, who took the name of Brother Wilfrid of the Humanity of Jesus, three choir brothers, and nine lay brothers. Mr. Hutchison became Brother Antony of the Blessed Sacrament, and another convert, Mr. Mills, was known as Brother Austin of the Ascension. They elected to be called " Brothers of the Will of God," and placed themselves under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and St.

Wilfrid. From the name of the latter Saint, they acquired the title of "Wilfridians." The object of Brother Wilfrid in founding a Community was to form a body of priests, who, besides being ready to hear confessions at any time, would be willing to assist the Bishop and clergy in whatever work they should think fit to employ them. Bound by the three simple vows, they lived an austere life, and during their noviciate engaged as little as possible in outside work. A garden, or rather a large space filled with smoky trees and lifeless plants, and enclosed within begrimed walls, served the Brothers as a recreation ground, where, in the evening, Catholic boys were allowed free entrance to play and were dismissed after the singing of the Litany of Loreto in procession. Life went by very quietly with this little Community. "I think," says Brother Antony, "we succeeded to a great extent in doing what Brother Wilfrid proposed, ignoring the existence of Protestantism, and living as if we were in Italy. Certainly, in those early days, we seemed to live almost in the companionship of the Saints and the Madonna. We led a most unworldly life. We adopted many Italian customs and practices of devotion, especially to the Madonna. We used, every evening, at the Ave, to burn a candle before a picture of the Madonna in the library, and this on one occasion served to guide a friend whom we had known in Rome to our house. He was coming to stay with us, and, arriving in the evening, was wandering about the road, trying in vain to find the house, when, through the half-drawn curtains of a window, he saw the Madonna with her burning light, and understood at once that there must be the house he sought."

Meanwhile the Superior of the Community, while reading diligently for the priesthood, was growing in devotion to all Catholic Truth. "I never knew," he writes, "what it was to love Jesus till I laid my heart at the feet of Mary. Life now is little short of Heaven, and the bliss increases daily, because the calmness of it deepens daily. Men will say that the fervour of a convert is of little account. Alas! a day's fervour in the love of God brings grace enough to make a man a saint; and eight months is long for a fit of fervour."

In the month of July, 1846, he contemplated making extensive alterations in his buildings, to enable the Community to extend the scope of their work, when he received an offer from Lord Shrewsbury which entirely altered his plans. "Would you believe it," he writes, "Lord Shrewsbury, who has an enthusiastic—I don't know what—for me and my Order, sends to offer me as a free gift a piece of land adjoining the Church at Cheadle, which he has given £1,730 for! and Cotton Hall for the *maison de campagne* of the Order. and Newman rushed in to tell me the news. I hesitated, because God's will is my rule." After much prayer and deliberation, and acting upon the advice of Newman, who urged him to avail himself of such an opportunity, Faber decided to accept the offer, though regret was felt by the clergy of Birmingham at their loss. Early in September the Community was transferred to Cotton, and spent the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary amid the beautiful natural surroundings of their new home. The chapel in the house proved inadequate to their wants, and it was decided to build a church adjoining in the Gothic style—an enterprise in which they were materially assisted by the generosity of Lord Shrewsbury. In October Brothers Wilfrid, Antony, and Austin received the four minor Orders from Bishop Walsh, who on the same day blessed the first stone of the new church of St. Wilfrid. Before the Feast of All Saints a Retreat was given to the Community by a Jesuit Father. The strain of this proved more than Brother Wilfrid, already weak by austerity, anxiety, and constant fatigue, could bear. A severe attack of nervous fever rendered him prostrate. In the evening of the Feast his condition caused grave anxiety, and it was thought he was at the point of death. Extreme Unction was administered, and he made his profession of Faith, bade farewell to all, and received the last Blessing and Papal Indulgence. But the prayers of the Brothers were heard, and he rallied, and in a short space of time was restored to his usual health.

The first missionary work begun by the Community was the opening of a school for boys in a stable-loft, and soon there were forty-six attendants. They were catechised in the chapel on Sundays, when their

parents and relatives were also invited to be present. But work of all kinds was much hindered by there being as yet no priest in the Community, and few conversions were made until Faber was ordained. On the 19th of December he received the order of sub-deacon at Oscott, and the following month the diaconate. He was raised to the priesthood on Holy Saturday, which, in 1847, fell on April 3rd, and that same day returned to Cotton in full charge of the parish. At some little distance from the house he was met by the people, who, taking the horses from his carriage, dragged it themselves to St. Wilfrid's amid great enthusiasm. On Easter Sunday he sang his first Mass. "I feel more strongly than ever," he wrote, "the desire to devote all my health and strength to win my poor countrymen to the true light of the Gospel, to console them in all their tribulations, whether of body or of soul, to sacrifice my own ease and comfort for them, and knowing as I do the trials and difficulties of the poor, to endeavour to make religion as easy and as kindly to them as possible—to make the yoke of Jesus what He Himself called it, a light yoke and merciful."

The work of the Community had now begun in real earnest. Owing to the extent of country over which the people were scattered, it was necessary to divide the parish into different parts, and to assign a part to each Brother. Soon the chapel was too small to hold those who came to the services. In consequence, Father Faber preached to them in summer either in the spacious yard adjoining the house, or under the beech-trees in the fields. After a few months only one Protestant family remained in the neighbourhood, and Brother Antony wrote: "We have converted the pew-opener, leaving the parson only his clerk and two drunken men as his regular communicants." In all this Father Faber met with no small amount of criticism and opposition, which only served to increase his fervour and zeal. "Such attacks," he said, "were merely like an angry child beating the huge buttress of a strong stone church, because it has hurt its foot against it, breaking and bruising its own poor little knuckles, and then crying half with pain and half with spite because the hard old church will not tumble down for its puny knocks."

Some opposition had also to be encountered in regard to the biographies of the Saints published by Father Faber, particularly as to his *Life of St. Philip Neri*, to which he gave, out of devotion to its subject, much time and labour. The opposition, coming as it did from those of his own Faith, but who were as yet unfamiliar with the inner revelations of grace to be found in such lives, made it the more difficult to endure. The matter ended by the suspension for awhile of the series, Faber giving way to those who considered that it was "a departure from Christian prudence to expose to the gaze of heretics the inner life of the servants of God, and to publish in an unbelieving land operations of grace which are necessarily beyond the material experience of a sceptical and indifferent generation." The lives, however, had proved a source of much good and edification to many, and as soon as the storm of disapproval subsided, Faber felt satisfied in resuming the publications.

While the members of St. Wilfrid's were preparing to take their vows (Father Faber considering that the Community had been in existence long enough to render such an act advisable), Father Newman returned to England as Superior of the Oratory. The idea of joining that Congregation presented itself at once to the mind of Faber. "One morning during meditation," he writes, "all on a sudden I felt an interior call to join the Oratory of St. Philip, and in one instant all the perplexity of the faculties of my soul which I had experienced for some weeks was calmed. . . . I then took the relic of St. Philip and appealed to him as now enjoying the Beatific Vision, and having no self-love about his own Institute ; but he seemed to answer that all had been his doing hitherto ; that I had begun to translate his life at Elton, that he had been my model there, that my rule was only an expression of his spirit, and that he (St. Philip) had gradually displaced St. Wilfrid as foremost in our devotions." Brother Wilfrid confided his new idea to the other Brothers, whose aversion to the suggested plan was very vehement. But shortly afterwards Brother Antony altered his decision and said to his Superior : "It is from God ; I will go with you ;" and the rest of the Community were soon in accord

with him. The two Brothers journeyed to London, not to take their vows, but to seek the advice and approval of Dr. Wiseman for their new scheme. He entirely confirmed their opinion that the whole came from God and was His adorable Will. It only remained for Father Faber to offer himself with his Community to Father Newman and await his acceptance. In the February of 1848 the Fathers of the Oratory then established at Maryvale, near Oscott, decided to admit the Wilfridians to their Congregation. To Father Faber the sacrifice of St. Wilfrid's, and of the work that gave such proofs of success, to become a simple novice, with a blank future, seemed, as he expressed it, "to unroot him altogether from the earth"; yet he found both joy and consolation in the thought that he was to work under obedience, and once really settled in his new surroundings, his happiness was very real. Speaking of the address in which Father Newman admitted them, Faber says: "He showed how wonderfully we had been all brought together from different parts, and how in his case and ours St. Philip seemed to have laid hands upon us and taken us for his own, whether we would or not." And again he writes: "Since my admission I seem to have lost all attachment to everything but obedience; I could dance and sing all day, because I am so joyous; I hardly know what to do with myself for very happiness."

The early months of the Oratorian life of Father Faber were not marked by any incident of importance. Nearly the whole Community from Maryvale assisted in the opening of the new church of St. Wilfrid's, Cotton, at Easter, and then Faber was obliged to pass some weeks at Scarborough to recruit his health. It was there he wrote his first two hymns, "Mother of Mercy" and "The Blessed Sacrament." On his return, he was dispensed from fulfilling the term of his noviciate and appointed Master of Novices. "My time is of course wholly occupied," he writes at this period, "with training my dear novices in the interior life. I am now just where I would be, hidden completely, doing a secret work, and one which I love above all other works; I can hardly get through all I have to do, yet I would not part with one trial or cross

which it brings upon me ; it all drives one upon God alone."

The large increase in the numbers of the Congregation made it impossible for them to remain any longer at Maryvale, though it was not as yet advisable for them to settle in Birmingham. So it was decided to transfer the whole Community to St. Wilfrid's. It consisted of upwards of forty members, and they were able to perform the Exercises with regularity, and to carry out ceremonies and customs as in a Catholic country. Still it was impossible to regard St. Wilfrid's as a permanent abode, for the Rule of St. Philip requires his sons to be in a town. Father Newman, therefore, took a small house in Alcester Street, Birmingham, to which he removed several of the Fathers. Father Faber was not of this number, and he continued to fill the offices of Novice Master and Parish Priest at St. Wilfrid's. But he was not to remain in obscurity, for it was resolved to delay no longer in establishing the Congregation in London, and Father Newman, preferring to remain in Birmingham, gave the care of the London detachment into the hands of Father Faber. After a week spent with their Superior, Fathers Faber and Hutchison proceeded in April, 1849, to King William Street, Strand, where two houses thrown into one had been procured as a residence. With scarcely an article of furniture or other necessities, the Fathers managed to erect an altar on which, the following morning, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Father Faber said the first Mass. Great changes were soon effected in the house, in order to render it suitable for the service of God and the work of the Fathers, by the untiring energy of Father Faber. On the 31st of May, Dr. Wiseman assisted pontifically and preached at the High Mass, and in the evening Father Newman delivered the sermon afterwards published under the title of "Prospects of the Catholic Missioner."

This day marked the beginning of the last and most important period in the life of Father Faber. His life from now was identified with that of the London Oratory, and no one was more fitted to undertake its conduct than he. In Rome he had learnt to love the spirit of St. Philip, and promised the Saint to

introduce his sons into England, should it be ever in his power. The practices and devotions of the Oratory had been most carefully noted down by him, and he realized the good their use would bring to his own country. Henceforth he would more than ever devote himself to that Saint and to the promotion of his work. Thus he felt would the Catholics of England awaken to a sense of the poverty of their devotional practices and of the coldness of their religious expression. "The flowers of Italian piety must be grafted on the solid British stock."

When the Exercises of the Little Oratory, with their new hymns, new prayers, new style of preaching, and musical services were begun, the Catholics of London looked upon them with suspicion; but the success they met with soon changed their attitude to one of admiration. The church began to fill and many converts were made. "Lawyers, medical students, &c., are pouring in pell-mell—I have received twelve quite lately," wrote Father Faber after a few months. "The success of the Oratory has been certainly most marvellous; we have nearly five hundred communicants a week now." The fervour of the Fathers roused the other London churches to renewed zeal, and soon it would have been difficult to find a congregation where the use of Faber's hymns had not become popular. In September the services of some of the Fathers were asked for by Mr. Wilberforce, the vicar of East Farleigh, in Kent, to render assistance to the Irish hop-pickers, among whom an epidemic of cholera had broken out. Owing to the multiplicity of his duties, Father Faber was unable to remain for long among these poor people, but the presence of two other Fathers gave comfort to the dying, reconciled many to the Church, and was doubtless the cause of the conversion of Mr. Wilberforce and his family in the following year.

Though seldom free from suffering and nearly always oppressed with severe headache, Father Faber accomplished an almost incredible amount of work at this time. Early in the year 1850 he gave a fortnight's Retreat in the Church, during which he preached a meditation of two hours every morning, and gave a

conference of the same length or even longer every afternoon. During the following Lent, he undertook twenty-six of the sermons as well as the preaching of the 'Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday. "Father Wilfrid is working more like a steam-engine than a man" was a remark made of him. Again, he preached three sermons in preparation for the feast of his holy founder, which afterwards appeared under the title of "The Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri."

On the first celebration of the Feast of the Precious Blood, he erected the Confraternity of this devotion, which had always been a favourite one with him. During the summer, he took short intervals of rest from his labours at Lancing, in Sussex, where a house had been given to the Fathers for this purpose by a friend. In the autumn of the same year, the London Oratory was released "with much regret and sorrowful hearts" from their obedience to the Birmingham Community, and Father Faber was naturally chosen as Superior, which office he held until his death. "My elevation," he wrote on the evening of his election, "will simply be an evil out of which God will magnify Himself by bringing forth good, and it will be privilege enough for me to be an ugly foil to the beauty of His sweet providence."

His health throughout the following year was matter of grave anxiety to his friends. He was advised to abandon work for awhile and seek the benefit of complete change and rest. He set out in October with the intention of visiting the Holy Land, but an illness delayed him at Marseilles, and a storm at sea obliged him to abandon his course. So he contented himself with visiting Messina and several Italian towns, in each of which he at once visited the Oratory, where he occasionally preached in Italian, the people receiving him both with affection and appreciation. He spent the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in Naples, but his joy was marred by the longing to be with his Community. "Words cannot describe," he writes, "the bitterness of my weariness *fuori la Congregazione*." Journeying on to Rome, Father Faber was received in audience by Pope Pius IX., who asked him what privileges he would care to have. "Nothing for myself

alone, Holy Father," was his answer, "but whatever your Holiness pleases to give to my Congregation." He then presented a petition for a daily Plenary Indulgence for the Church of the Oratory, and the Holy Father said, "This must go to the Congregation of Rites." "Ah, Holy Father," answered Father Faber, "you can do it yourself if you will," whereupon the Pope laughed and signed the paper.

On his return to England, he was not sufficiently well to resume his usual work, and lived for a few months at Hither Green, in Kent, which was sufficiently near London for him to receive the visits of the Fathers, to carry on his direction of the Oratory, and to go up occasionally to preach in the church. In September he paid his first visit to Ireland to preach a special sermon in the church of the Jesuit Fathers in Dublin. On his return, he gave his attention to a scheme which for some time had been developing in his own mind, and had been ardently desired by many laymen. It was a plan to build for the Oratory a more spacious church, and provide a house more suitable to the requirements of the Community. In the autumn of 1852 the necessary ground was acquired in Brompton and the work at once put in hand, though the magnificent plans of Father Faber, necessitating as they would too heavy an expenditure, had to be somewhat curtailed. Meanwhile the church in King William Street, situated amid some of the worst dens of iniquity in London, was continuing its wonderful work. During the first three weeks of Advent a mission was preached by Father Faber in the schools, with the object of awakening the parents of the children who attended to some sense of religion (for at present their profound ignorance rendered them Catholics merely in name). His impassioned sermons drew large numbers, and the effect produced was, he says, "an immense consolation." "There were about a thousand crammed in there," he adds, "many most unhappy women, who before it was over were on their knees before the crucifix, sobbing and beating their breasts."

It was with considerable regret that the Fathers left King William Street and its neighbourhood, where so many souls had responded to their efforts, and by whom

they had come to be so affectionately regarded. Though larger fields of labour were open to them, this spot would ever be remembered with affection as the one St. Philip had first chosen in London, and where many had quickly grown to love him. In the interval between the closing of the old church and the opening of the Oratory at Brompton, which took place on the transferred Feast of St. Joseph, 1854, the Fathers remained at St. Mary's, Sydenham—a country house which had been built for the Congregation under the superintendence of Father Faber, who took special pleasure in directing the laying out of the grounds, and exercised considerable taste in arranging the trees. Five years had elapsed since he said the first Mass in King William Street, and he writes: "What a five years it has been! And that God should have done so much for such creatures as we are! May it not be that one day He will say, 'Verily you have had your reward!'"

From now there are no more changes for Father Faber; the new home at Brompton was to be his last, and the remaining years of his life were spent there in uninterrupted regularity save for constant suffering and illness. The headaches, to which he had always been a victim, increased in severity, and he suffered from a malady that caused him almost incessant pain. He knew well that it was incurable, yet his courage never failed, and he continued to work when others far stronger would have been completely prostrate. Some years previously he had written, "I made a meditation on giving up to God promptly, sweetly, and without a word, the soul He has given me, and I found there was nothing to hinder it," and he concludes, as if with a sigh of longing, "Oh for the time when we shall be able to give God, not three-quarters of an hour, but an eternity of praise!" Still could he say with St. Martin, "*Non recuso laborem*," and his energy was in no way daunted. The literary work he accomplished in his last years may be considered the most important, inasmuch as it is the most far-reaching, of his many labours for God. It was by his pen that Father Faber gained for himself the position of a leader of English Catholics. His *Lives of the Saints* brought to the

Catholics of this country living examples of holiness, "the best of all possible exhortations to sluggish human nature," which before his time were by no means familiar to them. In them men learnt the maxims and rules of those who had fought and won, as well as the dealings of God in guiding and leading onwards those who tread the path of perfection. Such examples, sanctioned by the decree of the Church, were a source of edification to many. "It is our ignorance of our religion," he wrote, "which more than anything else prevents our discovering the extreme lovingness of God."

In his devotional writings, eight of which were published in the same number of years, Father Faber holds a unique position. His apparently inexhaustible material gave to the Church, not only in England, for his books were translated and widely circulated in almost every country of Europe, a rich store of spiritual literature, in which, before his day, this country was almost wholly lacking. The first of his series, *All for Jesus, or The Easy Ways of Divine Love*, was received with deep appreciation and expressions of the warmest approval. "There are few works," writes a Jesuit Father from Rome, "I have ever read with so much pleasure as this of yours. What I like most is that richness of thought and pious feeling, that *unworldly* spirit, that kind of instruction so practical and so encouraging for all." Of his object in commencing to write Father Faber says: "I have specially to do with the world and with people living in the world, and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak; and I am putting before them not high things, but things which are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervour, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. I want to make piety bright and happy." When once he began to write Father Faber finished a book with astonishing speed, working occasionally as many as sixteen hours a day, but the subject-matter had been carefully prepared for many months beforehand. The ease with which he found words to express deep theological truth never robbed his statements of their accuracy nor yet of their simplicity. Whether he treats of sorrow and suffering

as in *The Foot of the Cross*, of everyday difficulties and temptations as in *Growth in Holiness*, or of the innermost working and deceits of the conscience as in *Spiritual Conferences*, his intimate knowledge of and clear insight into human nature give to each an especial value. In others, such as *The Creator and the Creature*, *The Precious Blood*, *Bethlehem*, and *The Blessed Sacrament*, great richness and depth of thought are combined with fluency and melody of expression, revealing the wide extent of his research and his strong love of mystical theology. He had carefully set himself, as soon as he was received into the Church, to study Catholic traditions and customs in countries where, through never having been abandoned, they could be seen to best advantage, and to saturate himself, as it were, with all that was warm and full of sweetness in the devotions of these countries. He strove to impart to others this spirit of affectionate worship which so strongly appealed to his own nature, and rejected the idea that Italian practices and devotions were unsuited to the English temperament. "Truth is not ours to bate and pare down," he said; "truth is God's, it has God's majesty inherent within it, and it will convert the souls of men, even when it seems rudest and most repelling." To reject the devotions of foreign countries as unfit for English Catholics was in his mind "nothing less in reality than to deny the unity of the Church." It was, moreover, the desire of Father Faber to descend with his readers "into the minute laws of grace, the secrets of prayer, the arrangements of merit and glory, the affectionateness of indulgences, the sweet mysteries of Jesus and Mary, all of which was to him so essential in order to get anything like a true idea of the length and breadth of God's amazing love. The thunder-clap can strike the inattentive, but it is only the listener that catches the sealike whispers of the summer air in the pine-tree tops."

Another use to which Father Faber put his pen was to write hymns for the popular services which he both introduced and directed. With all simplicity of poetic expression, yet with much grandeur of thought, he set forth the mysteries of faith in such hymns as "The Greatness of God," "The Eternal Father," "Jesus is God," while in the hymns to the Saints and in such as

"Pilgrims of the Night," "I was wandering and weary," he reveals his true saintliness. Another powerful instrument of Father Faber to draw men was his preaching. His voice and manner alike were an attraction by which his hearers felt themselves carried away, as well as by the fervour of his words and their convincing force. "Father Faber was always ready, always abundant and copious," says an eminent authority, "always full of unction, disclosing in every word the liveliness of his faith and the ardour of his love of God." And another says: "As a preacher, he had a facility and flexibility of mind and voice, a vividness of apprehension and of imagination, a beauty of conception and expression . . . as of a man who lived in the light and peace of God, and had a longing desire to make others possess the happiness he enjoyed." His own words were: "Let us only preach and teach the divinity of Jesus . . . and we shall soon see how hearts will melt without eloquence of ours, and how Bethlehem and Calvary will give out their rich depths of tenderness to the poorest and simplest of Christ's humble poor."

"By haughty word, cold force of mind,
We seek not hearts to rule :
Hearts win the hearts they seek ! Behold,
The secret of our school !"

It was his custom to preach in the church on the Sunday mornings of Lent, also in May and June, as well as on weekdays at other times of the year. In 1861 he preached almost every Sunday from January to July, and on every Friday in Lent. Though possessed of an easy flow of words, he gave most careful preparation to whatever he preached, even if it were only an address to school children, for he considered that what was not carefully prepared was never worth listening to. He was an extensive reader, both of theology and science, and was seldom without a book in his hands even during his attacks of illness. He collected many rare theological works, and anything that might be of assistance to him for his spiritual writings was at once obtained, then carefully read and noted, so that he always had abundant authority at hand for reference as well as material for illustration.

Apart from so much literary work, Father Faber's days were full almost beyond belief of labour for God and the welfare of souls. He rose earlier than the other Fathers, said his Mass privately, and wrote diligently until breakfast. The arrangements of the whole Oratory, both in its interior working and in the conduct of the exterior organisations, were under his personal supervision, and to him the Fathers went to refer all difficulties, confident of receiving sound advice and warm encouragement. This personal interest in every detail, though it added enormously to his responsibility, was the secret of the success of the Oratory. Besides the office of Superior, he undertook once more, in 1856, the charge of Novice Master, a work much loved by him, and for which he used to say that he was more fitted than for that of Superior. His correspondence, too, filled no small amount of his time. With the notoriety he had gained by the extensive sale of his books, came an increased demand for his advice and assistance. To each application he answered immediately and at length. From the letters he wrote to his penitents and friends, almost more than from any other source, we may gain an idea of his true holiness. His deep sympathy quickly felt and freely expressed, his boundless capacity for entering into the sorrows and difficulties of others, are seen in his letters side by side with the encouragement of his exhortations, the soundness of his advice, and the practical wisdom he displayed in dealing with every variety of character. "I want you (1) to have the children more with you," is the advice given by him to a mother who preferred her spiritual exercises to the duties which God had laid upon her; "(2) to look after their faults more; (3) to talk to them more of God, Jesus Christ, our Blessed Mother, and the angels; (4) to take more pains to attach them to you and to win their love; (5) to consider a quarter of an hour so spent of fifty times more spiritual consequence than hours of mental prayer." To one in grief he wrote often and at considerable length of the proper management of sorrow. "It is true sorrow is a grace; but we all know that it is quite one of the hardest, perhaps next to illness *the* hardest of God's graces to use rightly. We have not the courage to empty our own hearts; so He empties

them for us and it seems cruel. . . . He had not your whole heart of old, and now He wants it. He wants you to find your delight, your repose, your compensation in Him and in His things. . . . In all sorrow there is a time when nothing but an increase of heavenly-mindedness will make it endurable." His letters to children, too, are full of a charming simplicity, a brightness that could only come from a heart that ever rejoiced in God. "So you are seven years old and have made up your mind to be a nun," he writes ; and then in language suited to the capacity of his small penitent's intellect, he points out to her how in her home she can be a "nun whenever she likes" by giving up her will and being docile. Going into his room one day, one of the Fathers saw him surrounded by such a pile of letters that he commented on Father Faber's talent for answering them. "Talent?" he replied ; "it's the fear of God."

Recreation of any kind found little place in his life. He seldom went beyond the garden except to pay visits to the different schools and establishments under the charge of the Fathers. When a few days' release from his labours could be obtained, they were spent at St. Mary's, Sydenham, and even then he would receive parties of boys, who, belonging to a Confraternity at the Oratory, were allowed a day's amusement in this manner. With children he had an indescribable charm of manner which attracted them to him at once, and which he delighted to exercise as being a feature in the character of his holy Father, St. Philip.

In the summer of 1855 he left London to pay a short visit to Ireland, but was immediately attacked by a severe illness, which detained him there for some time. "I fear I am not to look for a cure," he wrote ; "it must stick to me now. I shall write no more books. However, the great thing is for God to have what He is pleased to will : if work, work ; if suffering, suffering." The following month he again wrote : "I can't get well except through excruciating torture. It may come soon, it may be delayed for months. Don't think me out of spirits. At present I am a little excited, and I may mope a little. But as far as my *will* goes, I am quite ready for the suffering, and

don't doubt it is an immense love which makes God think it worth His while to take so much pains with me." When he had sufficiently recovered to allow of his return, he took up his usual busy routine of life with indomitable courage and energy, but weakness prevented his preaching again that year. The following Lent, however, he resumed his addresses, and in February, 1857, took a prominent part in a mission given by the Fathers in their own church.

The next two years passed by unmarked by any special feature save for much suffering and anxiety. The year 1860 opened at the Oratory with the devotion of the Forty Hours, and at the Mass of Exposition Father Faber preached a sermon on devotion to the Pope. It was afterwards translated into French and Italian, and corrected by the hand of the Holy Father himself. An account of the sermon written at the time says: "He taught men to regard the Pope as their Father and not as their king only; he could not bear to hear of rights or privileges or customs in any local church unless they had been allowed by the Holy See, for his obedience was a loyal love that knew no questioning in the presence of a Father whose rights he would never measure."

Suffering, as he was, from a complication of diseases, Father Faber's condition was a source of constant anxiety to his friends. At the end of the year another serious illness attacked him, and, though he recovered in a remarkable way, it left him completely unfit for work, and he found the tedium of life "almost beyond what he could bear." He stayed at Sydenham to regain his strength, but the separation from the members of the Community, enforced by his medical advisers, was a trial keenly felt. "I hope to struggle through some more miserable weeks of solitude," he writes, "without the ability to read or to take exercise." The letters and accounts he received of the doings of the Oratory were his greatest delight, and, though worn and weak with incessant pain, he was still able to take pleasure in the happiness of others and to give them the sympathy they valued so much. In the autumn he returned to Brompton, and during the winter no serious attack occurred; he was, however, seldom free from pain.

"I suppose pain is always a precious gift of God," he says, "and the greatest of all assimilations to our dear and Blessed Lord. One feels it is most compassionate of God to let us have our purgatory on this side of the grave. Still, in sufferings here, one may fall from God by sin, by impatience, and the like ; whereas in purgatory, as the tree falls, so it must lie. . . . Increased sweetness to others, increased thoughtfulness, and legislation for the tiny comforts of others, and a snubbing of the body's inventive appetite for lots of little things, and little extras not absolutely wanted ; these are what I set before myself in illness, and then, seeing how little way I have the pluck to go at least makes me a trifle more humble and more self-hating, and so there is some good done." He was in the habit of choosing each year a patron Saint in whose honour he would daily perform some devotion. In 1863, the last year he was to spend on earth, he selected St. John Baptist because that saint had been the patron of the Curé d'Ars, for whose invocation he had not yet the sanction of the Church. He greatly desired to resume the work of preaching, and undertook a course of sermons for the Lent of this year. The last sermon but one concluded with the remarkable words : "The devil's worst and most fatal preparation for the coming of Antichrist is the weakening of men's belief in eternal punishment. Were they the last words I might ever say to you, nothing should I wish to say to you with greater emphasis than this, that next to the thought of the Precious Blood, there is no thought in all your faith more precious or more needful for you than the thought of eternal punishment." His last sermon, that on Passion Sunday, dealt with "Our Blessed Lord bowing His Head upon the Cross."

On the 26th of April, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, he said Mass for the last time, and his condition grew rapidly worse. The Fathers, who now numbered twenty-seven, all of whom, with the exception of four, humanly speaking, owed their vocation to his influence, found it difficult to realize that their Superior was about to be taken from them. When his serious condition became known, inquiries, expressions of sympathy, and messages of condolence were sent from

every quarter, and Masses, communions, and prayers offered for his recovery.

At the Oratory two novenas were made, one publicly in preparation for the Feast of St. Philip, the other privately under the patronage of Father Faber's chosen patron, the Curé d'Ars. But he grew rapidly worse. In the evening of the 16th of June his weakness became so apparent that it was thought necessary to administer the Last Sacraments, which he received in the presence of the whole Community, making all the responses clearly and with great devotion, to some adding short phrases denoting sorrow for sin or the firmness of his faith. At the conclusion he exclaimed: "Ah! it's a grand thing to die a Christian. . . . I have nothing to forgive anybody for, nothing against a single member of the Community; I would give my life for any one of them." Often during the next few weeks it was thought his end was at hand, but he rallied and lingered on from day to day, always suffering intense pain. On June 28th, his forty-ninth birthday, he saw each Father separately, gave him some parting gift, and spoke to him words not easily to be forgotten. "God has been so good and arranged it all so well," he remarked; "I like to have it settled to-day. This is my birthday, and the doctor says I am going fast—and probably without pain; no, not without pain, for that is impossible, but with as little pain as possible. I wish to die stripped of everything. One thing we must all go on doing—pray that I may save my soul. He that perseveres to the end. . . ." He received visits from many who desired to bid him a last farewell, but none gave him such pleasure as that of Father Newman from Birmingham. Early in September he sank often into delirium, and nothing seemed to give him relief from pain. On the 25th, however, a change took place, and he lay still and calm, gazing incessantly at the crucifix beside him. Towards evening he was told his end was near, and he answered almost joyfully, in his favourite exclamation, "God be praised!" But the night passed, and not until seven o'clock the following morning did the last change take place. Then, with eyes full of a bright and joyous expression, as "the glory of God which was to fade away no more for ever began to dawn upon them, and

the songs of heaven to break on his ears," he calmly passed away. The pilgrim of the night had been welcomed home at last by the angels of light.

Vast crowds of mourners filled the Church for his funeral, yet among them all not one was found who could claim relationship with him who had given up "all for Jesus." Amidst the sorrow and weeping of hundreds who had known and loved him, and who realized that they would never look upon his like again, his body was borne away and interred at St. Mary's, Sydenham, in the spot he had selected for himself.

From time to time souls are met with who seem to be specially chosen by God for Himself, who throughout the years of their earthly pilgrimage bear the stamp of a future life. Such a one was Father Faber. From childhood he seemed filled with a true estimate of time and eternity, and the great truths of faith were the guiding motive of his whole being. A belief in God, coupled with a deep sense of sin, filled his heart from his earliest days, leading to a hope of Heaven and a fear of hell. These truths, implanted on a naturally ardent and loving nature, gave him the enormous power which he held over others. At first dark and confused, his religious feelings fought against the walls of doubt that kept them in. But once the mist had cleared away and freedom had been given to his pent-up devotion, how completely did he throw himself at the feet of God! The torrent of his love for God swelled to a mighty ocean, bounded by no barrier, hindered by no obstacle, deep and broad as Heaven itself. The grace of his presence, the music of his voice, the charm of his manner, were but the natural expression of his inner life. Though he brought hundreds into the Church, he loved to remain hidden in humble life and completely detached from the world. He used his rare gifts of intellect and eloquence solely for the glory of God. Deep and mystical, varied and all-embracing as are his thoughts and writings, he was withal simple and open-hearted. His life seemed but the expression of his words: "Holiness consists simply of two things—two endeavours—the endeavour to know God's will, and the endeavour to do it when we know it."

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL SUCCOUR.

EVERY one who has been to Rome has probably paid a visit to the beautiful Church of the Redemptionists there, which used to be called the "Villa Carerta" and which was built by its late holy superior, Father Douglas, who many years ago was an Oxford convert to the Faith. It contains a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, which is venerated all over the Catholic world, and through which many miracles have been worked both in Rome and elsewhere.

Medals of this Madonna are widely circulated, and I am about to tell you a story of one of them which will show you how great a grace may be attached to the wearing of this emblem of Our Lady's love and care.

There is a town in Germany called Posen which used to be the capital of old Poland. The greater portion of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and very fervent ones, and it has a Cathedral and twenty-three Roman Catholic Churches. But there are also a large number of Jews in the town, who carry on an important trade in tobacco, and have several cigar and cigarette factories in which they employ a great many young girls and women. But it is well known that this trade

is a very bad one for the morals of these poor children, and several lamentable instances have occurred in which girls have been utterly ruined in these establishments and then left to starve in the streets.

Now there was a very energetic young lady in Posen noted for her piety and charity, who had come across sad cases of this sort in her visits among the poor, and resolved to try and do something to remedy the evil.

She began by going to see the girls at work, so as to make their acquaintance and incline them to like and trust her. This it was easy to do, for she had a sweet face, and such a winning manner that she won their hearts at once. Then she persuaded first one and then another to come and see her in the evening when they left off work ; and when they arrived she would tell them amusing stories, or sing and play with them, till they looked forward to the time passed at her house as the pleasantest in the week. Then she coaxed them to come to her on Sundays, devoting herself to interest them and draw them away from evil company and bad companions ; and as they all soon learned to love her, they would confide all their trials and sorrows to her sympathising heart, and were never repelled by a harsh word or a cold manner. In this way she carried out quite an apostolate amongst them, and the very first year sixty rescued souls rewarded her zeal, while upwards of a hundred more were coming regularly for instruction and preparation for Holy Communion or Confirmation. Her first care, when any fresh girl came to her, was to give her a medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, saying to her with a smile : " Now,

this is your mark, and a sign that you are one of my sheep."

But we must not fancy that she met with no disappointments in her eager hunt for souls. There was one girl in particular who filled her with anxiety. She was very pretty and very fascinating, but she had never been properly brought up, having been left an orphan when only six or seven years old, and allowed to run wild by the uncle who had adopted her, and who was too much amused with her droll ways and funny speeches to think of giving her any real training. Then this uncle died, and she was left entirely to her own devices, so that she naturally fell into doubtful company, and was persuaded by one of them to go and work at the cigar factory, where she would have less restraint than anywhere else. She was easily influenced, however, and when she heard from one of the girls who worked next to her of the pleasant evenings spent at the young lady's house, she became anxious to go too, and accompanied her friend there. Miss A—— was at once interested in this poor child, and very soon gave her the medal and encouraged her to come as often as she liked.

This state of things lasted for some months, but then, unfortunately, other influences were at work. One of the masters of the factory fell in love with her, and although he had not the smallest intention of making her his wife, he plied her with attentions which the poor girl believed were dictated by real affection, and all her good resolutions melted away before this great temptation. We need not dwell on

the steps which, one by one, led her astray; they are, alas! but too common in the annals of the poor. Finally, however, she was rudely and brutally awakened from her dream of happiness and found herself ruined, disgraced and forsaken.

Not daring to face her former benefactress, she fled from Posen and went to Breslau, where want, remorse and misery drove her to the streets, and she began to lead a thoroughly bad life. Then the medal she still wore became not only an eyesore but a terror to her, so that one day she tore it off her neck and put it in her trunk. But every time she opened the trunk the medal appeared somehow or other, and Our Lady was a constant cause of remorse and reproach to her. At last she could stand it no longer, and taking it out of the box went to the river Oder and threw the medal in, so as to get rid of it for good and all. But still she could not get the thought of it out of her head and it made her miserable. About a week or two later, as she was going through the streets, she saw something glittering on the pavement and stooped to pick it up, thinking it was a gold piece of twenty marks, which just then would have been a fortune to her. But what was her astonishment when she looked at it to find that it was a gold piece certainly, though not a coin, but a medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, like the one she had so vainly tried to get rid of!

There were the two angels on either side, and there was the Holy Child on His Mother's knee. This was the moment of God's grace to His erring child. Struck to the heart, she knelt down in the street and then and

there vowed to leave Breslau and take the very first train back to Posen. This she did, and no sooner had she arrived there than she flew to Miss A——'s house, and throwing herself at her feet, made a full confession of all she had done wrong, and implored her help to enable her henceforth to lead a new life.

"It is Our Lady that has saved me," she exclaimed. "Without her medal I should have been lost eternally."

Miss A—— received her with her usual kindness, and obtained employment for her in a respectable Catholic house, where she has remained ever since, not only good and steady herself, but most zealous and fervent in drawing other girls away from temptation and sin. Who then will underrate the Blessed Virgin's power and willingness to help her erring children?

Since writing the above, another instance of the same kind was related to me by a priest who was giving a mission in a suburb of London.

A little child coming from school, and passing along the street on her way home, saw something glittering at her feet and picked it up. It was one of these miraculous medals. She took it home and showed it to her father, asking him what it was. He was a Protestant as well as the child, and they puzzled over it for some time in vain. At last the man said: "I am going to do a job at the reformatory school to-morrow morning and I will ask one of the Brothers what it is. It looks to me like a Popish thing, and if so, he will be sure to know all about it."

The man put it in his pocket and asked the Brother the next day what it meant. The good Brother not only explained it to him, but gave him at the same time a little book and a simple instruction in the Catholic faith, advising him to keep the medal and to think over what he had said. The workman, who was a carpenter by trade, and a very respectable, well-disposed man, was very much struck by the Brother's words, and repeated them to his wife when he came home. They read the little book too, together in the evenings, and thought a great deal of what had been said about the medal, with the result that they both made up their minds to put themselves under instruction, and in a few months they and their four children were received into the Church.

"That was a lucky find of yours, my little Molly," said her father to her one day when she was sitting on his knee after they had come back from Benediction. "But don't let us ever forget that it is to Our Lady we owe our conversion. You bear her name, so you must be ever a devout child of Mary and worthy of wearing her medal."

The priest added that the father was a most edifying convert, and had already influenced many of his fellow-workmen.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

WE often speak of the Providence of God, without laying to heart the many marvellous ways in which, by His mercy and loving-kindness, we are saved from the dangers which continually surround us. A very remarkable instance of this was told me by a gentleman who knew all the details of the case, and who vouched for the accuracy of the story which I am about to relate.

A country gentleman, living in Cornwall, was one day standing in his garden, and watching his labourers mowing in a field close by. After a time, a man came up to him with a good, honest face, but in very worn and ragged clothes, and begged for work. The gentleman refused, saying he had already more hands than he knew what to do with. The poor man persisted, saying he had walked for miles that day and the day before and could get nothing to do, and that he was really dying of hunger. The gentleman at last was touched by his earnestness and gave him half a crown, only regretting he could not employ him; and he added a kind

"God speed you!" to his alms. The man had made an impression upon him. He found that he was a Catholic, and there was something in his face which made him feel that he was not an ordinary tramp, but was really what he represented himself to be—an honest working-man who could get no sort of employment. Alas! there are many such in this over-stocked country of ours, and especially in London.

From some unexplained reason, he happened to put down in a journal which he kept the day of the month and the hour when this happened—with what an important result we shall by-and-by see.

A few weeks passed and this same gentleman was in bed and fast asleep, when he was suddenly woke by a bell, or rather what sounded like a chime of bells, close to his ear, and by a voice which seemed to say to him: "*Get up and go to Bodmin!*" a town some ten or twelve miles off. He thought he was dreaming and went to sleep again, only to be woke by the self-same thing. This happened three distinct times, and he was then so thoroughly roused and so convinced, as people say, that there was something in it, that he got up, dressed himself, went down to the stable, woke a sleeping stable-boy and told him to saddle his favourite cob. All the time he felt as if he were doing something both strange and foolish; yet he felt he must go to Bodmin as he had been told.

There was a river to be crossed by a ferry-boat on his way to the town, and as he rode along he kept wondering to himself what he should do and how he should ever be able to rouse at that early hour the ferry-

man, whose house was on the opposite side. To his great surprise, however, when he neared the stream, he saw that the boat was all ready and on the right side of the river, while the ferryman was sitting in the boat smoking his pipe and waiting for a fare. On the gentleman asking him how he came to be there so early, he replied that he was woke in the night by something, he did not know what, but that it had so thoroughly roused him that he could not go to sleep again and thought he might as well get up and bring over his boat on the chance of a passenger. "And it's lucky I did, sir," the man continued, "for I never cross in general till seven, and you would have had a terribly long time to wait."

Still more marvelling at this very curious coincidence, the gentleman rode on to Bodmin, put up his horse at the inn there, and asked for some breakfast, all the time wondering as to what he should do next. He found the town very full and busy as it was market day; and besides that, the assizes were going on, which was an additional surprise to him, as he had understood they were not to be held till the following week. From sheer curiosity and because he had literally nothing to do, he sauntered into the court, and as he was well known and much respected, a place was at once made for him in a front bench, in spite of the dense crowd. There he found that a man was being tried for murder. All the evidence went against him, and the jury scarcely took a quarter of an hour in bringing in their verdict of "guilty." The judge then asked the prisoner in a

severe voice what reason he could give why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner replied: "I know it is useless for me to say so, in the face of the evidence brought against me, yet I repeat what I said before, that I am entirely innocent of the charge brought against me. There is only one man living who could prove this, and unhappily I do not know where to find him." Then, suddenly his face changed; his eye lighted on the gentleman who had lately come in, and he exclaimed joyfully: "Thank God! there he is!" It was quite true. The gentleman came forward, having already recognized the face of the poor man who had asked him for work, remembered both time and place and thus proved an alibi so clearly that the judgment of the court was at once reversed. The poor man was honourably acquitted, and a subscription was at once made for him in the court, as a compensation for what he had suffered during his imprisonment and subsequent trial. It turned out that the man was a fervent Catholic, and had all the while been praying, though almost against hope, that his innocence might be proved. He showed no bitterness against those by whom he had been so unjustly condemned, simply saying: "The evidence was so strong, that had I been one of the jury I should have done the same thing." The real murderer was soon after discovered, tried, confessed his guilt, and was executed.

The gentleman was overjoyed at having thus been able to save an innocent man, and exclaimed: "Surely

the Guardian Angel of this poor fellow, or Our Lady, must have roused me from my sleep to enable me thus unwittingly to bear witness to the truth and avert from him so terrible a fate ! ”

EDITH AND THE "BABY JESUS."

AMONG the many dangers to which little children are exposed in our large towns, few realize the fate of the many poor babies who, from various causes, are what is called "put out to nurse" by their unnatural parents, whose object in many cases is to hide their shame, and who seem to be perfectly indifferent as to the fate of their offspring provided only the children are got rid of in some way or other. Recent trials have abundantly proved the truth of this assertion, but yet the illicit trade continues. In some cases large sums have been paid down to these so-called "nurses"—not weekly or monthly payments, which would imply supervision, but simply a good premium to ensure secrecy, lest inconvenient inquiry should hereafter be made. What is the result? That in many cases these so-called "nurses" drink the money; starve the babies, who generally die; or if some gleam of human kindness remains in the hearts of these degraded women, they are brought up as "gutter" children, and are generally sent out to beg as soon as they can walk. To try and remedy this crying evil a certain number of charitable ladies have undertaken to look up these poor stray waifs, to find out from the doctors when these babies are to be disposed of, and then by adopting them themselves, or getting

really good and motherly women to look after them, to ensure their safety both of body and soul. An interesting history of a little child thus rescued was told to me the other day, and the noble lady who had done the good work wrote the following account of the transaction :—

“A lady whose history I happened to know was confined in a house near mine. The doctor, who was a good and charitable man, applied to one of our priests to know if there were any home or institution where this poor unwelcome child could be received. The priests placed the case in my hands, and accordingly, on the 25th of May, I called at the house and received the child and its premium. I had engaged a very respectable Catholic widow to nurse the child, and told her to meet me at the Catholic church at a certain hour. So I started off with my newly-found treasure under my cloak, and took it to the Catholic church, where the priest was ready to baptize her, I standing as her godmother. The nurse I had engaged turned out thoroughly good and trustworthy. I paid her every week and visited the child constantly, or had her brought to me, so that I could judge of her progress. The nurse grew devoted to the baby and was most tender and loving with it. When she was about two years old, I took her into my own house for a time. She was a remarkably pretty, intelligent little girl, rather tall and fragile-looking, with a certain simple dignity about her which gave her the appearance of high birth. Her eyes were remarkably lovely, the whites of the eyes being light blue. Every one who came to my house was

struck with the child, and she retained this power of attracting everybody till her death ; yet her simplicity and goodness were such that she never was the least spoiled by all the unconscious homage she received.

“After a time, family circumstances obliged me to find some other home for this dear little one, and I took her to the orphanage at Marychurch in Devonshire. There she delighted the nuns by her piety and modesty. The superior writing to me says : ‘The two points which struck me most about Edith were, first, her extreme modesty and delicacy. When ill, and yet not too ill to notice, she would never allow any one but the nurse to attend to her, and with *not* baby-firmness would wait any time till she could come to her. The second thing which struck me much was her devotion to the Infant Jesus. I took her to see the statue of the Holy Child of Prague, when she went down at once on her little knees and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed with naïve simplicity : “Oh, Baby Jesus with His clothes on !” (The statue is draped in a cope, etc.) All the same, she preferred Him as a baby in His Mother’s arms, and as we passed the large statue of the Madonna and Child in the cloisters, she clapped her little hands with delight, saying, “Another Baby Jesus !” She was quite unhappy if His picture in the nursery had no flowers, and once insisted on some being taken from Our Lady’s statue and given to Him. On seeing for the first time a procession, she described it to me thus : “I saw His Muvver carried round the church by nice men with clean pinafores and lace on”—Our Lady was always *His Mother* to her.

"Before her last illness she was very fond of play, and would amuse herself with her dolls, dressing them and talking to them, but would leave them in a moment when the sister said to her: "Come, Edie! we will go and say a prayer to Baby Jesus." She used to delight in going with the sister to light candles for different intentions of the children, and used to stand quite silently looking on, with a look of reverence on her baby face. Then she would kneel down by the sister, join her little hands, close her eyes and begin: "*P'ease*, Baby Jesus!" then repeat after the sister whatever they went to ask for, always beginning and ending with "*P'ease*, Baby Jesus!" with such a stress on the "*P'ease*" as if pleading with Our Lord and saying to Him, "can you refuse me?" Her face was sweet and lovely while saying the prayers, and her look of love and reverence one could never forget. Sometimes the sister would lift her up to look at the statue nearer, and she noticed everything, candles, flowers, vases, etc., but never spoke above a whisper while in the chapel.

"She had the greatest sympathy with any one who was ill, and would say: "Got a headache? Shall I ask Baby Jesus to make it well?" At Christmas some little lambs were given to her, and she took them straight to the little crib the children had made in the nursery and gave them to "Baby Jesus." Her love for flowers was quite extraordinary, but the best were always for Him. In her last illness some artificial flowers were brought to her, and she picked out only the gold and pink ones for Our Lord. Though the children in the home all loved her so much and made such a pet of her,

being always willing to yield to her wishes in everything, she was never like a spoilt child, but always unselfish and loving. She was very quiet and reserved by nature, and sensible and even matter-of-fact in her little ways. She was sometimes taken to the mother prioress's room as a great treat; but would say very little when there, though she would describe everything when she came back and always remember to ask "Baby Jesus" for anything she had been requested to petition for in her night prayers. Often when she saw a sister troubled or annoyed about anything, she would go up to her and say: "Shall I say a little prayer for you?" and then would walk straight to the end of the room opposite the picture of the Holy Child, kneel down, put her little hands together and say her little prayer. When she went to bed and had settled down in her cot, she would lie quite still with her arms crossed and say a last word to "Baby Jesus."

"The picture of the Holy Child was fastened to her cot, at her earnest entreaty, and always supplied with flowers. The doctor came three times a day, and did everything he could to save her; but the rapid consumption which followed upon influenza left no hope. We cannot know what passes in the hearts of very little children; but I always felt that, meaning to take her to Himself, Our Lord detached even her baby heart from all love but His, in order that she might "follow Him in white." She was very grateful for any kindness shown to her and never forgot you. One day she was told a lady wanted to see her, and having made up her mind it was you, she took some flowers to give you;

but finding it was a stranger, she pulled them to pieces, saying no one should have them but her dear Mrs. N——! She was very much attached to her nurse, Eva Martin, and when she left and also Sister Mary Benedict and the prioress, she was much troubled, saying, "Every one had gone away in the puff-puff," and that the only thing for her to do was "to go away herself to the Baby Jesus." So she lived and so she died and so she went home to the dear Lord she had loved so fondly, and in whose everlasting arms little Edith now rests for ever.' "

So far I have quoted the words of the holy nun who had the chief care of this angel child. But I ask my readers to think what would have been her fate had she been "put out to nurse" in the ordinary way. May this true story encourage more good and loving women to strive to rescue these poor babies. It is sad to think of the numbers who are daily lost for want of a little care—children who with proper bringing up might become saints like this one—or, if Edith were indeed an exception, might be brought up in the love and fear of God, instead of swelling the ranks of the waifs and strays of our great cities.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

A RETREAT was being given in a church in Ireland. Have any of my readers ever attended one? If so they will not easily forget the serried masses of people who fill the church from early morning till late at night—men and women of every class, from the well-dressed people in the front benches, down to the ragged, tattered, shoeless occupiers of the seats near the doors—all intent on two things—to hear the preacher and what they call to “make their souls”—in other words, to repair in the Sacrament of Penance the stains and blots which sin has made in them. So the confessionals are crowded and the overworked priests are there, hour after hour, and have not so much as time to eat. Edifying indeed is the faith of these poor Irish people on occasions like this, and abundant are the fruits reaped by good and earnest priests, ready to spend and to be spent for their thirsting flocks.

It was on a night like this, some years ago, that Father H——, sitting patiently in his confessional, had a card thrust into his hand by a lady entreating him to see her for a few moments in the sacristy on urgent business. Begging his next penitent to wait, the good Father accordingly left his confessional and repaired to the sacristy. There he found a young, refined and hand-

some woman who told him that she was an officer's wife about to proceed to India with her husband, that she had two little children whom she was obliged to leave behind, that she had confided them to the care of a person in London whose address she gave him, and that her object in wishing to speak to the Father was to enlist his interest and sympathy on their behalf. She added : " I am not a Catholic, Father, though my husband is ; and I hope to be one some day But I have been following this retreat, and I feel sure from what I heard you say in one of your sermons that you will not refuse me this act of charity."

The Father took the address and promised to go and see after the children ; after which he hurriedly returned to his confessional, where numbers of people were waiting for him. His labours were not over till a late hour, and when he came to hunt in his pockets for the address, it could nowhere be found. In vain he searched in the sacristy, in the confessional, everywhere ; no trace of the paper could be discovered. He inquired of the people belonging to the church ; but the lady was not known, and he failed to get the smallest clue as to her name or address. Greatly distressed at being thus unable to fulfil his promise he returned to town, and by degrees the pressing work of his ministry drove the recollection of the circumstance from his mind. So many sad cases come before a London priest that such forgetfulness cannot be wondered at.

Years passed in arduous work. He had been given at that time the spiritual care of the infirmary of a large workhouse, and one day on coming in he was told by the

nurses that a very sad case had just been brought in ; that of a lady, whose husband had died of consumption, and who had gone out of her mind with grief ; that the people of the lodging where she was had packed her off to the workhouse with her boy and had taken no trouble to find out anything about her, only wishing to get rid of her as soon as possible. The Father hastened to the poor lady's bedside, and there to his great astonishment recognized the officer's wife whom he had seen in the sacristy in Ireland. After a time she recovered sufficiently to tell him all her sad history—how her husband had taken to gambling and had dissipated the whole of her fortune, which had been considerable ; how, soon after, he had broken a blood vessel and been invalided home, but had died soon after landing ; and how all this misery had brought on brain fever and delirium, which had resulted in her being placed where she was. She added that she felt she was dying, and the only two things which she implored the Father to do were to receive her into the Church and to undertake the guardianship of her two children. The boy had been brought into the workhouse with her ; but the girl she found had been sent to a Freemason school, from which she was most anxious to remove her.

The reception of the dying woman into the Church was easy enough, she had long studied the subject and was thoroughly prepared ; but the acceptance of the guardianship of the children was a more serious matter. Father H—— found that the poor lady was an only child, that her parents were both dead and that she had no relations to whom she could entrust them. On the

husband's side there was only one brother, also in the army, but who had been lost sight of for some time. Under these circumstances Father H—— decided to accept the responsibility, and the first thing was to have a paper drawn up in legal form appointing him sole guardian and trustee of the children. This was done, signed by the poor mother and properly attested. On the strength of this, he could at once remove the boy and place him in a Catholic college.

But how to rescue the girl? At last a lady came forward, of high birth and position, who had a sister living near the Masonic school, and she most kindly undertook to go and fetch the little girl on the true plea of bringing her up to town to take leave of her dying mother. Permission was at once given, and Lady P—— brought the child to the workhouse. The interview between the mother and child was a most touching one, and when it was over, the little girl was taken by Lady P—— and placed with some Catholic Sisters. It was not a day too soon, for the next morning the poor mother died, full of joy and peace at the thought of the safety of her children. At the Masonic school the little girl was, of course, claimed; but the authorities were told that the mother had made other arrangements for her child, and that she would not return. Then began a prolonged inquiry and a determination on the part of the Freemasons to get hold of the children. For this purpose they applied to the Guardians, and tried to make out that the mother was mad when she confided the children to Father H——'s care. But this was defeated by the witness given by the nurses of the dying woman,

who had attended her to the last. Still the struggle went on, and it lasted for years.

In the meanwhile the children were turning out admirably. The girl was eminent for her goodness and piety and had quite made up her mind to become a Sister of Charity. But Our Lord was satisfied with her good will, and soon after sent her an illness, of which, after a few weeks, she died, in the most beautiful and holy dispositions. Only the boy remained, and developed not only great piety but great talent. At last, the Guardians appealed to Cardinal Manning, who sent for the lad, was delighted with him, and told Father H—— to take him before the Board and let the boy answer for himself. Father H—— obeyed, and the Guardians were so struck with the high-bred manner and appearance of the young fellow, that they expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with his bringing up, and dismissed him with compliments and kindness. So the battle was won and good Father H——'s faith and perseverance were rewarded.

THE LOST CHILD.

WHO shall limit the power of prayer, or dare to doubt its efficacy in times of sadness and sorrow? True, the particular object for which we pray may not be granted in our way or at once; but it is a matter of faith that no prayer is lost, if offered in a trustful spirit and with a thorough confidence in the mercy and love of God. The following true story will illustrate my meaning.

A gentleman living in a beautiful place in the west of Ireland, had a wife and several children to whom he was very much devoted; but his special favourite was his only little girl, who was between three and four years old. She was a most winning child, with fair hair and big blue eyes, and had a very affectionate nature. Both the gentleman and his wife were fervent Catholics and brought up their children in the same way. The little girl's delight was to be allowed to come into the chapel and kneel by her father's side, though she was too young to stay there many minutes; but she had that kind of natural reverence which you see in some children, and the thought that "Jesus was there," as she looked at the light burning before the tabernacle, and which her mother had made her understand from the first, filled her with a kind of loving awe which made her always quiet and recollected when allowed to

come into His Presence. One day she wanted to take her doll with her into the chapel; and when it was gently explained to her that she must leave it outside, she thought gravely for a few moments and then exclaimed: "The next time Father W—— comes to see us, we'll make him baptize dolly and then *she'll have a soul!*" There was another person in the house who also idolized this little girl, and that was the nurse, who had been with her ever since she was a baby. She was a woman of a strong and passionate nature, and was jealous of any one whom she thought the child loved more than herself. One day she gave way to her temper, and her mistress spoke to her seriously on the subject. The nurse did not answer, and the lady hoped her words would have some effect.

The hour came for the nurse and child to take their little walk in the park, and they started as usual; but, to the horror of the family, never returned. In vain every place was searched. There was a lake in the garden, and at one end of it was found the nurse's shawl, which made them fear lest by some accident she had fallen into the water with the child and had been drowned. The lake was instantly dragged; but no bodies were found. Advertisements were sent all over the country, and photographs of both nurse and child. The police were communicated with, both in Ireland and England, but with no result. The only hope of the broken-hearted parents was in prayer. They caused masses and novenas to be offered up everywhere and in every holy shrine at home and abroad, but months passed and no tidings of the child were received. Still

they would not give up hope ; still they prayed on, and at last their faith was rewarded.

In Liverpool there lived a very respectable man, employed in the police force, a widower, whose house was kept by his daughter. He had heard of the mysterious loss of the child and had seen the photograph at the police court, which one day he begged to bring home to show to his daughter, while they discussed the sad story together.

The following morning, while the policeman was out on his beat, a woman came to his house, very dirty and draggled, and asked his daughter if she could have a room in their house for a day or two with her child, as she was going to America and had to wait for the steamer.

The moment the daughter saw her she remembered the photograph, and, shabby as the woman was, she felt convinced that this was the missing nurse. She made the excuse that she could give no answer about the lodgings till her father came home, but said she would have everything ready if he gave his consent : the woman replied that she would return at six o'clock with the child, to find out if they would take her in.

No sooner did the policeman return home than his daughter hastened to tell him what had passed, and mentioned the woman's extraordinary likeness to the photograph. The policeman waited rather anxiously for her reappearance, and sure enough at six o'clock the woman duly arrived bringing the little girl with her. In spite of their forlorn and miserable appearance, there was no doubt of the striking resemblance of both

to the photograph, and the policeman arrested her on the spot.

It turned out to be perfectly true. The nurse had carried off the child, partly from spite and partly from fear lest she should be sent away from her place and thus lose the child who had become her idol. She had supported both herself and the little girl out of her wages as long as she could, hiding herself in different places in Ireland where she would be the least likely to be detected, and then thought by going to America that she would be able to do better and be more likely to evade pursuit. Certainly her plans were well laid, and had she not called at this house the probability was that the poor little girl would have disappeared from her parents for ever. We can imagine the joy of her father on receiving a telegram from the Liverpool Police Court couched in these terms: "*Child found*;" or the overflowing gratitude with which his own heart, and that of his wife were filled at this long-delayed answer to their prayer. They hastened to Liverpool, where the delight of the little girl at seeing them again almost compensated for the agony of suspense and anxiety they had gone through during the last few months. The good policeman was rewarded, and the nurse, after a short imprisonment, was pardoned, the parents refusing to appear in evidence against her.

A FIRST COMMUNICANT'S PRAYER.

ST. BERNARD assures us that He who gave Himself through Mary is likewise pleased to bestow His gifts through her. The loving care of Our Divine Lord in granting favours asked of Him by His Blessed Mother is nowhere more unmistakably manifested than at the holy altar, when those who are about to make their First Communion have placed their petitions in the hands of Mary. The Master of the Feast, it would seem, delights to show that the Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem is Mother of the Divine Prisoner in the Tabernacle; and that Our Lady of Good Counsel at Cana continues to be her children's best counsellor and most powerful intercessor, often working miracles in behalf of those who, with pious confidence, have recourse to her.

Among the many instances of faith thus rewarded is one which comes to us in a touching Polish story which we will here give to our readers. In the last struggle of Poland with Russia a certain Count S—— took up arms for his country, misled, as alas! many were, as to the power of the poor persecuted Catholics to resist the Autocrat of Russia and his hordes of Cossacks. The result is well known; all the leaders who survived were thrown into prison, and soon condemned

to death. Upon their worst fears being realized, his broken-hearted wife, Countess S——, taking her only son Stanislaus, a boy of ten years old, into their oratory, threw herself with him at the feet of Our Lady of Dolours and implored her aid. “Holy Virgin!” she exclaimed, “pray for us, protect us, save us, restore a beloved husband to his wife, a devoted father to his son; have compassion on us and help us, thou who hast never been invoked in vain and who thyself hast suffered so much!”

Soon a secret hope calmed the grief of the poor wife, and after a few minutes of earnest prayer for guidance, she rose, muffled herself up in a large cloak, and taking with her a devoted old servant and her boy, went to the prison where the Count was immured. At first great difficulties were raised; but she slipped some gold pieces into the gaoler’s hand, and he at last permitted her to enter the prison, and conducted her himself into her husband’s cell. There she remained for three quarters of an hour, till warned that no further time would be allowed her; she repassed before the guards, hiding her face in her cloak, and leading her little son, likewise in tears. It was not till the evening, when the warders were making their rounds, that the cell was found to contain not the Count but his courageous and devoted wife! She had, with great difficulty, persuaded him to allow of the exchange, assuring him that her life would be in no danger, and that if he could escape to Paris, family affairs of great importance could be arranged and his boy’s future welfare be ensured. The stratagem succeeded; the Count obtained a pass-

port from a French tutor and arrived safely in Paris ; but for a year and a half he remained in miserable anxiety as to the fate of his wife, who could not, of course, write to him, while he was constantly obliged to answer his boy's pathetic inquiries for his mother by evasive answers, which only dissimulated the cruel misgivings of his heart. The boy was placed soon after at a college, where he grew in knowledge and in piety ; but the recollection of his mother sank ever deeper and deeper into his soul.

When the time drew near for him to make his First Communion, Stanislaus said to his father : " I am most anxious for mother to be here for my First Communion, and I feel sure she will come." His father made no answer ; but that evening during recreation, the boy, making the sign of the Cross, sat down and wrote a letter to Pierre, the devoted old servant of whom we have spoken, who had remained at Warsaw. His letter ran as follows :—

" Pierre ! will you find some way to let my dear mother know that, in a month's time, I am to make my First Communion, and that she must positively come to Paris to assist at it. I do not write direct to her, for it seems that she has received none of the many letters I have sent to her ; but I reckon upon your taking the proper precautions and making known to her my earnest wish. . . . I embrace you with all my heart.

" STANISLAUS.

" *P.S.*—Tell mama that I am at the College . . . and give her my address."

To ensure success, the child enclosed a little picture of the Blessed Virgin in his letter, which he then sealed and posted.

It was on that very day that the poor Count, his father, had received a note, or rather a scrap of paper, containing only these words: "No more hope, depart for Siberia—resignation."

The day of the First Communion drew near Stanislaus had said nothing of his letter to his father, as any allusion to his mother seemed to make him so sad: but he went on praying and making novena after novena to Our Lady, saying to himself: "I will pray so hard before my First Communion, that the Blessed Virgin will be obliged to give me back my mother!"

The parents of the children had, as usual, been asked to come on the eve of the great day to bless their little ones, and Count S—— came with the rest. Stanislaus warmly embraced his father, and then knelt to receive his paternal benediction. "But when will mama come?" he exclaimed on rising, "for I want her blessing too." His father being silent, the child added: "I want her so much to come to my First Communion, and I feel sure she will do so." The Count's eyes filled with tears, and not being able to bear the conversation with his boy on that subject, turned away, and soon after left him. At a little past five that evening, Stanislaus was running towards the porter's lodge, when he was met by one of the Fathers of the College, who said to him: "Where are you going, my child?" "To see if any one has asked for me, sir," replied Stanislaus; "I expect mama."

"Poor little man!" muttered the Father, who knew his history—then he said more cheerfully: "Your mother is not in Paris, recollect. Run back to your companions." The boy obeyed, and the clock struck six, seven, then eight—and no one came! Supper and recreation being over, the pupils prepared to go to the chapel and then to the dormitory.

At that moment a woman with a worn and neglected appearance came to the porter's lodge, and asked to see the young Count Stanislaus. The porter, feeling uncertain about this late visitor, refused to call the child; but the woman insisting, he allowed her finally to come into the corridor and look out of a window through which she could see the boys as they formed in rank in the court below. Stanislaus, though very discouraged, still hoped that Our Lady would hear his prayer, and that his mother would come, and so went a little out of the ranks and looked up at the window which was near the front door. The Countess (for it was really the long-wished-for mother come at last) had only the strength to cry: "There he is! There is my boy!" when she fell down in the corridor unconscious. One of the Fathers was hastily summoned with restoratives, and then the whole truth came out. On the way to Siberia the poor lady had managed to escape from her captors, and through the cleverness of her old servant had contrived to get a passport and pass the frontier. Disguised and with only just enough money for her journey, she would not have known where to go when she arrived in Paris, had it not been for the address which her boy had given in his letter to Pierre. The good Fathers were over-

joyed, and hastened to call a cab and send her to her husband's lodging.

We pass over the meeting between those two loving hearts. Their joy and thankfulness knew no bounds. The next morning the Count and Countess hastened eagerly to the college chapel and assisted together at the First Communion of their beloved child. The Fathers had gently broken the good news to him in the morning, that he might have no sorrow on that eventful day ; and when the boy threw himself into his mother's arms after the beautiful service was over, he exclaimed to his father : " Did I not tell you that mama would come ? Never would the Blessed Virgin refuse me that great joy after all my prayers ! " *

* This story is taken from the Report of the Philadelphian Tabernacle Society.

THE LAST VOICE OF THE OLD HIERARCHY

[Queen Mary Tudor died on November 17, 1558. Elizabeth's first Parliament met on January 23, 1559, and soon began to consider the Bills laid before it for the purpose of renewing the Schism. Foremost among these was the Supremacy Bill, which rejected all foreign jurisdictions (*i.e.*, the Pope's), and re-enacted the Supremacy of the English Sovereign. There were sixteen Catholic prelates living and in possession of English Sees at that time. Some of them were necessarily absent from Parliament, but were of one mind with those able to take part in the debate, and the latter, with one sad exception, voted firmly against the new measures. The speeches of two of these have been preserved, and may be read in the *Parliamentary History of England*, namely, those of Heath, Archbishop of York, and of Scott, Bishop of Chester. Of these the latter was far the best, and has been thought worthy of separate publication as being the Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy.—S. F. S.]

Reasons for Speaking.

My lord, and my lords all ; I do perceive that this bill hath now been twice read, and by the order of this house must be read the third time, which order I think was appointed to be observed for this end, that every man being a member of this house, should fully understand, and so at large speak his mind and conscience in the contents of all the bills preferred and read here, before that they be enacted and established as laws. . . . But there be two . . .

things of more weight, that do move me to speak in this matter what I think. The first is Almighty God, which I know doth look, that, according to the profession whereunto (although I be unworthy) I am called, I should speak my mind in such matters as this is, when they be called in question. The second is my conscience, which doth urge me to do the same.

The Church's Visible Head.

Wherefore, now to speak of the matter, this I say, That our faith and religion is maintained and continued by no one thing so much as by unity, which unity is continued and maintained in Christ's Church, even as concord and good order is maintained in a commonwealth. Wherein as we see for civil quietness, there is appointed in every village one constable. And lest there should any variance fall amongst them, there is, again, in every hundred one head-constable, in whom all the other inferiors be knit in one. And where there be in one shire 'divers hundreds, to make away all controversies, as might chance amongst the said head-constables of these hundreds, if that they be not joined as one. The sheriffs likewise be joined in one prince, which prince being deprived of his princely authority, the unity and concord of that realm is dissolved, and every man chooseth himself a new lord. Even so it is in the Church of Christ, according to the commandment of St. Paul. There is in every village at the least one priest ; in every city one bishop in whom all the priests within the diocese be knit in one ; in every province one metropolitan, in whom, for the avoiding of controversies, all the

bishops of that province be joined ; and for unity to be observed amongst the metropolitans, they be likewise joined in one high bishop called the pope, whose authority being taken away, the sheep, as the Scripture saith, be scattered abroad. For avoiding whereof, our Saviour Christ, before his death, prayed that we might all be one, as his father and he be one ; which thing cannot be, except we have all one head. And therefore Almighty God said by the prophet Ezekiel, " I will stir up over them one pastor." And our Saviour likewise saith, " There shall be one pastor and one sheepfold," which sentences peradventure some men will say to be applied only to our Saviour, which, in very deed, I must needs grant to be so ; yet, this I may say, these places be applied to him only, as other like places of Scripture be ; for it is said in the Scripture, that only God is immortal ; and by participation with him, all we that be true Christian men be made immortal : only God forgiveth sin, and yet, by commission from him, priests have authority to forgive sin. He is only king, and by commission maketh kings ; and likewise he is the only priest after the order of Melchisedec, and by commission maketh priests : he of himself, and by none other ; all the rest by him, and not of themselves. So he is our only pastor, and by commission hath made other pastors, and especially one to be vicar-general on earth, to govern and rule all his whole flock in unity and concord, and in avoidance of schisms and divisions. And likewise as he sent one Holy Ghost, to rule and govern his people inwardly, so he appointed one governor, to rule and lead them outwardly—which one head-governor cannot be applied to any temporal prince.

The King not Head.

For then either we must needs grant that the Church of Christ was not perfect, but rather a mank body without a head by the space of three hundred years and more (for so long was it after the death of our Saviour before there was one Christian prince in all the world), or else, Christ appointed an infidel, being no member of this church, to be head thereof; which both be absurdities. Again, that Christ appointed no temporal prince to be head of his Church it appeareth, by that we see in divers kingdoms there be divers and sundry princes and rulers; so that there should by that means be many heads of one body, the which were a monstrous thing. Thirdly, That he appointed no temporal prince to be head of the Church, it appeareth by the word itself spoken by our Saviour, "Pasce, feed," which he spoke not to Herod, Pilate, nor yet to Tiberius the emperor. But he spoke them unto Peter, saying, "Pasce oves meas." And where peradventure some men will cavil and argue of the Greek word spoken by our Saviour Christ in that place, which doth signify not only to feed, but also to rule and govern; I answer, that I do not know where that word is applied unto any temporal ruler in the New Testament; and if it so were, yet it doth not prove their intent; for other manifest and plain places of Scripture do exclude them from such authority, notwithstanding that the same Scripture doth give them very great authority, commanding us to obey the same; declaring withal, that they bear the sword not in vain, nor without cause. But now mark this word "sword," which princes had before the coming of our Saviour Christ;

and that he did give them any further authority we read not, but left them as he found them. And as he did give them no spiritual authority, so I do not see that he did take any temporal rule from them. Wherefore he commanded Peter to put up his sword, because he had given him other instruments to use, wherein was included his authority, that is to say, the keys of the kingdom of heaven, saying, "Tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum." In these keys and in exercising of the same, consisteth all authority ecclesiastical given by God unto any man. Unto whom he hath not by Scripture given these keys, they have no right to it. Wherefore it followeth, that no temporal prince hath any authority in or over the Church of Christ, seeing that the keys were never given unto any of them.

St. Peter the Head.

And here I know it will be objected against me, that as this place doth make against the supremacy of princes, so doth it not make for the primacy of St. Peter. For St. John doth witness, in the twentieth chapter of his gospel, that our Saviour did give the keys not only to Peter, but also unto all his apostles, when he did breathe upon them, saying, "Accipite spiritum sanctum." "Take ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye forgive be forgiven to them, and whose sins ye retain are retained." And divers of the ancient writers do likewise say, That the keys were given unto all the apostles. But yet in one place or other the same authors do declare that they were given unto Peter principally, as Hillarius, where he saith, speaking of that matter, "The keys were given to Peter princi-

pally, in that he was chief and captain of the others." And if any man yet will contend, that this place doth give no more authority to Peter than to the rest of the apostles, I have read another place of Scripture, which doth exclude the rest of the apostles from equality of authority with Peter, in the rule and government of the Church of Christ, and that is the changing of his name : for at Peter's first meeting with our Saviour, his name was Simon, as it is there mentioned in these words, "Simon, the son of Jona, thou shalt be called Cephas, that is to say, a stone or a rock." And for what consideration and end Christ gave him that name, it doth appear in the sixteenth of St. Matthew, in these words, "Tu es Petrus," &c. "Thou art Peter ; *i.e.*, a stone or a rock, and upon this stone or rock I will build my Church."

And his Successors.

Here I shall desire you to note, that Peter hath a promise made unto himself alone, which was made to none other of the apostles, that is, that as he had received a new name, so he should have a new privilege or preferment, to be the foundation, ground, and stay of Christ's Church being builded upon him ; for he was called a "rock" or "stone" for the stability and constancy that should always appear in the Church, being builded upon him a sure foundation and immoveable. Which thing doth now appear in the succession of Peter : for as concerning the other apostles, in their own persons, I do not doubt but during their lives natural, they were as firm and stable in the faith of Christ as Peter was ; but for their succession we have no

such proof, seeing that only the succession of Peter doth continue in the Church of Christ, the like appearing in none of the other apostles. Which is the only stay of the same in earth, and undoubtedly shall be until the world's end. This place of Scripture, in my judgement, if there were no more, is sufficient to prove that Peter and his successors be appointed of Christ to have the rule and government of His Church on earth above all others, both spiritual and temporal; and yet I do know that there may and also will objections be laid against these my sayings.

Obj. I.—Christ the Head.

For some will say, that Christ himself is the stone whereupon his Church is builded, and some will say, that the profession that Peter made of Christ, when he said, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Which be both true, and yet not repugnant to that which I have said before: for all these three understandings, well-pondered and considered in their divers respects, may stand together. But I do think that if the mind and intent of our Saviour, when he spake these words, "Thou art Peter," &c., be well weighed, the place itself doth declare, that it is specially to be understood of the person of Peter and his successors. For undoubtedly he knowing that infidelity and heresies should so encrease and abound, that his Church and faith should be in danger to be overthrown and extinguished, made promise there so to provide by Peter and his successors, that it should be always known where his faith should be had and sought for again, if it were anywhere lost, unto all men that would,

with humility, desire, seek after, and receive the same. So that we now, if we should understand the place of our Saviour Christ, which is the first and true stone of this building in very deed, what certainty can we have of our faith? Or how shall we stay our selves, wavering in the same in this our time? For at this present there be abroad in Christendom thirty-four sundry sects of opinions, whereof never one agreeth with another, and all differ from the Catholic Church. And every one of these sects do say and affirm constantly, that their profession and doctrine is builded upon Christ, alledging Scripture for the same. And they all and every of them, thus challenging Christ to be their foundation by Scripture, how shall any man know to which of them he may safely give credit, and so obey and follow? The like is to be said of Peter's confession, wherein we can have no sure trial. For every one of these sects or heresies doth confess and acknowledge Christ to be the Son of the living God. So that I think I may conclude that our Saviour Christ in this place, saying, "That he would build his Church upon a stone," did mean by the stone Peter and his successors, whereunto men might safely cleave and lean; as unto a sure and an immoveable rock in matters of faith; knowing certainly that in so doing they shall not fall, I mean in faith; as we do most manifestly see it hath come to pass, and continued for the space of 1500 years and odd.

Obj. 2.—Wicked Popes.

I have heard objected here of late against the supremacy of Peter and his successors divers reasons which appear unto me to have in them small sub-

stance ; as I trust it shall appear unto you by the unfolding of the same. And for the better understanding of the same, I will bring them unto three head places. Whereof the first doth consist in the wicked and evil lives, as it is alledged, of certain popes of Rome ; which as I do think were nothing so wicked as they were reported to have been : but let that be, they were so, what then ? A man is a man, and, as the Scripture sayeth, “ What man is he that sinneth not ? ” Again, if that our Saviour had made the like warrant unto Peter and his successors, as concerning their conversation and living, as he did for the continuance and stability of their faith, and had said unto Peter, “ I have prayed for thee that thou shalt not sin ” ; as he said, “ I have prayed that thy faith shall never fail ” ; then their evil lives had been an argument to have proved that they had not been the true successors of Peter, neither had had any such authority given unto them of God. But seeing that the warrant was made only for the continuance of their faith, wherein they have hitherto, and do yet most constantly stand, without any mention of their conversation and living, it is in my judgement no proof nor argument against the authority and supremacy of the see of Rome : as we see that the adultery and murther committed by King David, doth not diminish the authority of godly Psalms written by him ; neither the dissolute living and idolatry of King Solomon is prejudicial to divers books of Scripture written by him ; nor yet the covetousness of the prophet Balaam did let, in any condition, the vertue and strength of God, the blessing of God sent unto the children of Israel by him, nor the truth of the prophecy, as concerning

the coming of our Saviour, by him likewise pronounced ; even so the lives of the popes of Rome, were they never so wicked, cannot be prejudicial to the authority given to Peter and his successors, by the mouth of our Saviour.

Obj. 3.—The Papacy not known at Nicæa.

The sum of the objections secondarily made against his authority, doth consist (as they do alledge), in certain Canons of the Council of Nicene, and the sixth Council of Carthage, with the departure of the Greek Church, and other realms now in our days from the authority of the said see of Rome. As concerning the Council of Nicene, I do marvel that they will alledge anything therein contained in this matter, seeing in the preface of the said Council (1)[†] it is declared, that this authority which we speak of is given unto the said see by no councils or synods ; but by the evangelical voice of our Saviour Jesus Christ : and also the fathers of the said Council being condescended and agreed in all matters of controversy, moved in that their assembly, wrote unto the pope, desiring to have their decrees confirmed by his authority ; as it doth more at large appear in their epistle written in that behalf. Further, Athanasius, which was present at the said Council, and after patriarch of Alexandria, doth not only acknowledge the cure and charge of the universal Church of Christ to be given to Peter and successors, but also being universally deprived, did appeal unto the pope of Rome (2), and by him was restored again.

[†] The interlinear figures refer to the Notes at the end.

Obj. 4. Nor by the Sixth Council of Carthage.

And likewise the sixth Council of Carthage (3) maketh nothing for their purpose. For the supremacy of the pope was not called in question there, but some variance there was indeed, which consisteth in this point only, whether a bishop or a priest, being accused and troubled, and thinking himself to have wrong, might appeal to Rome for the better examination and trial of his cause or no ; as one Apiarius a priest had done then in Africk. There was alledged for appellations to be made to Rome a canon of Nicene Council, which indeed was sought for and could not be found. (4) Which was no marvel ; for whereas the fathers in Nicene Council made seventy canons (5) through the wickedness of heretics, there was then but found remaining twenty-one. Yet that notwithstanding the bishops of Africk did not long after submit themselves to the Church of Rome on that point. Also, they use to inculcate the authority of this Council, for because that St. Augustin was present at it ; as he was indeed, which maketh directly against them. For St. Augustin doth everywhere in his works acknowledge the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors ; as in his 162nd Epistle, saying thus, "In the Church of Rome hath always been strengthened, or flourished, the rule or authority of the apostolic chair." (6)

Obj. 5.—Nor by the Greek Church.

And where I heard a question moved here of late, whether that ever the Greek Church did acknowledge the superiority of the Church of Rome or no ? Of the which matter I marvel

that any man doth doubt, seeing that the Greek Church did not only acknowledge, but also continue in obedience under the said Church of Rome, by the space of eight hundred years at the least (7), so far as I can read myself, or learn of others. And after that it did first renounce the said authority, it did return again with submission fourteen several times, as good authors write, and as we may partly gather by the Council of Florence, which was about 141 years ago ; whereas the patriarch of Constantinople himself was present among other bishops and learned men of Greece, in the which this matter and controversy was determined and agreed upon, as it doth manifestly appear in the canons of the said Council. Moreover if the Greek Church were not under the authority and rule of the Church of Rome, what shall we think of the story of Anthemas, patriarch of Constantinople (8), which was deposed for the heresy of Eutyches, by the pope Agapetus. For whose restitution earnest and long suit was made by the Empress Theodora, that then was, first to the pope Silverius, and after to his successor Vigilius, and could in no condition be obtained. But as touching the Greek Church, and the departure of the same from the Church of Rome ; this we may briefly say and conclude, that after it did divide itself from the Church of Rome, it did by little and little fall into the most extreme miseries, captivity and bondage ; in the which at this present it doth remain.

Obj. 6.—Rejected in many Countries.

And as concerning other countries that have renounced the aforesaid authority, as Germany,

Denmark, and as it was here said, Polonia ; this I have to say, that the miseries and calamities that Germany hath suffered, since their departure from the Church of Rome, may be a warning and example to all other nations to learn by, and beware of the like attempt. And as for Denmark, I do hear indeed they be very Lutherans, and have also renounced the pope's authority ; but yet I cannot learn, nor hear, that either the King of Denmark, or yet any prince of Germany, doth take upon him to be called " Supreme head of the Church." And as for Polonia, although it be troubled with heresies, as other realms be, yet I cannot learn, that either the king, or the clergy thereof, hath, or doth give any place to the same, but of the contrary doth most earnestly withstand them ; as may right well appear by certain books set out this present year, that is 1558, by a bishop of Polonia called Stanislaus Hosius ; in the which it is declared, amongst many other things, that earnest suit had been made by the protestants to have three things granted and suffered to be practised within that realm ; that is to say that priests might have wives ; to have the public service in their vulgar tongue ; and the Sacrament of the altar ministered under both kinds ; which all three were denied them. Whereby it appeareth plainly that Polonia is not in that case that men reported it to be in. But and if it were so, that all these realms, yea and more, were gone from the obedience of that Church, doth it therefore follow that the authority thereof is not just ? I think not so. For as Ferdinandus, now Emperor, descending justly by election from Constantine the Great, if the empire which was

under Constantine's rules were divided into twenty parties, it hath scarcely one of the twenty, and yet the authority of an emperor continueth in him still. And as the departure of Gascony, Guienne, Normandy, Scotland and France, which were all sometimes under the imperial crown of England, doth not take away the authority thereof, but that it is an imperial crown still ; even so doth not the departure of these countries from the see of Rome, diminish the authority given unto the same by God. Besides that St. Paul saith, " That there shall be a departing before the day of judgment," which although some understand of the empire, yet the most part refer it to the Church of Rome, from whence men shall fall and depart by infidelity and heresies ; but whether it shall be in all countries at one time or divers times, it is uncertain.

Obj. 7.—**The Provincial Council of 1534.**

Thirdly there is alleged a provincial council (9) or assembly of the bishops and clergy of this realm of England ; by whom the authority of the bishop of Rome was abolished and disannulled. Which now some inculcate against us, as a matter of great weight and authority ; whereas in very deed it is to be taken for a matter of very small authority, or else none. For first, we know that a particular or a provincial council can make no determination against the universal Church of Christ. Secondly, of the learned men that were the doers there, so many as be dead, (10) before they died were penitent, and cried God's mercy for that act : and those that do live, as all your lordships do know, have openly revoked the same, acknowledging their error. And where some

here do say, that they will never trust those men which once denied the pope's authority, and now of the contrary stand in defence of the same ; in my judgement their sayings be not greatly to be allowed. For it may happen, as oftentimes it doth chance indeed, that a man of honesty, worship, yea of honour, may commit treason against his prince, and yet by the goodness of the same prince be pardoned for that offence ; shall we determinately say, that man is never after to be trusted in the prince's affairs? Nay, God forbid, but rather think of the contrary ; that he which once hath run so hastily and rashly, that he hath overthrown himself and fallen, and broken his brow or his shin, will after that take heed to walk more warily. As we learn of the apostles of our Saviour Christ, which did all forsake him and run away, when he was apprehended and brought before the Jews, and specially of St. Peter, which did thrice deny him. And yet after, as well Peter as all the rest of the apostles, did return again to their Master Christ ; and never would after, for neither persecution nor death, forsake or deny him any more. So that it may appear, although men have once gone astray, if they return to the truth again, their testimonies in the truth be not to be discredited. And so I trust that you see that all these reasons and objections, made against the authority of the Church of Rome, be of none effect, if they be indifferently weighed and considered.

Obj. 8.—**The King can give Jurisdiction.**

And whereas there was a reason made here, that a temporal prince, unto whom no ecclesiastical jurisdiction or rule is given or committed

by God, cannot himself be head of the Church of Christ ; so he cannot substitute nor appoint another to exercise any such jurisdiction or authority in spiritual matters, in or over the Church of Christ under him : for as it was then said, no man can give to another that thing which he hath not himself : whereunto this answer was made, That a prince may give to another that authority which he hath not himself, neither may exercise ; as for example, they alledge, that a king of himself is not a judge, and yet he hath authority to appoint judges to minister justice. And likewise they said, that a king himself is no captain, and yet hath authority to appoint captains under him, for defence of his realm and overthrow of his enemies ; and even so, say they, he may appoint and substitute one under him to exercise spiritual jurisdiction, although he have no such authority himself. Which reasons appear unto me not only to be very weak and feeble, but also to be plain, false, and against Scripture ; which doth declare that the office of a king doth consist especially in these two points, which these men deny to be in him ; that is, playing of the judge, and ministering of justice to his subjects ; and likewise in playing the valiant captain, in defending of the same his subjects from all injury and wrong ; as the eighth chapter of the first book of Kings declareth, “ Our king shall judge us, and he shall go forth before us, and he shall fight our battles for us.” And likewise Nathan said unto David's own person, “ Make me an answer according to justice.” And likewise Solomon himself did give sentence and judgement between the two common women, which of them two was the

mother of the child which was alive. And as for to prove that those kings, with other in the Old Testament, were captains themselves in the defence of their realms, is more manifest than I shall need to travail in proving of the same.

Conclusion.

And thus to draw unto an end, I trust your lordships do see, that for unity and concord in faith and religion, to be preserved and continued in the Church, our Saviour, the spouse thereof, hath appointed one head-governor, to wit, Peter and his successors, whose faith he promised should never decay, as we see manifestly it hath not indeed. And for those men which write and speak against this authority, if therewith their writings and their doings be well considered, they shall appear to be such, as small credit or none is to be given unto in matters of weight, such as this is. For whoso readeth the third chapter of the second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, may see them there lively described, with their doings. And specially one sentence therein may be applied and verified of them most justly, that is, "Always learning and never coming to the knowledge of truth." For as we see them vary amongst themselves, one from another, so no one of them doth agree with himself in matters of religion two years together. And as they be gone from the sure rock and stay of Christ's church, so do they reel and waver in their doctrine, where no certainty nor stay can be found. Whereof St. Paul doth admonish us, and teach us in the person of his scholar Timothy, to be constant in doctrine and religion, and not to

follow such men. For after, in the same chapter, he saith thus: "But as for thee, continue in those things which thou hast learned, and which be credited unto thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." In which words we might understand that St. Paul doth not move any man to continue in any false or untrue doctrine. Wherefore he moveth every man to consider, not only his religion and doctrine, but also, or rather, the schoolmaster of whom he learned the same. For of the knowledge, constancy, and worthiness of the schoolmaster, or teacher, may the doctrine taught by him be known to be good and sound, or otherwise. Now if a man should ask of these men in this realm, which dissent from the Catholic Church, not only on this point of the supremacy, but also in divers of the chief mysteries of our faith; of whom they learned this doctrine which they hold and teach, they must needs answer, that they learned it of the Germans. Then we may demand of them again, of whom the Germans did learn it? Whereunto they must answer, that they learned it of Luther. Well, then of whom did Luther learn it? Whereunto he shall answer himself, in his book that he wrote, *De missa angulari, seu privata*; where he saith, "That such thing as he teacheth against the mass, and the blessed sacrament of the altar, he learned of Satan, the devil." At whose hands, it is like, he did also receive the rest of his doctrine. Then here be two points diligently to be noted: First, That this doctrine is not fifty years old, for no man taught it before Luther. And second, That Luther doth acknowledge and confess the devil to be his schoolmaster in divers points of his doctrine. So that if men would diligently mind St. Paul's

words, where he biddeth us “ know of whom we have learned ” such doctrine as we now hold, they would refuse this perverse and wicked doctrine, knowing from whom it came. But if they will ask us of whom we learned our doctrine, we answer them that we learned it of our forefathers in the Catholic Church, which hath in it continuedly the holy spirit of God for a ruler and governor. And again, if they ask of whom our fathers learned this same, we say of their forefathers within the same Church. And so we manually ascend in possession of our doctrine from age to age, unto the apostle Peter, unto whom, as St. Cyprian saith, our Saviour Christ did betake his sheep to be fed, and upon whom he founded his Church. So that now we may be bold to stand in our doctrine and religion against our adversaries, seeing that theirs is not yet fifty years old, and ours above fifteen hundred years old. They have for authority and commendation of their religion, Luther and his schoolmaster before mentioned ; we have for ours St. Peter and his master Christ. So that now, by the doctrine of Irenæus, every man may know where the truth is, and whom he should follow ; which saith thus : “ To those priests which be in the Church, we ought to obey, those which have their succession from the apostles, who with bishop-like succession, have received a sure gracious gift, according to the goodwill of the father. But for the other, which depart from the principal succession, and be gathered in whatsoever place, we ought to hold them suspected, either as heretics and of an evil opinion, or as making divisions, and proud men, and pleasing themselves ; or again as hypocrites, doing that for advantage and vain glory, which all do fall

from the truth." And thus I make an end, most humbly thanking your good lordships for your gentle patience ; desiring the same likewise to weigh and consider these things which I have spoken, as shall be thought good to your wisdoms.

NOTES.

1. *In the Preface of the said Council.*—The preface to which the Bishop refers is a spurious document, found among the False Decretals of the Pseudo-Isidore. Nor is the letter to Pope St. Sylvester, asking for confirmation of their Decrees, which he attributes to the Nicene Fathers, any more authentic, though it is a forgery of a much earlier date than the False Decretals. Still the Bishop is not blameworthy for citing these spurious authorities. It is only by a critical examination of their contents that their spurious character is discoverable, and literary criticism had not advanced very far in the days of Bishop Scott. However, it does not follow, because these documents are spurious, that the Nicene Fathers did not recognize the Primacy of the Apostolic See, or seek its confirmation of their Decrees, and there is other evidence proving that they did. Thus the historian Socrates tells us that "Pope Julius I. [who became Pope only eleven years after the Council of Nice] asserted that the ecclesiastical rule forbids any decrees to be sanctioned without the approval of the Roman Pontiff.'"

2. *Did appeal unto the Pope of Rome.*—St. Athanasius, the great champion of orthodox doctrine in the period following on the Council of Nicæa, was deposed from his See of Alexandria by a Council of Arian Bishops assembled at Tyre, and this sentence of deposition was further confirmed by another similarly composed synod, held at Antioch a few years later. Athanasius appealed to Pope Julius, who annulled the sentence of these Councils and restored him to his See. Pope Julius's letter addressed to the Arian Bishops, and censuring them for their

conduct, is that referred to in the preceding note. It is preserved to us by St. Athanasius, among whose works it is to be found.

3. *And likewise the Sixth Council of Carthage.*—The Council to which he refers is that held at Carthage in 418, which decreed the following Canon amongst others: "If priests, deacons, and inferior clerics complain of a sentence (passed on them) by their own Bishop, they shall, with the consent of their Bishop, have recourse to the neighbouring Bishops, who shall settle the dispute. But whoever appeals to a court beyond the seas, may not be again received into communion by any one in Africa." This Canon was apparently occasioned by the conduct of an African priest, Apiarius, who was found guilty of immoral conduct, and expelled from the ranks of the clergy by Urban, Bishop of Sicca. Apiarius went to Rome, where he was not known, and succeeded in imposing on Pope Zosimus, who, believing him to be an innocent man, ordered Bishop Urban, under pain of excommunication, to reinstate him. As Apiarius eventually, on his return to Africa, acknowledged his guilt, the personal question dropped, but the Canon was passed with the object of restraining similar appeals in the future. It in no way proves that the African Bishops rejected Papal Supremacy, for it attempts only, as Bishop Scott contends, to legislate on the liberty of appeal to be allowed to priests and inferior clerics, and it was not unreasonable, as the case of Apiarius proved, to check the disposition of a guilty cleric to appeal from his superiors in a region where he was known, to a higher but distant superior in a region where he was not known.

4. *Could not be found.*—Pope St. Zosimus, after deciding in favour of Apiarius, sent a legate into Africa to treat with the Bishops there on the general question of Appeals, and he cited as Nicene two Canons he wished them to observe. As the Africans did not find these in their own version of the Nicene Canons, they wrote back respectfully to Pope St. Boniface, the successor of St. Zosimus, proposing that he and they should inquire in the east for the true text of the Nicene Canons, and that meanwhile they should observe the two he had sent them. When the answer came from the east it was found that these two Canons were not in the text sent. How then did St.

Zosimus come to cite them as such? The true reason is not what Bishop Scott suggests, but because the Canons in question were the 5th and 14th Canons of Sardica, and says Hefele, "in the ancient copies the Canons of Nicæa and Sardica are written consecutively with the same figures, and under the common title of Canons of Nicæa."

5. *Seventy Canons.*—There were in reality only twenty Nicene Canons. Bishop Scott is relying here on a letter purporting to be written by St. Athanasius to Pope St. Marcus, which speaks of seventy Nicene Canons; but that letter is now known to be spurious. There was, however, an opinion prevalent in the east that the Fathers of Nicæa had decreed more Canons than twenty, and since the days of Bishop Scott what are called the Arabian Canons, that is eighty so-called Canons of Nicæa in an Arabic translation have been found. These, on examination, prove to contain, besides the genuine Canons, others of later date. Probably the idea that they were Nicene arose from the custom, referred to in the last note, of printing consecutively the Canons of the different Councils. As the Nicene headed the list all were thought to belong to that Council.

6. *Apostolic Chair.*—The Donatists, a schismatic party in Africa in the fourth and fifth centuries, had excommunicated Cæcilian, the orthodox Bishop of Carthage, whom in consequence they declared to be cut off from communion with their churches. St. Augustine, accordingly, in writing to a Donatist named Glorius, tells him that Cæcilian need not mind being cut off from that party, united as he was with the world, and with the Bishop of Rome, who held the primacy over the Church, and with the lands (*i.e.*, with Rome) whence Africa had first received the Gospel.—" (Carthage) has a Bishop of no mean authority, who needed not to be solicitous about the multitude of adversaries who were conspiring against him, united as he was by Letters of Communion with the Roman Church, in which the primacy (*principatus*) of the Apostolic Chair has always flourished, and with those other lands whence the Gospel came to Africa."

7. *By the space of eight hundred years at least.*—Thus in 519 and again in 869 the Greek Bishops in Council assembled made

the profession of faith called the Formula of Pope Hormisdas, each saying, "Following the Apostolic See in all things and adhering to all its decrees, I trust that I may be with you in the one communion which the Apostolic See enjoins, in which is the entire and true foundation (*soliditas*) of the Christian religion." This was before the Greek schism. At the Council of Florence in 1439, the representatives of the Greeks, together with their Emperor, were present in great numbers, and signed along with the Latins the Bull of Union, which says: "We define that the . . . Roman Pontiff is the successor of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and Head of the Church, . . . and that he has the full power to feed, rule, and govern the Universal Church, as is likewise declared in the Acts of the Ecumenical Councils and the Holy Canons."

8. *Anthemas, Patriarch of Constantinople*.—Anthimas had been Bishop of Trapezunt, but had left his diocese and gone to Constantinople, where for a time he lived a private and ascetical life. He also displayed Monophysite leanings, which brought him into favour with the Empress Theodora, and through her of her husband, the Emperor Justinian, who appointed him to the See of Constantinople in 535. The following year Pope Agapitus arrived at Constantinople to negotiate peace between the Emperor and the Ostrogoth King, Theodore. As it was reported to Agapitus that Anthimas was a heretic and an intruder, Agapitus refused to hold communion with him, but demanded of him a written confession of faith, and that he should return to his former see. He refused, and Pope Agapitus deprived him of all his dignities, including even his proper See of Trapezunt. For a time the Emperor took the part of Anthimas, but was at length undeceived as to his heresy, and offered no difficulties to the consecration of Mennas, whom Agapitus appointed to succeed Anthimas at Constantinople.

9. *There is alleged a Provincial Council*.—He refers to the Convocations of Canterbury and York, which in 1534, under compulsion from Henry VIII., disavowed papal supremacy and acknowledged royal supremacy. This was the official act on the part of the old Hierarchy which separated England from Rome and created the schism.

10. *So many as be dead.*—We must not perhaps take the Bishop's "so many as" quite to the letter, but it is important testimony that a large number of the bishops and clergy of the Convocation of 1534 died repentant. Of Bishop Gardiner's repentance we have his own very touching testimony. When he was on his death-bed, he caused the history of the Passion to be read to him, and bade the reader stop when he came to the account of St. Peter's denial. Then he said self-reproachfully, "Like Peter, I denied ; like Peter I went out ; but I have not yet wept like Peter."

ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN

(1140-1200)

IN the year 1140, when St. Bernard was stirring the heart of Christian Europe by his preaching, there was born one destined to be a great monk, a great bishop, and a great defender of the Church and Papacy. The name of St. Hugh of Lincoln stands in a period remarkable for its heroes, and finds a fitting place side by side with St. Thomas of Canterbury, martyred but three years before his arrival in this country, and the illustrious Pope Innocent III., in whose pontificate he died. It was an age of chivalry, and from a Carthusian cell St. Hugh came forth to fight, in the service of God, a warfare for the rights of Holy Church. Unlike the creatures of courts, his tactics bore no trace of policy or expediency ; God's glory was the cause in which he took up arms, combating the strong in defence of the weak, ever bold, unselfish, and unwearied.

There lay between the borders of Dauphiné and Savoy a picturesque valley, watered by the river Isère, and surrounded by hills covered with ruins. There, too, stood a castle in which dwelt a family, whose armorial bearings bore proof of their noble origin, the home of the knight Bayard, "without fear and without reproach." But the Castle of Avalon, where St. Hugh

spent his earlier years, would in future recall one whose glory was not of this world, and whose only fear was the fear of God.

William and Anna of Avalon, the parents of St. Hugh, were worthy of the charge of a child with so exalted a destiny. William was a man of deep faith and religious feeling. In early youth, he had wished to enter a monastery ; and though circumstances prevented him, he never ceased to long after the higher life, and lived in the midst of martial surroundings a life of great austerity. Renowned for his deeds of daring, he was withal gentle and courteous, winning much affection from his comrades, who recognised the dauntless courage beneath his modest exterior. He was known as "the flower of chivalry," while his wife was spoken of as "the glory of the ladies of her time," and the union of these noble souls was perfect in thought and sympathy. She never refused assistance to the poor, and with her own hands would wash the feet of lepers.

Such was the school in which St. Hugh first learnt the meaning of life. His mother recognised that he belonged to God, and sought most carefully to guard his innocence, and to mould, to the best of her ability, the disposition which already showed great promise for the future. Both parents saw that God had called their son to a high degree of sanctity, and strove to carry out His designs. Much time was given to prayer ; often his parents spoke of heaven, and recreation was found in works of charity. The hearts of all were still ringing at this time with the cry of the First Crusade, "It is the will of God," and they knew the second could not be far distant. Even those unable to take any active part, were striving by prayers and penance to deliver the Holy Places, and the stories of self-sacrifice must have found an echo in the young heart of the Saint. Also the lives of the many fervent religious Orders flourishing around his home, spoke to him their own lesson, while on the distant horizon he

could see the great walls of rock which hid from the world the solitaries of the Grande Chartreuse.

The time came for St. Hugh to begin his regular studies, and in these ages of faith such a commencement was made with much ceremony. The master and pupil entered the church, the book was placed on the altar, and the first instruction given after a solemn invocation of the Father of Light, "whom to know and to love constitutes the highest wisdom."

Of St. Hugh's progress we are told that an application and attention far superior to his years were at once remarked in him ; also a keenness of intellect which rapidly seized the meaning of everything, with great facility for assimilating the instruction he received. Already he began to reap the fruits of his distaste for worldly amusements. His soul, detached from the fascination of trifles, soared joyfully to all that could elevate and enlighten it, while his heart seemed to close for ever to all earthly joy when, at the age of eight, he lost his mother by death. His father soon announced his intention of consecrating the rest of his life to God, and invited his youngest and dearest to accompany him to the Canons Regular of Villard-Benoît, where he hoped to remain till death.

Speaking of his father's sacrifice, St. Hugh said : "My father gave up all he had in the world to enter the army of Jesus Christ, and feared not to become a young soldier in the heavenly camp, after having been a veteran among the soldiers of earth. He might have rested from his labours with honour and glory, like other knights of his age and fame, but he had no wish for rest. He preferred to labour for his Lord and Master as long as his strength lasted, and to wait for his rest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Though but a child, St. Hugh had a mind capable of appreciating the advantages of the religious life he was about to embrace, and left the Castle of Avalon eagerly. It must have been a touching sight, the father and son

approaching their new home together ; the one, his youth renewed by the heroic sacrifice he was making ; the other, young in years, but already bearing on his brow the halo of heavenly wisdom ; both united to each other, less by the ties of blood than by those of a Divine charity, glad not to be separated in the farewell they were bidding to the world, and both ready to fight the good fight, and walk bravely in the way of perfection.

Soon after their arrival, they took part in a most affecting ceremony, as during holy Mass the father offered his child to the Community. The boy-novice, already tonsured, carried in his hands an unconsecrated host and a chalice of wine. At the end of the Gospel, his father offered him to the celebrant. The hand of the boy, covered in the altar-cloth, was clasped by the Prior, while the father promised never to induce him to leave the Order or in any way to endanger his vocation. The written promise was laid on the altar, the child clothed in the white habit, and the sacrifice terminated with the holy Mass.

Among the Canons was one to whom the care of St. Hugh was specially entrusted to prepare him for the vows, which, in those days, he was permitted to take at the age of fourteen. Of him the Saint speaks with much affection. "He was untiring in his efforts," he says, "to inspire me with a taste for the study of Holy Scripture and theology. With fatherly caresses and wise counsel, he endeavoured to kindle in my young heart a love for the most solid and exalted doctrine. And while other children of my own age ran off to their amusements, he would speak to me gently and kindly in such words as these : "My own dear son, do not join in the follies of your companions ; let them do as they will ; it is right for them ; but their pleasures are not the pleasures which belong to your vocation." And then he would add : "My dear little Hugh, my dear little Hugh,

it is for Jesus Christ and His service that I am educating you ; childish pastimes are not for you." This was the spirit of all the lessons St. Hugh received. "*Ego te Christo nutrio*" ("I nourish you, so as to fit you for Christ") were ever the words of this venerable master. Every thought and affection must be turned towards God, every enlightenment of the intellect must bring renewed discipline of the will. Such was the teacher's aim : "It is towards God I am guiding your footsteps."

And the young religious walked with giant strides in the way of perfection. At the age of fifteen he took his vows, and henceforth lived with the Community. His father, now old and infirm, was given the consolation of having him as his nurse. Hugh received the charge from the Prior with joy, and scarcely left his aged father. He supported his feeble steps, carried him when too weak to walk, prepared his food, and at length held him in his arms as he died.

At the age of nineteen, St. Hugh was ordained deacon. His humility made him protest he was too young for the dignity, but the Canons overruled his arguments. They were aware that he possessed exceptional qualifications as a preacher, and were anxious he should begin to use this gift. They confided the Priory of St. Maxime to him. Obedience alone made him undertake the charge, and he begged that as companion he might have one of the older Canons.

The parish, under St. Hugh's guidance, soon changed its whole aspect. He raised the fallen, and turned many hearts to God by his preaching ; he relieved the poor, and sought out all that had need of a shepherd's care. When not occupied with pastoral duties, St. Hugh spent his time in prayer. As a preacher, St. Augustine was his model, and from him he learnt to trust more in God for help to touch the hearts of men, than in any flights of eloquence. Filled with love for souls, his words pierced the hearts of all like a sword, which

nothing could resist. Not one of his hearers was ever tempted to "despise his youth"; on the contrary, he appeared to all as another Stephen, "full of grace and fortitude."

But the life at St. Maxime failed to satisfy St. Hugh; he longed to fly the turmoil and misery of the world, and shelter himself in a haven of solitude and silence, where he could make full sacrifice of himself to his Creator and live only for the contemplation of God. Towards the sons of St. Bruno he had ever a great attraction, and he resolved to visit them, to learn the secret charm of that silence of which he had heard so much. Their monastery stood out boldly on the slopes of a rocky mountain, surrounded by dense forests and watered by rapid torrents. It was indeed a wild scene that opened out before the eye of St. Hugh, as he climbed the steep ascent. The church was artistic both in design and ornament, but the library particularly attracted his attention, for he saw in this abundance of books a help to contemplation, and a means of intercourse with God. It was, however, the interior spirit of the monks that especially captivated him. Their garments were coarse and poor, their abstinence perpetual, their fasts and mortifications severe, their cells surrounded a cemetery and to the worldly mind seemed shut off from everything beautiful in life, yet their lives were full of a sweetness and peace that were a fore-taste of Paradise, and St. Hugh felt himself irresistibly drawn to the Carthusian life. With tears he sought permission to enter the novitiate from the Prior, who, anxious to test the reality of his vocation, put a rigorous picture of the life before him. "Our life would kill you," he said; "our hair-shirt alone would tear off your skin, and leave your bones bare, and your constitution is far too delicate to support the austerities of our Rule."

This reply did but inflame his desire the more, and the other monks gave him every encouragement. His old master, who had accompanied St. Hugh to the

Grande Chartreuse, knew his wishes, and was filled with grief. He pleaded with him not to forsake him: "Have pity on me, my son, have pity on my white hairs. Stay with me, you cannot have the heart to leave me," were his words, and for a moment St. Hugh promised to remain with him, but soon made no scruple in breaking a promise wrung from him by surprise, to the detriment of his perfection.

He was received with all joy in his new home, and began his life as a solitary. He spent both day and night alone in his cell, only leaving it three times in twenty-four hours to unite in the recitation of the Divine Office. Prayer was his occupation, and everything was regulated to dispose his soul to recollection and union with God. To the recitation of the Divine Office, the Carthusians add that of the Blessed Virgin and of the Dead. From the day of his entrance St. Hugh adopted every austerity imposed by the Rule—night watchings, frequent fasts, incessant abstinence, as well as the perpetual hair-shirt and severe disciplines. His life was indeed a preparation for the conflicts and temptations through which he had later to pass. On the day of his vows he rose from his knees, full of holy joy at having at last obtained the grace so ardently desired. "He was a Carthusian, and it was for ever."

He again filled the office of infirmarian to an aged monk, and with all charity took care of him, "as a mother takes care of a little child." In return, the holy man prepared St. Hugh for the priesthood. When he was about thirty years of age and the day of his ordination was near, the old monk said to him, "My son, the time is coming when you may be ordained priest, if you wish. You have only to give your consent, and this dignity will be conferred upon you." St. Hugh felt his heart bound within him, and replied with fervour, "There is nothing in this world I desire so much." But the old monk, wishing to prove him still further,

turned on him sharply with the words, "How dare you think of such a thing! Who could have believed you would be capable of such presumption? Have you not often heard it said, He who does not refuse the priesthood, is not worthy to receive it! And you, far from refusing it, are not afraid to long for it with eagerness!" Full of grief, St. Hugh threw himself at his feet, and begged forgiveness for his presumption. The old man wept with him, tears of joy, bidding him rise and be comforted. "Fear not, my son," were his prophetic words; "I will no longer call you my son, but my lord, for I know well whose spirit it was which dictated your answer to me just now. And I tell you the truth, that soon you will be made a priest, and on the day that God wills, you will be made a bishop."

After his ordination, St. Hugh seemed to live a new life. He doubled his penances, and was filled only with the thought of the great act he was now able to accomplish at the altar. Nor could his devotion be hidden from those who assisted at his Mass.

It was at this time that St. Hugh made the acquaintance of the holy Archbishop afterwards known as St. Peter of Tarentaise, with whom he held frequent intercourse during his visits to the monastery. When he had been a Carthusian ten years, he was made Procurator, and lived in what was known as the Lower House, to take charge of the Lay Brothers and entertain the visitors who applied for hospitality. In all temporal matters, St. Hugh displayed rare prudence and judgement, while the kindness of his manner towards strangers was spoken of far and wide. He had left his cell for these exterior duties with great regret, but discharged them so that his inward peace of soul was in no way disturbed. Mounting the stairs from the Lower House to the church for the Divine Office, he would lay aside his cloak, saying to his worldly cares: "Stay here with my cloak; when Office is over, I will take you all up again." For seven years he held

this post, till a change was to take place in his life, which would show yet more the power of his virtue and the saintliness of his life.

King Henry II. of England, anxious to make reparation for his persecution of the Church which had resulted in the death of St. Thomas of Canterbury, wished to introduce the Carthusian Order into England. Some monks had already been sent over from the Grande Chartreuse, but the foundation had not prospered. Henry therefore was induced to obtain for the Priory at Witham, in the county of Somerset, St. Hugh of Avalon. "He is endowed with every virtue," he was told, "and beloved by all who know him. You have only to set eyes upon him, to feel drawn to become his friend. When he speaks, he is listened to as though his words came from God. This is the man under whose care your foundation will bear abundant fruit. He is the one man who can deliver you from your anxieties, and make his Order flourish in your kingdom. You will find him perfect in sweetness and patience, in greatness of soul, and consideration for all. He carries the whole human race in his heart, and loves all men with the love of perfect charity."

Henry did not delay to dispatch ambassadors to the Grande Chartreuse to demand the presence of St. Hugh in England. It was only a conviction that it was the will of God which induced the monks to part with him, even as it was only obedience that made St. Hugh accept their decision. In England he was welcomed by the King, and received by his brothers as an angel sent from Heaven to relieve them. His first care was to erect suitable buildings for a monastery, and a church where they could recite the Office. In monetary affairs the King had promised every assistance, and at first treated St. Hugh with much generosity. The work went on well, but funds were not sufficient to complete the task, and the renewed promises of the

King seemed unlikely to be fulfilled. The Prior patiently awaited the King's pleasure, but the other monks became discouraged. Some even accused their Superior of want of energy, and urged him to apply for help to the King in person.

Accompanied by Brother Gerard, an ancient warrior of singular piety, possessing no fear of any king or ruler, St. Hugh accordingly set out. He urged Brother Gerard to mingle prudence with zeal, and in patience to possess his soul, but in vain; for no sooner had he heard a renewed promise of help from the King, than he thundered forth that promises without fulfilment were of no avail, and declared his intention of leaving the kingdom. His vocabulary exhausted, there was a silence, and the King turned to the Prior with the question, "Will you also leave my kingdom?" "No, my Lord and King," replied St. Hugh, "I will not leave you—I do not despair of you. Rather I feel great pity for you. You have many cares which hinder you from thinking of the interests of your soul. When God gives you time for reflection, you will do as you have promised." "As I hope for salvation," exclaimed the King, embracing the Prior as he spoke, "I swear you shall never leave my kingdom as long as I live. It is from you I will seek advice, with your aid I will make resolutions for the future." With these words the King gave St. Hugh the sum of money necessary for the completion of his buildings. The monastery at Witham was completed, and the monks were able to live in the spirit and seclusion of their Order.

The King gave St. Hugh his entire confidence. "There was no one to whom he listened as to the Prior of Witham." In his trials with his sons, he sought counsel from the Saint, and his acts of reparation for the past were inspired by the holy Prior. St. Hugh possessed great insight into character, and knew the right moment to rebuke and

the manner in which to do it ; he never missed an opportunity of pointing out to the King his misdeeds, yet did not incur his displeasure. A striking proof of the King's confidence in the prayers of St. Hugh was given by him once when at sea. A storm arose and the King and his fleet were in imminent danger of death. In his fear the King cried out : " Oh, if my Carthusian Hugh were watching now, if he were praying in his cell, or chanting the Divine Office with his brothers, for his sake God would not forget me ! " And with tears he continued : " O God, whom the Prior of Witham serves so faithfully, look Thou upon his merits and intercession, and for his sake take pity upon our distress, in spite of our sins which deserve Thy judgements ! " At that moment the storm abated, and every ship reached port in safety.

The services which St. Hugh was called upon to render to the King, did not interfere with the cultivation in his new monastery of the religious spirit. He strove to give his monks a real love of the Rule, and to encourage them in obedience to its minutest detail. A life of regularity was to him almost a second nature, and nothing could disturb his recollection. Even in sleep, he was often heard to sigh Amen, Amen, as if his slumber were but a pause in his prayer to God. In after years, the Saint revealed that he had often received manifestations of the Divine Will in dreams. He collected for his monastery a rich library of books. " When we are at peace," he said, " books are our treasure and delight ; when we are fighting, they are our arms ; when we are hungry, they are our food ; when we are sick, they are our remedy. This is a resource which no Order of religious can afford to neglect ; but those who need it most are monks, who live in solitude."

He was now called by God to leave the retirement and peace of the cell so dear to him. The bishopric of Lincoln had been vacant for nearly eighteen years, and

in May, 1186, Henry II. assembled a number of bishops and nobles, and bade them make an election. According to the Constitutions of Clarendon, such elections were to take place in the King's chapel and with his consent. There were many candidates, but the reputation for sanctity and learning of the Prior of Witham, who was chosen by the King, overruled any objection that could be raised against him.

St. Hugh received the deputation that came to inform him of his election, with a firm refusal to accept the honour, and told the Canons that the election was irregular, having taken place in the King's chapel, and not in their chapter-house. He bade them make a fresh election, and appoint one more worthy. The Canons followed his advice with regard to the election, but remained firm in their choice of St. Hugh. Again he refused, giving this time as a reason that he was bound by his vow of obedience to the General of his Order. Deputies accordingly visited the Grande Chartreuse, and there obtained the necessary command for St. Hugh to obey the Archbishop of Canterbury. This he did with great reluctance, applying to himself the words of the Prophet, "I am not a physician, I have no bread in my house, take care not to make me a prince over the people."

When the day came for him to leave Witham, a troop of horsemen, mounted on magnificent animals, richly caparisoned, arrived to conduct the new bishop to London; he alone of the party showed no sign of ostentation, insisting upon carrying the bundle of sheepskins used at that time by the Carthusians for a bed. As they drew near to Winchester a crowd of people, including several members of the Royal family, assembled to greet the new Bishop. One of the chaplains, unable to endure any longer the sight of the sheepskins, took advantage of the Saint's being lost in meditation to cut the cord by which he held them, and they were lost. The consecration was performed by

Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, on September 21, 1186. St. Hugh received the imposition of hands, with the determination of becoming a true apostle. When the holy oil flowed over his head and hands, his heart also was inundated with that Divine charity which made him a real Father to his flock. When he received the crozier, he felt strong to carry it in defence of God's Church, and to make the sceptres of the proudest kings bow before it, if need should arise. When the pastoral ring was put upon his finger, he conceived a tender and unchanging love for the Church of Christ, with whom he thus contracted an alliance, in the name of the Divine Spouse. When the mitre surrounded his brow, he formed a more exalted idea of the dignity of the episcopate, and of the virtues which should be its crown.

St. Hugh spent the night before his entry into Lincoln in prayer, and when at length sleep overcame him, he heard in his dream a voice saying to him, "Thou goest to save thy people, to save them with the help of thy Christ." Next day he made his solemn entry within the walls, barefooted, amid general rejoicing from his people, whom he feasted with a liberality that astonished them. With the clergy of his diocese, he soon became intimately acquainted, and inspired them with a true estimate of the sanctity of their calling and with a love of learning. He gave great encouragement to the colleges and students under his jurisdiction, and took especial care that preferment should only be given to ecclesiastics of merit. "I cannot understand how any prelate can be glad to have a vacant benefice to bestow," he said. "For myself, I never feel such anxiety and distress of mind as when I have thus to appoint some ecclesiastic, who ought to possess all the qualities which are necessary for such dignities."

With the disorderly and those who sowed discord, St. Hugh displayed great firmness, and dismissed

them without mercy; while upon those who were living holy lives, he showered every affection and mark of esteem. His Canons especially were a source of consolation to him. "These good lords of mine," he said, "have never given me cause for uneasiness; they have never resisted my will in any way. When Chapter is over, there is not one of them, I am certain, who doubts of my affection for him, and they in turn are all devoted to me." Nor is such a state of things surprising, for it is said of the Bishop, "he possessed the art of making himself respected and loved at the same time, of being able to reprove without bitterness, and to praise without flattery, of mixing oil with wine in his remedies, and of making strength go hand in hand with that meekness which is to conquer the earth." Soon the whole diocese knew that a power had arisen among them that was felt in the remotest church no less than in the cathedral; evil practices were abolished, and many good customs revived.

The Bishop had soon to turn his attention to the rebuilding of the Cathedral itself, which in its primitive form had been erected by the first Bishop of the diocese under the Norman Conqueror, and dedicated to our Lady of Lincoln. Both by fire and earthquake the building had suffered considerably, and was now almost in a state of ruin. St. Hugh may thus be regarded as its second founder and placed among the bishops, to whom the world owes those masterpieces of architectural skill, which are the marvel of all time.

In those days of religious enthusiasm, of faith, and consequently of miracles, many touching stories are told in connection with the building of churches, more especially with regard to those erected in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Often the labourers were voluntary, and admitted to their number no one who had not previously confessed and done penance for his sins. In silence and humility they would drag along the carts, presenting their offerings with tears of con-

trition, or would journey along singing canticles and offering prayers for their sick through the Blessed Mother. No wonder that such faith was frequently rewarded by miracles upon the sick, many of whom returned home perfectly cured. And to raise a monument worthy of her whom he loved to style his Lady and his Queen, St. Hugh was ready to bestow, not only his revenues, but his own personal service, for he worked as a labourer. Nor were miracles wanting among those whom the Saint encouraged with the thought, that nothing could be too beautiful to give expression to the immaculate loveliness of the Mother of God. On Good Friday a poor lame man, leaning on his crutches, watched the holy Bishop carrying a hod on his shoulder. In a spirit of faith, he asked permission to carry the same hod, and no sooner was it laid on his shoulder than he was cured, threw away his crutches, and walked without difficulty.

The building grew apace, a noble monument "in which every line converges towards the altar, and where every sumptuous detail invokes the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist," a rich offering laid at the feet of Our Lady of Lincoln.

Meanwhile the Bishop did not neglect the spiritual welfare of his flock. He spared himself no labour and knew no fatigue in the performance of his duties, and in his care of the poor and outcast. He spent his whole strength in whatever might tend to the good of his people, but for children and lepers he reserved his tenderest affection. One of his great pleasures was to confirm little children. Whenever he met any of these little ones, he felt irresistibly drawn to speak to them; he loved to take them in his arms, and had a most charming way of winning a smile and some half-formed words from the baby lips which had scarcely learnt to speak. He traced the sign of the Cross upon their foreheads, he prayed God to bestow on them all good gifts, and sent them away with his blessing."

In lepers St. Hugh saw the image of his Saviour, who on the cross became "as it were a leper." He would bring them to his room, and wash and kiss their feet with all charity. "You are the precious jewels in the crown of the King of Heaven," he would say. One day his chancellor, seeking to test the Saint's humility, said to him, "My lord, when St. Martin kissed the lepers, he healed them by his touch." The Bishop replied, "Yes, the kisses of St. Martin healed the bodies of the lepers; but with me it is the other way, the kisses of the lepers heal my sick soul." In his charity towards the dead, St. Hugh was also unfailing. He never let any occupation stand in the way of his assisting at a funeral, and urged his clergy to extreme care in the performance of funeral ceremonies.

The manifold labours of his diocese did not prevent St. Hugh from remaining a simple Carthusian at heart, and as far as possible in practice. Nothing could tear him from that "inner cell which he had built in the depths of his soul by prayer and meditation." Each year he visited the monastery at Witham, preferring the autumn, because then he found in nature much to assist him in his preparation for death. As he drew near his monastery, his heart was filled with joy, and those who watched him saw the colour come into his face and his eyes shine, for, as he said, "nothing makes us appreciate solitude so much as the tumult of the world; nothing is so sweet as to quit our intercourse with worldly things and persons, for the society of souls consecrated to God."

Once with his brethren, St. Hugh's sole desire was to be as one of them. He filled the humblest offices, and would beg bread at the refectory door. He asked that he might have access to the basket where the remnants of bread were kept, that he might choose the hardest and driest for himself; he would wash the plates and dishes, and then, returning to his cell, would be raised to the heights of

contemplation, so that his face betrayed he had been in the presence of God. Such periods of retreat might be expected to put St. Hugh out of sympathy with his diocesan duties, but he knew that the Kingdom of Heaven was not merely for monks and hermits. "When God shall judge us," were his words, "He will not reproach the lost for not having been monks or solitaries, but for not having been true Christians. To be a true Christian three things are necessary—Charity in the heart, Truth on the lips, and Purity of life; if we are wanting in these, we are unworthy of the name of Christian."

The death of Henry II. and the accession of his son Richard I., in 1189, opened a period of trouble for England and for the Bishop of Lincoln. The persecution of the Jews had been greatly increased by the religious enthusiasm evoked by the preaching of the Third Crusade, and it needed all the courage of St. Hugh to stamp out the feelings of vengeance and desire for bloodshed which had taken hold of the people, particularly in his own diocese. The extent of his beneficial influence is unquestioned, and the Jews showed their gratitude in a genuine expression of grief at his death. He would stand, forsaken by his attendants, in the centre of a mob of ruffians, brandishing swords around him, and lash with indignant words those who had drawn their weapons against him. His voice was awe-inspiring, while he expatiated upon the powerlessness of sword or coat of mail to withstand the spiritual blows with which he, who spoke in the name of the Church, could smite body and soul, alike in this world and in the world to come.

In many a conflict also was St. Hugh engaged to deliver his people from oppressive taxation, and more than once was brought into open warfare with the King in defending the rights of the Church and the prerogatives of his see. In his own "Court Christian,"

as it was called, he displayed the qualities of a perfect judge, combining prudence and impartiality with a love of truth, and he possessed a gift of finding a happy solution to the most complicated difficulties. His censures and excommunications were dreaded throughout the land, and the victims on whom they fell hastened to free themselves as soon as possible. Many striking stories are told of those who had been excommunicated by the Bishop, and who, remaining impenitent, met with a sudden death.

During the fourteen years of his episcopate, St. Hugh was appointed one of the Papal Delegates in every important cause that arose. A dispute had been going on between Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the monks of his Cathedral Chapter, and its settlement was entrusted by Pope Innocent III. to St. Hugh. Of Hubert it is said, "his thoughts were not sufficiently raised to Heaven, and both the spiritual concerns of his diocese and the interests of the Church at large suffered proportionately." St. Hugh had strongly opposed his measures to raise money for the King at the Oxford Assembly, and had journeyed to Normandy expressly to interview the Sovereign and to point out to him his reasons for resisting the Archbishop. He completely won the King to his side, and they parted on most friendly terms. "Truly," said the King, "if all the prelates were like him, there is not a Prince in Christendom who would dare raise his head in the presence of a Bishop." When therefore St. Hugh took up the cause, it was hoped the grievance would soon be laid to rest, and Pope Innocent, in giving his decision in favour of the monks, that their property and rights should be restored to them, confidently impressed upon the King the duty of enforcing it. "Princes rule over provinces," he said, "and Kings over kingdoms, but Peter rules over all, by reason of the extent and fulness of his power; for he is the vicar of Him to whom belongs the whole earth and all who inhabit it."

But the influence of St. Hugh on Richard proved but fleeting, for the King's thirst for money soon banished any trace of a nobler side to his character. He now demanded from the Cathedral of Lincoln twelve Canons, endowed with prudence and eloquence, capable of furthering the interests of their Sovereign, and acting as his representative at their own expense, in Rome, Germany, in Spain, or wherever they might be sent. The enforcement of this despotic order, indignantly rejected by the Bishop of Lincoln, was placed in the hands of the Archbishop, who, while promising to support his Suffragan as far as possible without injury to the King's interest, gave every proof of insincerity. St. Hugh appealed to him in person, but, finding him determined to gratify the King's thirst for money, decided to go again to the King, who was then in France, and plead with him in the matter, and also for the removal of an edict he had published, ordering the officers of the treasury to seize the property of the Bishop of Lincoln.

Having sung High Mass, and tenderly bidden farewell to his Canons, St. Hugh set out on his journey. He had not gone far, before he encountered a party of officers on their way to take possession of one of his manors. "Let them do their worst," he remarked; "if they touch our goods, or rather those of the Holy Mother of God, they do it at their peril;" then drawing out the end of a stole which he always wore under his mantle, he continued, "Be assured that this little strip of linen has power to bring about the restitution, to the last farthing, of all they steal from us."

The journey of St. Hugh was marked by the cure of many possessed persons, performed, as was then the custom, by reading over them a portion of the Gospel. Near St. Albans he was met by a procession escorting a thief condemned to death. They approached the Bishop and demanded his blessing; he insisted on hearing all details of the case, and finally took

charge of the prisoner himself, and led him to the town with him. The people were fearful lest the event should prove an occasion of offence to the Bishop's enemies, but St. Hugh explained to them his right of sanctuary and the power of the Church to protect all who fly to her for refuge. He then crossed over to Normandy, and proceeded towards Angers, awaiting an opportunity to visit the King. In the interval, he was asked by some monks to hold an ordination in their monastery. The Bishop willingly complied with their request, but declined to bestow the subdiaconate on one of the candidates. There was apparently nothing against the young man, but St. Hugh persisted in his refusal. Soon afterwards the candidate was seized with leprosy, and the monks knew then that the Bishop must have received from God a foreknowledge of the sad misfortune.

Meanwhile the Canons of Lincoln became discontented with St. Hugh's rigid resistance, and they feared the anger of the King. Their opposition to their Bishop was a sore trial to him ; he seemed abandoned by those whom he loved and trusted, and confessed afterwards that he had never gone through such a time of anguish. But just when the difficulties seemed most severe, he received tidings that the King had been wounded by an arrow in the forest of Chalus, and that his end was near. St. Hugh arrived at Fontevrault on Palm Sunday in time to officiate at the Solemn Requiem. Richard was buried beside his kingly father, and St. Hugh remained during Holy Week to offer the Holy Sacrifice and recite the Office of the Dead for the two Sovereigns, to whom he had been so faithful a pastor and friend.

With the death of Cœur de Lion, this stormy period of the Saint's life was brought to a close, and for his few remaining years the peace of youth seemed to return. Still any hope he might have entertained of consideration for the Church from King John was speedily extin-

guished. His affectation of goodwill during the first weeks of his reign did not deceive the holy Bishop, who quickly saw through the mask of hypocrisy and treated him with scant attention. In fact, when the King visited him in his last illness, he scarcely raised himself from his couch to respond to his questions.

St. Hugh's return-journey to Lincoln was a real triumph. Everywhere the people came in crowds to meet him and welcome him with joy. He brought to his children this time the gift of peace, which he had purchased at the cost of fatigue and many a bitter struggle. In the autumn of this year, 1199, he went again into retreat at Witham to prepare for death, for this visit proved to be his last. The day before his departure, he went to every monk in his cell, humbly asking pardon for any offence he might have given. Then he bade them farewell, saying, "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace." During the night, while reciting the Divine Office, his attention was aroused by a bright light illuminating the west wing of the church. He was informed that the kitchen of the lay brothers' quarters was in flames, and that their house and the church itself was in danger. Turning in the direction of the flames, St. Hugh made the sign of the Cross several times, and then prostrated himself at the foot of the altar, where he remained, until the flames were extinguished. The monks knew that it was his prayers which had delivered them.

So St. Hugh left Witham for the last time. He had long felt a great desire to visit again that desert-home, to him the dearest spot on earth, and the thought of which had so often brought comfort in exile and encouragement in difficulty—the Grande Chartreuse. An opportunity for so doing was afforded him, for the King demanded his presence at the signing of a peace between France and England, to take place in May, 1200, at Anderly. Journeying across France after this event, St. Hugh visited the shrines of many Saints. In Paris he met

with many marks of esteem, especially at the University, where he was regarded as "the oracle of the schools," and consulted by many theologians. The French Court also profited by this visit of the Saint, for he was visited by Prince Louis, afterwards Louis VIII., and the young Duke Arthur of Brittany, to both of whom he gave wise counsel.

At Grenoble, St. Hugh sang High Mass in the Cathedral, and preached with such feeling and fervour that many were moved to tears, and then set out for the Grande Chartreuse. It was spring, and everything around seemed to echo the gladness which filled his heart, as he walked along the narrow mountain paths. Little did he feel the heat of the noonday sun or the fatigue of the journey; his whole being yearned for even a glimpse of that home from which he had so unwillingly come forth. As he mounted higher and higher, the pure mountain air seemed to brace his energy and spur him on in spite of his years, carrying him through the pine forests and across the open valleys. So in silence and recollection, and with a joy that had nothing of earth in it, he drew near once more to the dwelling which had been to him as the very "gate of Heaven." Then he mounted the slope which led to the monastery, and stood still a moment to drink in the beauty of the place, of which he had once said: "This is my rest for ever and ever, here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

During his stay of three weeks, the solicitude and silence he had so longed for, were much interrupted by the visitors, who came from all parts to profit by his advice, and by the many old friends, who desired but to hear his voice again. They found in him no change: he was still the same simple monk who gave generously to all around, who sympathised with and comforted every mourner, and always had a kind word for all. The time for bidding farewell came, and, giving all his blessing, St. Hugh left for ever that home of St. Bruno, of whom he was so true a son.

He also visited the Priory of Villard-Benoît, where he had received his first religious training, and bequeathed to the Canons a beautiful Bible, as a token of his affection, before he started for England. Three days were spent at the Abbey of Cluny, where St. Hugh took part in the exercises of the monks, and was much impressed by their discipline and regularity. "In very truth," were his words, "if I had come here before my love had been drawn to my dear Chartreuse, I should have been a monk of Cluny."

Exhausted with his travels, and feeling his intense weakness, he was obliged to seek hospitality at the Cistercian Monastery, near Saint Omer, where he was received by the religious with all reverence and charity. For their gentle kindness, the Saint blessed them fervently and prayed to God to reward them. On September 9th he set sail at Wissant, invoking, as was then the custom of sailors, the protection of St. Anne. A favourable wind sprang up, and they arrived quickly at Dover, where St. Hugh hastened, in spite of extreme exhaustion, to a church to celebrate Mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin. This was the last Mass of his life, the final offering of that Holy Sacrifice which he had always performed with intense devotion, and during which he had received wonderful revelations from God, though in humility he shrank from revealing them. We may here give one instance out of many.

Some years previously St. Hugh, by the command of the Holy See, had undertaken a reform in the Church in England, and received direct encouragement from God in a Eucharistic vision. In the month of November, 1194, a young ecclesiastic was praying in front of an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, when he heard distinctly a voice saying to him: "Rise, my son, and go at once to the Bishop of Lincoln. Tell him from God that he must urgently draw the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the state of the clergy

in England. Reform is grievously needed, for the Divine Majesty is deeply offended by innumerable abuses. Nothing but a speedy punishment of the guilty can avert His wrath." Full of fear, the young man thought at first the voice was the product of his own imagination, but no sooner had he begun his Psalter again, than the voice sounded the same message in his ears. Then thinking he must be listening inadvertently to some council-meeting, he rose hastily to leave the church. At the door, however, he was stopped by a pious old woman who had been there praying, and she said to him, "God has spoken to you twice, and has given you a command which I do not understand ; but I am quite certain of the fact that God has spoken to you." The young man spent the rest of the day in fasting and prayer, but at night the voice came again clearly : "Go as soon as possible to the Bishop of Lincoln, and tell him what I have twice already said to you."

Wondering how he should dare address such a message to the holy Bishop, the voice said reassuringly : "He will believe you at once ; you need only tell him what you will see upon the altar during the Mass on the very day you first come into his presence ; that will fully confirm the truth of your message. Hesitate no longer, but do as you have been bidden." The cleric delayed no more, and hastened to Bugden, where he found the Bishop about to say Mass. When the moment of consecration came, the young man fixed his eyes on the Bishop, and "as the man of God lifted the host a little from the altar and blest it, before pronouncing the solemn words which would convert it into the Body of Christ, he saw in the same instant a little Child, very small, but of Divine beauty, resting in the Bishop's hands." Unable to restrain his tears, he bowed his head and adored the Infant God. The vision came a second time just before the Communion, when "he beheld under the same image as before, the Son of the most High, born of the Virgin, offering Himself to the

Father for the salvation of men." Immediately after Mass, he went to the Bishop and told him all he had heard and seen. The Saint embraced him tenderly, and bade him speak to no one of these marvels ; he further urged him to retire to a monastery, that his soul, which had been favoured with such heavenly sights, might no longer gaze on the vanity of the world.

St. Hugh's words, when speaking of the Holy Eucharist, were ever most full of devotion, and the Church honours him especially in connection with the Blessed Sacrament. In sacred art he is often represented holding a chalice with the form of the Holy Child above, for the chalice shows the source whence all his virtues sprang. It was from the altar he drew the strength of his supernatural life ; it was the Bread of the Strong which filled him with courage.

But to resume the Saint's homeward journey. From Dover, St. Hugh proceeded to Canterbury and spent some time at the tomb of St. Thomas. He had not indeed shed his blood for the Church like St. Thomas, for the opportunity of martyrdom had not been his, but he had fought for her, he had defended her before kings and princes with a courage as dauntless as that of St. Thomas himself, and now he longed for the reward which that Saint was enjoying. The malady from which he was suffering had taken firm hold of him, yet, far from saddening him, it increased his happiness, for it promised him a speedy release, and in reply to expressions of anxiety of those around him, he would say with great calmness, "The crosses which the Lord sends to His servants are very sweet to them."

A national council had been convoked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be held in September, and, with the object of attending it, St. Hugh journeyed to London, but on his arrival was forced to take to his bed. Many prayers were offered for his recovery, and the people of Lincoln longed for his return ; but the Saint knew that he would never get better, and gently con-

soled them, saying, "I see clearly the terrible misfortunes which are soon to fall upon the Church in this country, and far rather would I die than be a witness of them. My beloved children in Jesus Christ, be sure that I shall always be near you, if not in body, at least in spirit. As for the restoration of my health and return to my diocese, that is in God's hands, and I desire nothing but that His holy Will be done. In two days we keep the Feast of St. Matthew, the anniversary of the day on which I was anointed Bishop. Though I have often been ill since then, I have never been anointed with the oil of the sick, which is much more suitable for such a sickly soul as mine is. Therefore I desire to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to-morrow, the Vigil of the Feast. But it is needful that I should prepare myself by a good confession, that all those holy remedies may produce a salutary effect."

A general confession to his chaplain did not content him, but, summoning three other priests, he accused himself in their presence with edifying candour of everything with which his conscience reproached him from the days of his childhood. No one knew better than he how to humble himself by disclosing the least stain which could disfigure the beauty of his soul. The following day he received Holy Viaticum, and when told that the Blessed Sacrament was approaching, he insisted, weak as he was, on rising from his bed, and went barefooted, clothed in his hair-shirt and Carthusian tunic and hood, to meet and adore his Lord. Tears flowed from his eyes as he knelt, and words of gratitude and love broke from his lips. "I am a guilty sinner, my Lord and Saviour," he said, "but Thou art the God of all mercy. I commend myself into Thy hands; be Thou my Refuge and my Succour, now and at my last hour."

After his thanksgiving, he said to his chaplain: "Now let physicians and diseases do their worst. I

care little for either now. My God has come to me ; I have trusted myself to Him ; I will hold Him, I will cleave to Him, for to cleave to Him is good, and to possess Him is bliss, and he who receives Him and trusts in Him is strong and secure." This was the grace St. Hugh had prayed for—to die offering himself to God, "with the calmness of a priest ascending the altar-steps, overcoming all fear of death with the dignity of a king, aspiring to the mansions of Paradise with the faith of a prophet, and enduring his last agony with the fortitude of a martyr."

He was advised to make his will, according to custom, and at once declared that he possessed nothing but what belonged to the Church. Yet knowing that if he did not follow the advice given him, the Treasury would seize the property of his bishopric, he left whatever he appeared to possess to Our Lord in the person of the poor, and, putting on a stole, pronounced excommunication on any who should attempt to hinder his wishes from being carried out. He received very real consolation from the proceedings of the Synod at Westminster, and rejoiced to know that the Bishops had declared that "they looked to the Blessed Sacrament as the source of all Christian virtue and to the Pope as the one infallible guide to all truth," that concessions had been made to the lepers, and that many wise regulations had been drawn up for the proper administration of the Sacraments. It seemed as if he were yet to see the fulfilment of his hopes for the Church in England and a realization of the principles he had spent his life in teaching.

During his illness, his simplicity and humility called forth the admiration of his attendants. His physicians thought his life might be prolonged, if he could be induced to break his rule of perpetual abstinence. When the Archbishop commanded him to do so under pain of sin, St. Hugh was much troubled and reminded him that he was still bound by his Carthusian Rule.

But the Prior of Witham told him to have no scruple in obeying the command, and St. Hugh gave way in all meekness, saying, "I will not give scandal by disobeying those who have a claim upon my obedience, and I wish to imitate Him who for our sakes was obedient unto death." But on no other point would the Saint give way, and continued many severe austerities until the last, thus teaching that the most efficacious means to bear suffering well is to add to it voluntarily and to meet and embrace the Cross with generous love. He never omitted to the last the recitation of the Divine Office by day or by night.

Day by day his suffering grew more intense, bringing him an increase of joy and peace. "Ah! how unhappy we should be if we were never to die!" he often said, with a smile. A fortnight before his death he interviewed the architect of the Cathedral to hasten on the completion of the chapel of his patron, St. John the Baptist. On the Feast of St. Martin, November the 11th, St. Hugh prayed earnestly for a speedy release, repeating again and again the words: "O Lord God, the fight has lasted a long time, and if Thou wilt vouchsafe to put an end to it, it will indeed be a great mercy for me. I beg of Thee, my God, to transfer me at last from the camp to the palace, from hope long delayed to the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision of Thyself."

During the octave of St. Martin, to whom he had great devotion, he grew rapidly worse, and could not repress the cry, "O merciful Saviour, give me rest, give me rest." At length, on the night of the 16th of November, came the long-deferred answer. As the clergy around him recited the Office of Compline, a change came over him, and the holy Bishop made a sign to be lifted on to the ashes, sprinkled in the form of a Cross in accordance with his wishes on the bare floor, where he peacefully gave up his soul to God, while the priests were chanting the words, "Now Thou dost dismiss

Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace."

The news of St. Hugh's death spread rapidly over London, and crowds came to the Church of our Lady of the Old Temple where his body lay. On November 18th, the procession, which was to conduct his remains to Lincoln, set forth, accompanied by a vast concourse of people. On either side of the coffin rode mounted horsemen carrying lighted candles, which, though the weather was rough and stormy, remained steadily alight, bearing silent witness to a life which had ever been a "burning and a shining light." Seldom had such scenes of universal mourning been witnessed as marked that journey. Rich and poor alike grieved for the father they had lost, their devotion being increased by the miracles wrought on the way through the intercession of the Saint.

So great was the crowd that pressed into the chapel where his body rested at night, that in the crush a man had his arm broken. He remained in great pain throughout the night, but towards morning the Saint came and touched his arm, healing it instantly, and then disappeared.

Passing through the towns of the Bishop's own diocese, the concourse became so great, that it was with difficulty the procession made progress at all. A poor shoemaker, renowned for his piety, was deeply grieved that he could not reach the coffin, and cried out: "O God of mercy, gladly would I kiss the hem of his garment, or bow my neck under those sacred remains. O Thou Who seest all hearts, suffer me to draw near to this sacred bier, and then call my soul to Thyself, far away from the world and its miseries." Touched by his faith and devotion, the crowd made way for him to pass, and kneeling he venerated the body of St. Hugh and gave thanks for the answer to his prayer. "And now, O Lord," he added, "grant the rest of my prayer, and allow my soul to be united

this night with that of Thy Saint in Heaven." The same night he was suddenly taken ill, and, having received Holy Viaticum, passed away.

At length came the entrance into Lincoln. The Bishops and nobles, assembled in the city, came without the walls to conduct the Saint to rest in his own city. Headed by the Primate and two other Archbishops, fourteen Bishops, and over a hundred Abbots, as well as by the Kings of England and Scotland with their Courts, the procession moved towards the Cathedral through the crowd, whose emotion was too deep to control. Clothed in his pontifical vestments, with the air of "one not dead but sleeping sweetly," the Saint was laid in the choir, where the body remained exposed throughout the day. Not the least striking miracle which occurred at this time was the beautiful aspect which St. Hugh's body assumed after death. There was nothing corpse-like about his holy remains; his arms, hands, and fingers remained as flexible as in life, while his face assumed the colour of a most beautiful rose. This appearance remained until the Saint was finally hidden from the gaze of his beloved people on Friday, November 24th. In accordance with his own wish, his body was laid near the altar of St. John Baptist, where very soon pilgrims began to flock to implore his aid.

Among the many miracles wrought by the Saint after death, was the restoration to life of a little child, in answer to the prayers of the heart-broken mother. "Ah," she had exclaimed, "even if my child were already buried, God could restore him to me, through the merits of St. Hugh!" And promising to burn a wax candle as tall as the child itself if the Saint would intercede for her, she beheld the child open his eyes, though he had been stiff and cold in death, and clasped him in her arms again, alive and well.

The tomb of the Saint also was the scene of many wonders, and in consequence of the general desire for

his canonization, Pope Honorius III., at the request of King Henry III. and the English bishops, instituted an inquiry in the year 1212. The Bull was eventually signed in the year 1220. In 1280 a solemn translation of the relics of St. Hugh took place, when the sacred remains were deposited in a costly shrine, adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones. In the sixteenth century, however, "when the tyrant of the Reformation" called upon the English people to submit their conscience to his will and abandon their allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff, the shrine was pillaged and the relics completely scattered. Though lost to England, St. Hugh has not been driven from his rest with his true family, for the Carthusians are still in possession of a particle of bone of their Saint and of a stole used by him.

Few men in this country have exercised a wider or more lasting influence upon the interests of the Church than did St. Hugh, and few, by the power of example, have done more to raise the standard of Christian perfection, particularly in an age when the cause of God was too often set aside by love of wealth and of social gain. His fearlessness was perhaps the most distinguishing feature of his character, and the one which made him stand alone among the other ecclesiastics of his time. Entirely devoted to the service of God, he knew no fear of man, were it of the King on his throne, or of the rough self-willed warrior-nobles with whom he so often came in contact. Once it was clear to him that the rights of the Church were at stake, no power on earth could move him an hair's breadth from the path of duty, or force him to give way in the smallest degree to his enemies. He met them face to face, and always gained the victory.

A true Prince of the Church, gifted with clear-sighted judgement and the happy knack of always doing the right thing at the right moment, he fought for her with a determination that made him the object both of respect and admiration. But the stern and rigid side

of his character is by no means its only aspect. This alone would never have gained for him the universal reverence and love in which he was held, nor produced the widespread grief at the time of his death. His entire unselfishness, his humility and life of purity and penance, his zeal for the glory of God, and his defence of the weak against the strong, these appealed to the hearts of men and secured him a position in their affections. It was by his tender care of lepers, his love for the poor and suffering, his compassion for the oppressed, that he was known, as well as by the beneficial influence of his rule over the See of Lincoln.

A great bishop indeed, yet withal a simple monk, the sanctity of his life will not be forgotten either in England, where his Cathedral remains a lasting testimony to his greatness, or by his monks still following the Rule of St. Bruno, who, in the Collect for his Feast, continue to pray: "May his example spur us forward, and may his virtues enlighten our path!"

THE WORKING-MAN'S APOSTOLATE

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

WE are constantly being told that we live in a missionary age. Whether the majority of us realize the call to duty implied in this fact may be doubted. Indeed, it seems that we are but slowly freeing ourselves from the idea that the exclusive vocation of the Church is to preserve the faith of her own children rather than to propagate the Faith amongst those who are not of the fold. The unhappy fact that there is a constant leakage from the Church—so many of our poor drifting away and being lost to sight—is used as an argument by many that our first and last work is to look after our own people. A truer appreciation of the situation would, I think, show that the only ultimate method of preventing the leakage is to convert the multitude of non-Catholics amongst whom our own people dwell. So long as a few Catholics are scattered amongst a large population of non-Catholics, nothing will prevent a large leakage, especially in these busy industrial days. Much, indeed, can be done to temporarily stay the leakage by clubs

and confraternities ; but the danger will remain as long as our people are but a handful in a multitude.

Moreover, apart from this consideration, we must remember that the Church is meant for all, and that Jesus Christ has left to us, His disciples, the sacred legacy of "going forth" and bringing all to the knowledge of the Truth. Whether from the view to her own preservation or to the fulfilment of the mission left her by our Lord, the Church cannot be indifferent to the multitudes who are not yet within the fold. And in this responsibility we all share, clergy and laity, rich and poor, educated and uneducated ; we each have our part to do under the guidance of those who rule the Church. Of this we have, indeed, been frequently admonished during the last few years by the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops.

In this paper I propose to deal with this question only in as far as it affects the poor and the labouring classes, who form the bulk of our population. To these the Gospel has to be preached as well as to the educated and the leisured. The working man and the factory girl have souls as precious in the sight of God as the soul of the millionaire and the university graduate. But the religious problem as it presents itself to the one is not quite the same as it presents itself to the other, nor is the working man led to the Truth quite in the same way as the man of leisure. The mass of the people, as has been said, judge of the Church by "the manifestly good effects of her teaching upon the condition of their daily life." They will become Catholics when they feel that Catholicism invests their life with greater happiness and dignity ;

not, indeed, taking away all pain and struggle, but nevertheless making pain more endurable, and giving to the struggle to live some assurance of justice and charity and human fellowship. Hence, as has been remarked, it is more by her influence upon the social life of the people than by speculative argument that the Church will win the allegiance of the people.¹

Now we have here the opportunity of a widely-spread lay-apostolate, and of an apostolate which shall include both rich and poor, the leisured and the working class—in fact an apostolate in which every earnest Catholic might well take part. For it is an apostolate whose success depends essentially upon a right understanding of Christian teaching in its effect on our daily life, and more especially in its effect on our relations with our fellow-men, and upon an honest endeavour to carry this teaching into action.

Perhaps one of the greatest hindrances in the way of the modern apostolate is the notion that all missionary effort must begin with arguments about the one Church and the necessity of entering it at peril of one's salvation, or about the Pope's infallibility and the seven Sacraments. It seems to be frequently forgotten that there is a state of mind to which such doctrines convey no religious significance, but are the mere contentions of a sect; and that to speak of such doctrines is only "to cast pearls before swine." It is like attempting to roof in a house before laying the foundations. And what is the foundation upon which faith is built but a life inspired by a sense of moral principle? To make men

¹ See my paper, entitled, *Religious Aspects of Social Work*, read at the C.T.S. Conference, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1901

better morally, to inspire them with a reverence for moral life, is the first condition of leading them to a knowledge of the Faith. Once you inspire them with a reverence for Christian morals, you have already gone far to win them to a reverence for Christian dogma. But to set the articles of Faith before them whilst they are still strangers to the ethical principles of the Church, is surely to begin at the wrong end. The key to the Church's dogmatic teaching—so far as we can have a key to it in this life—is principally to be found in her ethical teaching. If men have the key they will soon unlock the treasure. And there is this further to be noticed, that in the moral and social teaching of the Church men most readily find their point of contact with her. For every man who is not utterly brutalized has an instinctive perception of ethical beauty, and will admire justice, unselfishness, purity and meekness, and the other ethical qualities of a Christian life, even when he fails to possess them himself. In every man not utterly demoralized the *anima naturaliter Christiana* exists and becomes conscious of its proper character in the presence of Christian virtue.

Before we begin, then, to expound the doctrines of the seven Sacraments and of the unity of the Church, it is necessary that we attract the people by the sublimity of the Church's teaching in regard to what is visible in daily life and then lead them to connect this ethical teaching with the articles of our Faith which alone give reason and vitality to Catholic morals. They will thus be drawn naturally to seek the Faith, the fruits of which are already admirable in their sight.

The question now is, How are we to bring this moral and social teaching of Catholicism home to them? I repeat, I am considering now the vast multitudes who have but little leisure for speculative argument—the workers to whom life is so terribly practical. To accomplish this work the Church needs an army of devoted men and women chosen from the working class itself, who, by the example of their lives, even more than by word of mouth, shall leaven the multitude and lead them to Jesus Christ. This army of Christ must come, as I say, from the working class; in the first place because the Gospel is always preached most successfully by the living example; and again, because the poor understand the poor, and because constant personal presence is necessary to a successful apostolate. The social worker who brings culture and refinement into the midst of the poor can do much to help them in the struggle of life; but the greatest help of all, the example of the living man, that must come from the poor themselves.

I in no way underrate the most necessary and useful work done by social workers of the leisured and educated class. They do a work which none but themselves can do. The maintenance and supervision of educational centres and clubs, the visiting of the sick, rescue-work in its various forms—all this is needful. The very contact of East and West brought about by such workers is productive of good both to the helper and those who are helped. It frequently brings a vision of culture and refinement into the midst of squalor, and who can tell how much moral good is done even by such a flitting vision when the culture is

conjoined with sympathy and good-will? And the man or woman of leisure, are they not benefited by contact with the grim realities of poverty and labour? If they are not benefited, it is owing to a moral defect somewhere in their own character.

The personal service of the poor and luckless, represented by social unions and settlements and clubs, or by membership of charity organizations, and not least by private visiting, is a religious duty which the leisured owe to their poor neighbours, and in its own way helps to raise the general moral tone of the multitude and so prepares the way for religion.

Nevertheless it is true that the working class and the poor will be saved in the last resort by themselves; by the influence and apostolate of men and women who themselves are poor and live by the labour of their hands. Hence it is that one of the supreme needs of the Church to-day is an apostolate of earnest men and women of the working class who, imbued by a true Christian spirit, will uncompromisingly do battle for their Faith, not indeed by easy controversy about doctrines—though in its own time and place such controversy may be useful—but rather by the more difficult argument of a life inspired by faith and hope and firm in its application of the Gospel to the common acts of daily existence—a life which will reflect in action the working of Christian moral principle, especially at those very points where the application of Christian principle is most frequently wanting. Such an army of practical Christian working-men and women would be the very salt of democracy, and without it democracy will hardly be saved.

Now in this paper I do not propose to suggest any method of organization or association of the Catholic working class. We have various associations and organizations which endeavour to bring our working men and women under the influence of religion, though we are yet wanting a missionary organization which will do for democracy in these days what the Third Order of St. Francis did in the thirteenth century. Whether a new organization is necessary or whether existing societies might not do the work is a question I will not here discuss. It is more needful at the present time to show what sort of men this army of Christian workers should be. For, apart from any organization, every individual can do his share in the work of saving the modern work-a-day world for Christ.

In the first place these Christian workers must be men fully alive to the actual economic situation as it affects the working class. This is an essential condition of a successful apostolate ; for how can any one influence his fellows unless he have the sympathy born of a knowledge of their circumstances? A sympathy founded in mere emotion or the result of vague general principles, however legitimate in itself, is not the power that has vital influence over other people's lives. Hence a knowledge of the actual social position of the working class, both in its economic aspect and its moral, is necessarily to be fostered if any good work is to be done. This fact has been well recognized abroad by the Catholic associations which are combating Socialism by raising the status of the working class and forming what we might call a social conscience in the nation. In these associations we find the moral and

economic questions of the hour treated of and discussed, so that the members of the associations are well coached in all matters affecting the social situation. In France even so spiritual a society as the Third Order of St. Francis has its circles for the study of the Social Question. The simple fact is that you cannot apply remedies to an evil you do not understand. Vague platitudes about justice and charity are no argument against the Socialist appeal. The Catholic working man who for his own self-interest lends himself to a system which by general consent is harmful physically or morally to the worker is but an example of un-Christian selfishness. Again, if he separates himself from the general movement which makes for fair-play and more human relationship between employers and employed, he certainly places himself out of court with his fellow-men and has no claim to be heard in their councils. He shows himself to be either a self-seeker or a moral drone, or perhaps an idealist who has lost his footing on the solid earth. Such men are not the sort who will influence the world for good or bring the masses to religion. Practical sympathy born of knowledge is the first condition of a successful apostolate. There is unfortunately too much of a tendency amongst religious people to ignore the economic and the practical side of life upon earth ; forgetting that the economic side of life is intimately bound up with the moral. John Ruskin has told us that the moral character of a nation is manifested in its architecture ; that a people really truthful and sincere will not be satisfied with cheap, showy ornament nor with shoddy houses. We may say with even greater truth that the persistence of

an economic system which results in unnecessary hardships to the majority of the nation, whilst the few derive inordinate profits, is the manifestation of a false national conscience concerning commerce and labour ; and to correct this false conscience it is necessary to have a knowledge of true economic principles and of the actual situation. Otherwise one does but ignorantly foster by indirect means the very moral evils which he would remedy and which are more or less intimately bound up with a false political economy or with ignorance of the effect this has on the people's lives. So, too, in regard to such matters as education and marriage—some knowledge of the actual problems surrounding these questions is absolutely needed. It is all very well to declaim generally against undenominational education ; but how many who do this really know the results of such education or have any notion how the practical difficulties of the situation had best be met ? May we not ascribe much of the apathy shown even by Catholics in this matter to a want of such knowledge ? And as regards the marriage question, perhaps the most serious we have to face in the near future, how many even think of it in the various issues of that difficult subject ? The growing number of divorce cases and of the voluntary separations of husbands and wives points to an evil having widespread roots in society. What are the roots of the evil ? Where do they lie ? Until we get at the roots of the evil we shall never prevail against the divorce court and the unhappy family. Thus a knowledge of the actual situation is essential to any successful result.

This does not mean that every man and woman need

be an expert in political economy or capable of expounding to an audience the genesis of social wrongs ; but it does mean that there must be a generally diffused knowledge of these questions amongst the body of Catholic working-men if we are to direct our energies in the right direction and with due effect. The Catholic working-man should therefore be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in all that concerns the welfare of the working multitude. He should not leave it to his Socialist partner to understand the bearings of the economic system, or even to point out the injustices which spring from such a system. No ; the apostle of Christ, even as the Socialist, must know the world he lives in, else he will but beat the air.

Moreover, it is essential to this apostolate that it be the vocation of men and women conscious at once of their proper rights as well as of their duties. Unless men are conscious of their rights, they will never realize their duties nor truly respect themselves. Self-respect implies a consciousness of responsibility ; but the sense of responsibility is impossible without a perception of one's rights. The slave has no sense of duty because he has no sense of freedom. Perhaps no greater harm has been done to religion than by the notion which seems to be widely prevalent that Christianity, or at least Catholicism, fosters the sense of duty at the expense of a sense of one's rights. Catholicism does nothing of the kind, for the simple reason that there can be no duty except in conjunction with personal right. If a man has duties to perform, it is implied that he has rights which he may lawfully claim. Nay, there are some rights which he may not surrender.

As Pope Leo XIII. has laid down in his encyclical, *Rerum novarum*, a man is bound in conscience to claim those rights which belong to the development of his soul and mind. He may lawfully surrender nothing that is necessary for the preservation and fostering of human dignity. "No man," says the Pope, "may with impunity outrage that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven. Nay, more: no man has in this matter power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right; he cannot give up his soul to servitude, for it is not men's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, the most sacred and inviolable of all rights." A deep sense of his rights as a man and a Christian is therefore to be fostered as a matter of duty; for, to repeat the Pope's words, "it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God," to whom every man is accountable for the proper development of his being.

But whilst there are some who seem to think that men have no duties and no rights, there are, perhaps, many more who hold that men have rights and no duties. Perhaps some of these would be less urgent in setting forth their rights did they stop to think that every right has its corresponding responsibility, and that a man's dignity is derived even more from the acceptance of responsibility than from the assertion of his right. In every right there lies a concomitant duty. If a man, for example, obtains a living wage, he is bound to put it to useful and honest purposes, support-

ing those dependent upon him and providing, if possible, against future want. If he gains shorter hours his leisure may not be spent in idleness, or, worse still, in wrongdoing, but in healthy exercises for soul and body. The man who spends his leisure hours in the public-house or in other profitless fashion takes away the very justification of a right to leisure hours.

In truth the greatest evil which threatens democracy is the absence of the sense of responsibility, without which no man can live either a Christian or a human life. The mere assertion of one's rights without a fulfilment of one's duties only demoralizes ; in such assertion lies the root of all social selfishness and consequently of all social evil. What the world needs are men and women who, to a sense of their rights, conjoin a keen instinct of duty ; who, whilst they will not forget what is due to themselves, are yet more solicitous about what they owe to others.

Now it is in deepening, or perhaps it should be said in awakening, this sense of responsibility that the chief task of the Church lies. She has, indeed, to guard the rights of men ; she must ever foster a consciousness of rights if she would have men maintain their proper dignity ; but whilst men are eager to claim and even to discover what belongs to them of right, they are not so swift to recognize their duties : hence the difficulty.

We come then to the question : What broadly speaking, are the duties of a working-man and working-woman which call for special attention at the present time ? In answering this question we shall arrive at the qualifications of the working-man's apostolate. For he will be a true apostle of Christ who in his life gives

a manifest instance of what the Christian working-man should be.

We may conveniently classify his duties under the old theological distinction of duties he owes to God, his neighbour, and himself.

To begin with the duties a man owes himself, there is before all else the duty of self-respect. No man can expect to be held in honour by his fellow-men unless he holds himself in honour and acts, speaks, and thinks as a self-respecting man should. The man whose dress or gait or speech proves him to have lost self-reverence can hardly claim that other men should respect him. Every man in large measure creates the esteem in which he is held by the respect in which he holds himself. The man who will condescend to a mean or vulgar trick, by that very disposition of mind dethrones himself from his rightful place in the esteem of others. Now, it is but an elementary principle of morality that no man can without sin dehumanize himself in even the least degree ; he is bound by every law of his being to maintain his proper human dignity. Hence it is that slovenliness is wrong, even when it implies no injury to others ; so, too, is intemperance, or any other vice which vitiates human character and puts the man on the road to being a brute. In the grosser forms in which the want of respect for oneself manifests itself, as in intemperance or lying, the evil is quickly recognized ; but all want of self-respect is but a question of degree ; nor can you ever be sure that the sloven will not develop into a drunkard, given the occasion or the temptation. For this reason every man ought to foster self-reverence as a primary law of his well-being,

nor ought he to submit to any conditions which of their nature tend to degrade him beneath the level of self-respecting men. Hence personal cleanliness and a sweet-smelling house, as being manifestations of the respect in which a man holds himself, have a moral quality. So, too, does the thrift which enables a man to avoid the indignity of being necessarily dependent upon others.

Then again, every man of whatever position in life is bound to cultivate his moral and spiritual character. No man is truly human who falls short of that moral and spiritual standard by which God Himself measures us. People sometimes speak of "the human" and "the spiritual" as though the terms represented two antagonistic forces : as though to speak of a man being spiritual is by implication to deny that he is human. Whereas in fact the spiritual man is most perfectly human. The antithesis of spirituality is not humanity but brutality ; and in so far as a man fails to acquire a proper spiritual standard he is less than human and approximates to the mere brute. So that the cultivation of our spiritual faculties, of the intellect and the moral sense is a primary duty which every man owes himself and the God who made him. Here it is well to guard against a misrepresentation. To cultivate one's intellect is a duty ; but this does not mean that a man is bound to investigate all knowledge or learn all sciences ; indeed we know that there is a vain and useless knowledge which does harm. The knowledge a man is bound in duty to acquire is limited by his calling and position in life. Moreover, a man's ultimate perfection may be said to reside in character ; but every man's

character is influenced by his intellectual outlook. Now, it is not so much learning, but rather intelligence that affects character. Learning indirectly may exercise influence, either by warping the intellect, as frequently happens with those who study one branch of science to the exclusion of all others, or by enlarging one's mental view and accustoming the mind to rise above mere petty detail. In either way, for good or for evil, actual knowledge of things may influence character. The duty of cultivating one's intellect as an element in proper human life is therefore limited, not only by one's vocation or position, but also by individual character. Some there are whose moral power needs to be strengthened by intellectual exercise; whilst others have naturally a clear, intelligent outlook upon life which seems hardly to profit by any special study. The only general rule one can therefore lay down is that ignorance, which dehumanizes a man, or lessens the exercise of his moral power or prevents the development of his proper character, is an evil which it is one's duty to take away by the due exercise of one's mental faculties, and that every man is bound in duty to acquire such positive knowledge as fits him to fill the position which falls to his lot.

The cultivation of the moral sense is of even greater urgency. The moral sense is easily lost amidst the conditions of society such as we now live in. The whirl, the excitement, and the nervous tension of our present life tend by reaction to produce a certain moral indolence, an impatience of moral restraint, and an abandonment to sense-pleasure which is destructive of the moral faculty. In the struggle for life against all

forms of self interest it is no doubt difficult to foster an unselfish spirit ; in a world where each man has to fend for himself it requires no little courage even to think of doing by one's neighbour as one would be done by. It is far easier to reverse the principle and do by your neighbour as he does by you. One has to elbow one's way through a crowd—or be elbowed ; wherefore, each man for himself ! And so moral principle is thrown to the wind. The tendency of the crowd is to brutalize ; and it is becoming more and more difficult under present conditions of existence to avoid the crowd. For this reason in particular it is needful to fix well in one's mind those primary principles of conduct by which the sincere Christian must ever shape his life—the principles, in short, of the Eight Beatitudes. "Blessed are the poor in spirit"—who do not enslave themselves to the greed of temporal goods and luxuries ; "Blessed are the clean of heart," "Blessed are the meek," "Blessed are they who suffer for justice' sake," and so on—a difficult code to live by in the crowd, and yet the law of life given by Him whom we call our Master and Lord. But professions of faith are apt to be taken rather lightly in these days. How many who profess general belief in the Gospel would think of taking the beatitudes quite seriously in daily life ? There is a feeling that the beatitudes and practical life do not run well together, that the "poor in spirit" are all very well in hymns but quite out of place in the programme of daily work. It is not merely that men fail in an attempt to act upon the teaching of the beatitudes, but that they do not seriously consider the matter at all, though they would feel insulted were

they denied the title of "Christian." Now the want of seriousness which makes this tone of mind points to a fundamental degeneracy in moral character. The very basis of all moral character is sincerity. The man who is loyal in heart to the truth as he perceives it, who scorns to profess loyalty to a doctrine of the truth of which he is not convinced, and who at the same time keeps an open eye to perceive the truth, such a man has in himself the foundation of a moral hero. But the insincere man, in proportion to his insincerity, is always at heart immoral. His very virtues are either an hypocrisy or a mere acquiescence in the respectable. One cannot therefore give too much thought to the fostering of a sincere soul. Where there is sincerity one may hope to find in time the perfect moral character, for sincerity is the root of all perfect character. Hence the perfect Christian must necessarily have all the qualities which belong to sincerity of soul ; he must be truthful, open-minded, loyal ; a man whose word his neighbours can trust, and whose example they know to be honest. He may fail at times as most men fail in the upward endeavour to do the right ; but his failure will be as the fall of Peter, not as the betrayal of Judas. Upon the foundation of sincerity and truthfulness the perfect man is built ; let us not forget that when we set out to build up the religious man. And if this is true of all men in any station of life, it needs especially to be borne in mind by the working-man, the conditions of whose daily life frequently tend to foster a disregard for absolute truth and candour with a consequent deterioration of the moral character.

It is impossible to speak of the duty every man owes himself without referring to that curse of the working class—intemperance. Not that intemperance is exclusively a working-man's sin; but with him it is perhaps, more than any other folly, the cause of misery. There are those who see in total abstinence from alcoholic drink the only sure remedy for the evil. Doubtless there are circumstances in which total abstinence may be a duty not only for the drunkard but for his neighbours, who are bound in charity to save him from his temptation. Total abstinence, however, is an extreme remedy, not to be insisted on as a general law. But strict temperance, the moderate use of stimulants according to one's need and the avoidance of drink for drink's sake, is but the ordinary moral law, binding on every man, and certainly to be demanded of every self-respecting man. The temperance question is, after all, but the question of how to induce men to be temperate and how to shield the weak from the temptations to drink which beset them. It can only be finally solved by every man's application to himself of the laws of temperance and charity. But the root of the remedy lies in a more strict adherence to the rule of moderation by the man who is not a drunkard. Right adherence to this rule is among the most essential conditions of the working man's apostolate.

When we come to consider the duties a working man owes his neighbour, we are at once brought face to face with two urgent questions of the hour—the "home" question and the question of a man's relationship with his fellow-workers. The moral life of a people can be measured with fair exactitude by the reverence in which

they hold marriage and domestic life. A people which looks upon the marriage vow as sacred, and casts a halo of sanctity around the relations of husband and wife, and of parent and child, is almost sure to be morally sound. Any loosening of this relationship is an infallible symptom of moral decay. None can look out upon the present world and not feel some anxiety at the growing want of reverence in which marriage is held, as though it were a merely civil contract entered into for some temporary advantage or present self-interest. The evidence of this is seen not merely in the divorce courts, but in the lack of domestic sentiment which, where it is found, makes the home a veritable sanctuary of the human affections and the mainstay of a high moral life. And in truth the home, in which husband and wife, parent and child, find the common centre of their thoughts, is the inner sanctuary of all social life. Our present life, with its rush of business and whirl of excitement, has necessarily affected the life of the home; the family is more frequently separated than formerly; there is not the same constant presence of each to each in the home of the commercial town as in the country village. Then, again, our multitudinous opportunities for pleasure and excitement naturally act as a dissolving element in the family. And more powerful than all these influences is the individualism of temper and inclination, which present social conditions have developed. It is easy to denounce the circumstances in which a man lives, and men are apt to lay disproportionate blame for their sins upon their circumstances; but, after all, a man is most a man when he fights against the circumstances which

threaten him. We cannot help the rise of commercial centres nor the tendency to seek the larger life outside the home ; nor are these things in themselves unmixed evils. One can stay too much at home, and be the less of a man for doing so. But what every man can do, and is bound in duty to do, is to cultivate a proper sense of his responsibilities towards those with whose life his own is most intimately bound up. The Christian idea of marriage is that man and wife are to be each other's helpmates along the road of life—helpmates in the spiritual and moral world as well as in the material. It is the husband's duty not only to provide a shelter and food for his wife, but to assist her in the saving of her soul. And the wife's duty, above all else, is to act as a moral and spiritual influence upon her husband. Before God their lives are intimately bound together, nor can the one ever lawfully seek merely personal interest altogether apart from the other. The indissolubility of marriage means more than continuance of the legal bond : it implies that the two lives are to be constantly lived in moral and spiritual communion with each other, "even as Christ and the Church."

In the recognition of this sacred truth lies the only remedy for the dissolving process through which the idea of marriage is now passing. Hence the most urgent social duty of the working-man is to foster within his own home this high ideal of Christian marriage, and to invest his home with some of the reverence and devotion with which he regards the Church. It should be his joy, as well as his duty, to make his dwelling, however humble, exhibit something of the reverence and honour of the sacramental life which is

lived in it. A dirty, ill-kept house is surely not the fitting environment of Christian married life, but rather a blasphemy against so sacred a relationship. Every Christian man's house by its orderliness and cleanliness should manifest the care which husband and wife have for each other. Yet how often do we find that the home is neglected, starved and ill-provided for, whilst money is lavishly spent upon personal dress or personal luxuries! In these things we witness the selfishness which is really at the root of so much domestic unhappiness and disunion. Instead of thinking of each other, husband and wife are wrapped up in their own separate personality, and so whilst legally united they become morally separated, each living their own inner life apart from the other.

What is said of the relationship between husband and wife may be said to a large extent of the tie which binds parents and children. This relationship, too, has its moral and spiritual aspect; it is not the mere animal bond of the beast to its offspring. The parent has a priestly duty towards his child, to foster his moral and spiritual nature, and to neglect this is to fail in the exercise of the most sacred function of fatherhood. The child on the other hand is bound by every law of nature to assist the parent as well as he can, when the parent comes to need assistance; and at all times to give the parent that love which is a parent's best support in life. Yet the tendency is for children to cast off their filial sentiments once they are able to fend for themselves and to leave the parents to themselves, as though the bond were severed with the child's ability to take up his own life. And so with the dawn of the years, when the character

is most subtly formed by one's relationships with other people, the sense of loyalty and reverence is lost, without which no man can rise to the best that human nature can achieve. Very true is it that the foundation of society is the family, and that the heart of the nation is the home. Destroy the dignity and sacredness of those primitive relationships, and no society can maintain itself morally or materially.

The other pivot upon which the working-man's responsibility for others turns may be said to lie in his relations with his fellow-workmen. The working-man to-day is fast merging his individual self in the membership of a vast association ; circumstances have forced him to combine with others of his own trade and class. Employers have to deal to a large extent not with individual workmen but with 'Trades' Unions. And even when a man does not belong to a 'Trades' Union, he yet frequently feels a sort of moral obligation to stand by those who, like himself, have to earn their bread. The instinct of self-preservation has compelled men, if they would hold their own, to combine.

Now, next to the responsibilities of domestic life nothing perhaps shapes the working man's character more radically than does this fact of his being consciously a unit in the working class. It has given him undoubtedly a greater independence of character and a greater self-respect ; it has tended to bring about more human conditions of existence for a large number ; it has in great measure abolished the white slavery of commercialism. No greater evil could befall the working class than to sink back into that helpless individualism from which the 'Trades' Unions have

delivered them. At the same time it is increasingly manifest that this right of combination, like all other rights, may become an evident wrong, unless it is taken in conjunction with its responsibilities, and unless its limitations are recognized. No class of men has any right to combine to work injustice ; and if men claim rights they must also at the same time assume the duties which accrue from these rights. A working-man's combination has for its lawful object the securing of a just wage and reasonable hours of labour or other human conditions for the labourer. It can never lawfully use its power against the rights and fair consideration due to the employers ; nor can any member of the union in conscience act with the union when such aggression is manifest. Moreover, just as the individual man is in duty bound to cultivate as far as in him lies good-will and friendly relations with his employer, so is every union responsible for any failure on its part to foster and maintain the same good relations. The legitimate object of every combination is in the first place to obtain justice for its members ; but in combining together men never escape the larger relationships of life which bind them to cultivate universal charity. The Catholic working man, therefore, has this twofold duty. On the one hand he ought loyally to stand by his fellow-workmen in whatever affects their human condition, resisting with them any injustice which tends to lower their human dignity and proper self-respect. Thus he should never willingly accept a manifestly unjust wage, if his acceptance would be taken as a precedent in the case of others. And generally speaking he should loyally stand by the

action of his union or class so long as the object aimed at is necessary for the general welfare of his fellow-workers. Any other course would be gross selfishness, unworthy of a Christian. Nevertheless he must have the courage to dissociate himself from any action which he knows to be an injustice towards other classes ; and what is of still more practical urgency, he should ever seek to make his influence felt in the cause of honesty and good-will. One of the moral dangers arising from a union is that individuals realizing their power in combination, and that the union will be sure to stand by them in case of conflict with an employer, are apt to turn out idle and profitless servants, taking good wages but giving bad work. Unfortunately Trade Unionism has been made to bear no little of the obloquy attaching to dishonest members. Yet if the union assumes the power of enforcing the rights of its members, it must in common honesty take all reasonable precautions to see that the members fulfil their duties. Any union which fails to do this is inherently immoral : for to dissociate duties from rights is always immoral. Hence the Catholic member of a union is in conscience bound to bring his own personal influence to bear upon the action of the union in enforcing common honesty upon those who claim its protection. Nor do I see how any Catholic can be a member of a union which persistently ignores this duty. Fair wage implies fair labour ; and no one, either individually or in combination, can claim a fair wage unless he is prepared to give equally fair labour. To act otherwise is to renounce every claim to honesty.

And now for the duties the working-man owes to

God. Every duty rests of course in its ultimate source upon the Divine Will manifested either in the order of nature or of grace. If a man is bound to respect himself it is in the last resort because God so wills it. Man is not his own master absolutely ; he must live the life His Creator has given him, subject to the divine law of life. He cannot dispose of himself except subject to the divine law. And so every duty is at least indirectly an obligation due to God. When, then, we speak of the duties man owes to God as apart from the duties he owes his neighbour and himself, we mean those direct duties which spring from man's personal relationship with God and which constitute religion in the technical sense of the term. No man can serve God who does not respect himself and serve his neighbour ; but the service of God implies a worship which goes beyond oneself and one's neighbour. God has a distinct claim of His own upon us, resting not upon any consideration due to man, individually or socially, but upon His own relationship to the world He has created and redeemed. The world is His by supremest right ; and so is every individual creature in it. And if each man's own personal life takes in all the relationships which bind him to his fellow-creatures, it surely remains strangely incomplete when it fails to realize the highest and most intimate relationship of all, that which binds it to the Divine Life. Yet this is the very relationship most completely ignored at the present time by the vast majority of men. Even amongst those who recognize in their duties towards their own person and towards society a Divine sanction, there is a widespread ignorance and even denial of the

service due to God apart from His creation. "To serve man is to serve God" is a formula dangerously abused by many a present-day philanthropist. True as it is if it is meant to imply that you cannot rightly serve God whilst you ignore your neighbour, it is yet mischievously false when it implies that God has no claim upon our homage apart from our neighbour. He has a personal claim upon us simply as God, and He has a direct claim upon every individual apart from that individual's relationship to society. There is a sense in which each individual must say, God and I stand alone. There is a homage which must be given immediately to God.

Undoubtedly the direst evil which has befallen the working class is the widespread ignorance or denial of this immediate relationship of man with his Creator ; or, in other words, the loss of religion. The fact is too evident to need proof, that the working class has, to a large extent, lost religious faith. How small a proportion of working men in any commercial centre attend any church or place of worship, or even bend the knee in private prayer ! And yet, notwithstanding this, I believe the religious sentiment is more widely spread than is frequently imagined. Faith is wanting ; but in the heart of the people there yet remains something of the religious sentiment, a smouldering fire which has yet to be enkindled into the flame of definite belief. And here lies the supreme need of the Catholic working-man's apostolate. His privilege and vocation it is to bring into the lives of his fellow-men the sacred spark of Divine Truth, and to excite in them a yearning for that Divine Faith without which their lives must ever

be incomplete and wanting in spiritual reality. But how is he to accomplish this? In the first instance assuredly by example. His life must be such as to win the respect of his neighbours for the faith which is in him. Only then can he attempt to expound his faith to them without fear of bringing shame upon it. For men judge of a man's religion not so much by his words as by his life. But the man whose faith shines forth in his actions is the man of strong faith, one to whom religion is the most pressing concern of his own life, whose chief anxiety in life is to know and love God. And of how many a Catholic working-man can it be honestly asserted that he is such? Is it not more generally the rule that religion is but a secondary consideration, a compromise between God and the world, between one's eternal interests and mere transitory pleasure? And how can such men as this be the shining light which is to draw men to the Faith? Truly has it been said that the indifferent and worldly-minded Catholic is the greatest obstacle in the path of the soul seeking the Faith. "If these are the products of Catholicism," runs the argument, "there is little to be gained by seeking God there." The argument may not be logical, but it is highly pardonable.

It has been remarked that the tendency of religious people at the present time is to develop philanthropic and social ideals at the expense of a knowledge of God and the spiritual life. There is undoubtedly a sting in the remark which would not be did it not touch a weak spot in the enthusiasm of many social workers. Their failure lies in the unconscious application, in the mischievous sense already alluded to of the principle "To

serve one's neighbour is to serve God." Now that is a danger the Catholic cannot too carefully guard against. Whilst he studiously interests himself in the welfare of the social body and gives careful thought to the duties he owes his neighbour, he must not forget that religion implies something more—the cultivation of the spirit of faith and the fostering of that devotion which links a man's present life to his eternal destiny and gives him a spiritual vision and understanding without which there is no religion. Hence the man who would fulfil his vocation as a Catholic and an apostle of Christ amongst his fellow-men must be one who gives some part of his day to sincere and devout prayer; who is alive to the tremendous mysteries of the altar; who values the Sacraments of the Church, and who is accustomed to look out on the events of life with the eye of faith and with trust in the providence of God. He must be one to whom Christ is a living presence, and who without effort can turn to the saints in heaven for example and intercession. Only such a man can do Christ's work amongst his fellow-men. Therefore it is that whilst we insist upon the duties a man owes himself and his neighbours, we must never let it be thought that his duties end with these: there are yet the still more intimate duties he owes to God Himself; and only when one realizes this triple sense of responsibility is he capable of doing his part in the redemption of the world.

But given such men amongst us—silent men, for the most part, whose lives are visible to the angels more than to their fellows—what a power such must be for the God-given task of bringing men back to Christ! And might there not be more such men if greater effort

were made to foster them? Much of our weakness lies in divorcing from each other the various lines of a man's responsibility and forgetting to develop the sense of duty in one respect whilst fostering it in another. And thus there is created a fundamental weakness of character which cannot but prove a source of failure. Too frequently men are allowed to limit their sense of responsibility by what we may call religious duty in the stricter sense; or again, their sense of social duty is developed at the expense of the religious sense; or again, whilst men are taught to fulfil their duties, religious and social, they are not required to take such account of their personal dignity and self-respect as man properly should. And so there remains an incompleteness and narrowness of character; and who has yet to learn that narrowness and incompleteness of character is the pitfall of missionary labour?

We have attempted to describe the personal conditions necessary for the working man's effective apostolate amongst his fellow working men. Now let us turn to his opportunities. His influence must of necessity be chiefly an influence of character. He will help to raise the moral standard of his fellows by the silent power of his own high standard; he will create in them a respect for his Faith by the elevating power of that Faith in his own personal life; he will win them to the Faith when they recognize that the Faith has made him a nobler human being than themselves. But, whilst the secret of his power to work good lies in his own personal conduct and character, and though he works chiefly upon others by the silent influence of his own life, yet there are occasions when he must in simple charity depart

from the ordinary routine of life to bring into the lives of the people something of that faith which is in himself. For the apostle of Christ must not be content to save his own soul, he must try to save the souls of others and establish the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of many. And if he seeks opportunities he will find them wherever there is a fellow-man in sorrow or doubt. When our Divine Saviour began His missionary life He announced Himself as sent "to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the contrite of heart; to preach deliverance to the captives, and sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke iv. 18, 19). In other words, the ground in which the Gospel seed was to be sown was wherever sorrow or misery or pain held sway. Or as He Himself put it on another occasion, He came to those who were sick—that is, to the sick of soul or body. Amongst these, too, lies the most fruitful field of the apostle. And assuredly the working-man has not far to go to find them. When St. Francis of Assisi established his Third Order of Penance, that wonderful brotherhood which worked marvels in the thirteenth century, he laid it as a special obligation upon the members that they should make themselves the willing servants of the lepers and of all in direst need. They were, in a word, to diffuse the charity of Christ around them, and it was thus chiefly that they revived the drooping spirit of Christendom. The same principle holds good to-day. We need to exercise the charity of Christ in order to win the world to Christ. Now the working-man can do this amongst his fellow working men in numberless ways closed to the man of another class. He can help

the poor when the helping hand of the rich would be refused. He understands, as only a working-man can, the temptations and weaknesses of those of his own position ; he knows where hardship is most felt, and where danger lurks most insidiously. He knows, too, what is often hidden from others, the good points in characters apparently insensitive to the refined aspects of life. In this knowledge of his own class the working man has his opportunity and one of the principal instruments of his power. With this knowledge he more than others can come to the aid of his fellow-man in need, and can give that neighbourly service which is of the very essence of Christian life. And this is to be well marked, that next to personal probity the readiness to give direct personal service to those who are in need, corporally or spiritually, is the special requirement of the apostolate. The apostolate, begun in the building up of one's own character, must issue in good works on behalf of one's neighbour. How many a poor lad, orphaned, or worse than orphaned, might be saved by the timely intervention of an elder man who perhaps has passed through danger himself, or, at least, has known by observation the dangers that await some men ! But the intervention is wanting and the lad goes to ruin. Or again, the man of weak character, easily led by his companions, might be saved from himself were he taken in hand by one stronger than he and, by sheer force of companionship, kept in the right way ; but he is allowed to drift away amongst companions who will do him no good. Men look on and call him a weak fool perhaps ; but none think to make a companion of him and so rescue him from his foolish-

ness. Yet another drifts away from religion, not from any positive disbelief, but from sheer indifference. He is one of those who need from time to time a friendly word of counsel ; but he does not get it. In unostentatious ways such as these the working man's apostolate must work ; doing constant work of which the world will seldom hear and for which no credit is given on this side of the grave, but which will surely be recorded in eternity. Of the possibilities in the way of the corporal works of mercy there is no need to write. None help the poor so well in their corporal wants as the poor themselves. It is in the exercise of spiritual mercy—in the saving of their fellow-men from moral and spiritual disaster—that the Christian working man often fails. He does not do what in him lies to save the drifting souls whom he might save. He has a notion that it is the priest's duty to look after the souls of men, forgetting, or perhaps never having realized, that in their constant influence upon each other one man inevitably helps to save or damn the souls of other men, and that it is the part of an honest man to strive to save whenever he can.

Well will it be for the Church if in this hour of need the Catholic working-man and working-woman will respond to Her call and awaken to a sense of their responsibility ; for, I repeat, it is chiefly by the working-man and working-woman that the working multitude will be saved. But are these alive to their responsibilities ? and are they taking their proper share in the work of saving the multitudes amongst whom they live and work ?

A SAINT IN ALGERIA.*

PART THE FIRST.

MARGARET BERGESIO was born in Piedmont, at Conio, near Turin, in the year 1809, on the 8th of September, the feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady, that Mother whom she so devotedly loved, and to whose honour she was hereafter to contribute so much.

She was an only child, for her father died soon after her birth, and her mother having married again, the little Margaret was entrusted to the care of her grandparents, who were models of virtue and practical piety. They devoted themselves to training the heart and soul of this little child; and the seeds of faith and holiness sown by them were to bear fruit hereafter a hundred-fold. Yet they were only allowed this consolation a short time, for their grandchild was but eight years of age when her mother determined to leave her native country and settle in Lyons, on which occasion she insisted on taking her little girl with her, having no children by her second marriage. Bitterly as her grandfather felt this separation, he was happily unaware how terrible the change would be to poor little Margaret. There are in those

* The greater portion of the facts in this biographical notice is taken from a series of articles in the African *Revue de St. Augustin et de St. Monique*.

quiet villages of Piedmont a manly earnest piety, an unquestioning faith, and a tender reverence for all holy things, which stamp a peculiar character upon its inhabitants. It is the same atmosphere as is felt, even by Protestants, in the Tyrol. Our Lord and His Church form the main points, so to speak, in their daily lives. Every house, every field, is placed under holy protection, and to miss Mass on days of obligation or to neglect Easter duties would be an unheard-of sin, visited by the reprobation of the whole community.

In this sort of religious atmosphere had the little Margaret been trained, and we can therefore form some idea of the feelings with which she suddenly found herself transplanted into a big town, where every one was a stranger to her, where no one seemed to think of or care for Our Divine Lord and His Mother, and where all the pious practices of her childhood were ridiculed and contemned. Her mother was her greatest trial. Utterly frivolous and worldly, and without any religious principles herself, she embittered every hour of her child's life, and all the more as, with the strong feelings of filial reverence which had been implanted in her, Margaret did not dare remonstrate or argue with her mother, even on certain points in which she knew she was right. It was indeed a special grace which preserved the poor child's faith at so tender an age from the effects of her infidel surroundings. But it does not appear that Our Lord ever allowed the smallest doubt to sully this pure and virginal soul. Thwarted in all the religious practices in which she most delighted, and exposed to the reproaches and ridicule both of her

mother and stepfather for what they called her "prudish ways," Margaret only suffered in silence, and, whenever she could, escaped to her little room to cry and pray. Even her name was changed by her mother to please her new French friends, and the child was henceforth known only as Agarithe Berger.

Then began her tender devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. She had a little picture of the Seven Dolours, which her grandfather had given her, and, young as she was, she daily united her sorrows to those of Jesus and Mary, and endeavoured at their feet to gain strength and wisdom for her difficult path. No wonder then that, when she presented herself, by stealth, at St. Nizier, in Lyons, to be prepared for her First Communion, the holy priest to whom she came for instruction was amazed at the precocious intelligence and piety of the child, who answered all his questions with a degree of spiritual knowledge which edified as much as it surprised him.

Agarithe was then eleven years old, and to the last hour of her life she would reckon among her most signal graces having at that time fallen into the hands of a director who so thoroughly understood the wants of her soul, and who could discover the precious treasure which it had pleased God to conceal there. He guided her through all those sad and difficult years (of which Agarithe never could bear to speak), when childhood is merging into girlhood and girlhood into womanhood, with all its peculiar trials and temptations—increased, in her case, a thousand-fold by her painful domestic circumstances. She was not quite twenty

when (in 1829), disgusted with the world, of which she had long since found out the deceptions, she obtained leave from her mother (with great difficulty, as may be supposed) to enter the community of Nursing Sisters in the Hôtel Dieu at Lyons. She was then in the full beauty of youth, with a gentle loving manner, and a peculiarly modest, sweet expression ; but over her face from the very beginning of her childish sorrows, a look of resigned sadness had been cast, like one who is an alien from her real home, and that expression remained on her face till death.

Happy indeed were the days she now passed in the hospital. She seemed to have found her vocation in every sense of the word, not only from her love of solitude and recollection with God, but also because the rest of her time was spent in tending the sick, the poor and the miserable, towards whom her whole heart had always gone out in love and compassion, as for the suffering members of Christ's body.

Yet it did not please Him that she should be allowed to spend more than one short twelvemonth in this house. God had other designs in store for her. The Revolution of 1830 brought a complete change in the administration of the hospital, and the open hostility and ill-will of the new managers of the institution compelled the chaplain to resign. He was also the director of the Sisters, who felt that it was impossible to remain in an establishment where they could no longer observe the rules of their order. The community was therefore broken up and the Sisters dispersed. But Agarithe always gratefully expressed her sense of the obligation

she was under to those religious for the training in poverty and holy obedience she had there received.

An event happened about this time which had a great bearing on her future life. This was the appointment of M. Pavy, then quite a young priest, to be the vicar of the church and parish of St. Bonaventura at Lyons. It was while seeking out the lost sheep among his numerous flock that this holy pastor first discovered Agarithe's mother ; and thus he became acquainted with her holy and devoted daughter, who henceforth chose him as her director and guide. Finding her most anxious to undertake some work for God, he placed her first in a kind of workroom, where he had gathered together some fifteen or twenty young needlewomen, under the superintendence of a very holy woman named Madame Aulinet, who had the reputation of directing her little household like an austere religious community. All pious exercises were here performed at stated hours, and the employments of each day were so marked out that, between and after the hours of work, the members undertook to go by turns and carry food or clothing to the poor, to visit the sick, to serve the bedridden or blind, and to pray in the name of the rest before the Blessed Sacrament or at the feet of Notre Dame de Fourvières on the hill above the town of Lyons.

Two years of Agarithe's life were spent in this holy home, of which she ever retained the most affectionate remembrance. She used often to recall those days, and laugh over her nights, which were spent in a long drawer by way of a bed, placed on some planks in a raised corner of their common sitting-room ; so anxious was

she to preserve her vow of poverty, and not to take anything from the feeble resources at the disposal of the house, which were mainly devoted to the relief of the suffering poor around them.

She only left this place in obedience to her confessor, who wished her, with another companion, to undertake a fresh work, and that was a home for young workwomen and apprentices without parents or proper supervision, who were to come back to her for their meals and for the night, and whom she was to look after and encourage in every possible way to persevere in the right road. The number of souls thus saved by her winning ways and gentle influence is known only to God.

But Our Lord was not content with thus employing her in His service. Perhaps to one of her active zeal and fervent temperament such work was only too attractive and too happy in its visible good results. He who destined her to reach the higher paths of perfection, led her by a hidden way of suffering, for which she was totally unprepared. He sent her a long and dangerous illness, and the trial was heightened by the unkindness of her relatives and by the utter destitution to which she was reduced. The Home had to be given up, and she and her faithful friend, Anna Siquin, who never left her, removed to a little room in a poor house near the church.

Here for fifteen years she lived in a condition which outwardly had nothing remarkable about it; but which in reality became a source of inexhaustible merit to her, from the terrible and varied sufferings she there endured and the perfect union of her will to the will of God. Being entirely incapacitated from labour of any

sort and quite confined to her bed, Anna went out to work to earn the food of both ; while Agarithe was left the whole day long entirely alone, without any of the alleviations her suffering state required, and exposed to every kind of privation. She had the grief, likewise, of seeing her charitable efforts to save the souls of those young girls brought to a close, and the Home, from which she had hoped so much, shut up and abandoned. Yet her faith and love never failed. "To suffer, therefore, is what awaits thee, if thou art resolved to love Jesus and constantly to follow Him." These words of the *Imitation* were ever present to her mind ; and, as Fénelon justly says, that "where there is no resistance of the will there is no suffering," so her simple acceptance of what to others appeared so insupportable a cross, brought with it not only resignation but cheerfulness and even joy. She resolved to offer up a portion of her sufferings for the conversion of her mother, who was getting old and infirm, yet as far as ever from God. And this offering was accepted ; so that Agarithe had the inexpressible consolation of seeing her mother return to her childhood's faith and die in 1840, fortified by all the rites of the Church.

Soon after this happy event, Agarithe's health began slightly to improve, which enabled her once more to have the joy of hearing Mass and even to visit Notre Dame de Fourvières, the sanctuary for which she had such special devotion. Her love of solitude, her union with God in the Blessed Sacrament, her devotion to Mary, and her willingness to suffer as long as it was the will of God, continued to increase. At last, satisfied

with her acceptance of this heavy trial, Our Lord removed it as suddenly as it had been sent, and Agarithe recovered both health and strength. This was the moment chosen by God for the commencement of the work to which He had appointed her, and for which her previous life and sufferings had been the preparation.

It was in 1846 that M. Pavy was appointed to the episcopal see of Algiers. At the first news of his promotion, Agarithe's heart sank within her; for he had been her director, guide and faithful friend for seventeen years, nor did she then see the smallest prospect of meeting him again on this side of the grave.

One of Mgr. Pavy's first cares on arriving at Algiers was the establishment of a seminary wherein he might train priests for his enormous diocese, as well as native missionaries for the evangelizing of the Arab tribes. But no sooner had he obtained a house for this purpose, than he found that everything was needed for the fitting up of the establishment; and that, what was more important than all the rest, was to find some conscientious person to take charge of the linen of the house and to have the care of the infirmary and the sick students.

His first thoughts naturally turned to Agarithe and her companion, and he wrote at once to implore them to join him in Africa. Agarithe regarded this request of her spiritual father as an answer to her prayers and a direct order from above. She and her friend at once made the necessary preparations for leaving Lyons; and braving the dangers of the sea and expatriation, which to French people is more terrible than to any other

nation, they arrived in Algiers less than three months after their beloved Bishop and guide.

He at once put Anna in charge of the house ; and to Agarithé, who had served her noviceship at the Hôtel Dieu as Hospital Sister, he confided the care of the infirmary. Few of the Algerian priests who were trained in the Seminary of St. Eugène during that time have forgotten the motherly and tender care of their infirmarian when laid low by the fever and other diseases, which seem inseparable in a hot climate to the fresh comers from a more northern land. But all made one remark : and that was, that during the eight years Agarithé held this office, not only did her devotedness never fail, but that extraordinary cures were effected when the doctors had given up all hope. Not one death took place at St. Eugène during her residence there ; and the students ascribed this fact less to her remedies and good nursing than to the efficacy of her prayers.

Agarithé herself soon began to look upon Africa as her adopted country. But one thing alone grieved her in leaving Lyons, and that was, no longer to be able to climb the steep hill which led to Notre Dame de Fourvières ; that holy sanctuary where every Saturday of her life at four o'clock in the morning (when not incapacitated by illness) she had offered up the prayers, the praises, the sufferings, and the good works of the whole week to the Mother of Consolation. Nothing in Algiers replaced this privation, and the longing for it only increased as years rolled by.

It was full of these thoughts that Agarithé, during her few moments of leisure, used to wander in a little

valley near the seminary, called "The Ravine." This is a narrow valley completely hemmed in by rocks, through the centre of which a rapid river flows over moss and stones, here and there falling in little cascades and running eventually down to the sea. By the side of the river and following its windings, runs a little path shaded by fine old olive trees. The banks on both sides are carpeted with flowers and evergreen shrubs, interlaced with honeysuckle, clematis, and other creepers, forming a delightful shade, even on the hottest day. The whole place speaks of peace, recollection and calm. This ravine was one of Agarithe's favourite haunts. Unhappily it became also a hiding-place for vagabonds of all sorts; so that Agarithe soon found it impossible to get there the much-loved solitude she sought for.

She was pondering over this one day when she received the sudden inspiration to place a little statue of Our Lady in one of the forked branches of one of the old olive trees which shaded the path, and to establish her there as Mistress of the Ravine. She felt as if she had received a direct order from Mary to cause her name to be honoured in this mountain, which had been formerly watered by the blood of martyrs. Agarithe communicated this idea to the Bishop of Algiers, who warmly approved of it; and that very day the inspiration was carried out, and a little white statue of Mary came to take possession of a mossy throne which had been prepared for her close to the path, in a spot where the vegetation was the most luxuriant and the flowers the brightest. Agarithe arranged it all and then went home joyfully, persuaded that Our Lady would henceforth preserve this spot from all evil.

Her confidence was not misplaced : from that day forth the ravine was no longer the rendezvous of rogues, but became the scene of constant prayer. Some sailors' wives had remarked Agarithe, when going along the path, devoutly kneeling at the foot of the little statue and praying with a wonderful expression of love and fervour. This unexpected sight impressed them all the more when anxious themselves for the safety of those they held most dear. On stormy days, or when a severe gale had passed, they took the habit of coming up to the ravine, either to invoke Our Lady's protection or to return thanks ; and some would bring flowers, others candles, and burn them at her feet.

Agarithe's heart overflowed with joy at these manifestations of piety and love. She foresaw that this mountain would become a place of pilgrimage like that in her beloved Lyons, and Mgr. de Pavy, who shared in her regrets for Fourvières, saw in this humble beginning an indication of what the future would bring forth, and determined to make the Blessed Virgin the patron of his immense diocese.

Very soon the number of pilgrims and the graces obtained by them increased so much that Agarithe once more had recourse to the Bishop ; and with his assistance a grotto was built of rocks and shells, and a more suitable image of Our Lady was brought there by the Bishop himself (accompanied by all his clergy and students), who solemnly blessed the statue and took possession of the spot, while hymns in Our Lady's honour and verses composed for the occasion were sung by the whole company.

Yet even in the midst of her joy, Agarithe was not

satisfied. She wanted to build a larger and more permanent temple on that mountain, which should be, as she called it, the "Lighthouse of Africa"; but resources of all kinds were wanting.

At last, Mgr. Pavy determined to build a provisional chapel, trusting that his successors would be enabled to complete what he had begun; and on the 2nd of July, 1854, the first stone was laid of the new building.

It was then arranged that Agarithe should leave the seminary and take up her abode in a little house adjoining the chapel, both to promote the devotion to Our Lady and to sell tapers and other pious objects, the profits of which were to go towards the expenses of the building. From that day until the close of her life she never left this poor cabin or the work which the Bishop had assigned to her.*

Much anxiety, many hindrances, and many difficulties arose to retard the progress of the building. But Agarithe never lost heart: she seemed to have a conviction that the work was one which God, in His own good time, would both bless and enlarge. At last the chapel was completed. But where could they find a fitting statue for the sanctuary?

Now it happened that when Mgr. Dupuch (Mgr. Pavy's predecessor) was passing through France on his way to his new diocese of Algiers, the ladies of Lyons offered him a magnificent statue of Our Lady in bronze, on condition that it should be placed in the first church built on African soil in honour of the

* Such was her love of solitude and retirement that for ten years she never went once down the hill to Algiers, although this town is only at the distance of three kilomètres from Notre Dame d'Afrique.

Blessed Virgin. This statue was placed at first by Mgr. Dupuch above his own palace at Algiers; but the Government interfered, dreading lest this newly-conquered people should take offence at so Christian an emblem. He then gave it to the Trappists at Staouëli, who placed it above the entrance gate of their monastery, with the inscription:—"Posuerunt me Custodem."

It was this statue that Mgr. Pavy went to the Trappists to reclaim, saying: "You have made this Madonna the guardian of your house. Well, now I want her to change places and become the Queen of Africa." The Trappists replied that they could not refuse her to the Bishop; but that they had not the heart to take her down themselves from her place as guardian of their monastery. The Bishop smilingly said he would see to that, and the next day sent workmen and a cart to transport her to the mountain chapel. Agarithé joyfully received her new Queen; and surrounding her with flowers and lights, watched over her until the moment came when she was solemnly installed above the altar on which Mgr. Pavy was about to offer the first Mass of the pilgrimage.

That day an unexpected honour was paid to the humble Agarithé. At the moment of administering Holy Communion, Mgr. Pavy looked around, and not seeing the foundress of the pilgrimage among those who were kneeling at the altar rails, paused and called her by name in a loud voice, amidst the crowd of priests, religious and pilgrims of every class who filled the sanctuary. Agarithé was, as usual, kneeling in a little corner at the farthest end of the chapel and intending to be the last guest at the Eucharistic Feast.

But at the voice of the Bishop she was compelled to come forward; and thus his humble penitent was the first to receive from his hand the Holy Communion at the first Mass of the pilgrimage.

It was on the third Sunday in September, the feast of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, that this first Mass was celebrated. And the date rested in Agarithe's memory, not only from her tender devotion, from a child, to Our Lady's Sorrows, but because she looked upon it as a prophecy. "Notre Dame d'Afrique will henceforth be the consoler of all sad and broken hearts!" she exclaimed, when that evening the Bishop came to rejoice with her over the success of her undertaking. And her words have indeed come true; for Christian mothers throughout the world have there an association of perpetual prayers, which have obtained endless graces, and wiped away countless tears!

But the devil could not bear to witness the success which attended Agarithe's efforts to wrench away from him a kingdom which had so long been his own, and to place it in the hands of her who was to "bruise the serpent's head." On the 10th of March, 1860, as Agarithe was kneeling alone before the Blessed Sacrament and the statue of Our Lady, absorbed in prayer, a fearful storm burst over the mountain, uprooting the trees, and carrying off the roof of the chapel, while all its ornaments, sacred vases, and everything it contained, were scattered to the winds. The statue of Our Lady alone remained immovable on its pedestal. The violence of the storm may be judged by the fact that the foot of the monstrance was found at the bottom of the mountain, and its rays on the top! The Bishop, much

alarmed for the safety of Agarithé, hastened, as soon as the wind would allow him, to the spot. He found her chapel in ruins; but she herself stretched on the pavement safe and sound at the feet of Our Lady. Agarithé was always convinced that this fearful tempest was Satan's last farewell to a spot which for so many years he had made his own.

The zeal of the pilgrims soon repaired the damage done by the storm. Money and gifts for the altar poured in on all sides. And then again Agarithé opened her heart to the Bishop, imploring him to build a larger and more worthy sanctuary on this spot. "See the crowds who cover the mountain top," she would exclaim; "only a few can enter in and kneel for a moment at our Mother's feet. Think how faith would grow, how many graces would be obtained, could we raise a temple large enough to contain all this multitude!"

Mgr. de Pavy agreed; but added "that he had no means whatever to undertake any fresh work." Agarithé, with the lively and simple faith of the saints, turned to a little statue of St. Joseph and said: "He was on earth the Procurator of the Holy Family. He laboured and toiled, by the sweat of his brow, for thirty years to provide them with necessities. I can never believe that he will turn a deaf ear to us now, if we ask him to help us to make a fitting home for Jesus and Mary!" The Bishop, moved by her earnest words, gave her his blessing, and told her to begin praying at once.

Agarithé instantly placed a picture of St. Joseph in her little shop, before which a lamp burnt continually. Among the works she had placed under St. Joseph's patronage was the distribution of a quantity of little

pious books and prayers, which she gave to the pilgrims, exhorting them to take them away as a remembrance, and to read them in their own homes to their families. This means she now made use of to spread far and wide her appeals for help to build a larger church. She soon brought a comparatively large sum and laid it at the feet of Mgr. Pavy. "Here are the first stones, Monseigneur!" she exclaimed. "I implore you to begin the work, for I am quite sure St. Joseph will find us the means to finish it."

The Bishop joyfully assented, and resolved to build a temple worthy of its object, to be called, henceforth, Notre Dame d'Afrique. Plans were drawn up, and the Bishop wrote himself to France in all directions for aid. His appeal was warmly responded to, and the work rapidly proceeded; but the holy old man did not live to see its completion. He died watching from his window the white cupolas of the beautiful basilica already surmounted by the cross, and recommending to the veneration of his clergy the holy woman who had been the real foundress of the building.

It was in the month of November, 1866, that God called Mgr. Pavy to his rest. He was succeeded by the Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. (now Cardinal) Lavigerie, who became the first Archbishop of Algiers. Agarithe's prophecy was about to be fulfilled, and the sanctuary of which she had been constituted the special guardian was soon to be crowded, not only with her countrymen and countrywomen, but with Mussulman children, who would become true champions of the faith of Christ.

PART THE SECOND.

We need not dwell on the horrible famine which, during the very first year of Mgr. Lavigerie's episcopacy, spread its black pall over the land. His charity and its results are well known. Suffice it to say that, when every orphanage and his own palace were full to overflowing, he brought the remainder of these poor children to his villa at St. Eugène, under the shadow of Notre Dame d'Afrique. The frequent pilgrimages and processions to this magnificent shrine struck them no less than Agarith herself, whose greatest delight was to lead them to Our Lady's feet. Sometimes they would ask those who superintended them whether this lady who was always praying was not really the angel sent by heaven to guard the temple? In fact, the extraordinary beauty and sweetnees of her expression struck all visitors to the church, while her profound recollection awed them too much to let them intrude upon her devotion.

It was about this time that the Holy See delegated to Mgr. Lavigerie, in addition to his diocese of Algeria, that enormous tract of country called the Sahara and Soudan, comprising upwards of fifty million pagans; and the indefatigable prelate at once resolved to found a special missionary congregation for this work, comprising both men and women. On the 2nd of February of the following year the first four missionaries who had come in answer to his appeal met him at Notre Dame d'Afrique, where the Arab dress was given them. The eldest of them likewise received that day sacerdotal consecration from the hands of the Archbishop, and was the first

priest of the new congregation. Everything was done privately and in silence at this touching ceremony, and no one was permitted to be present but Agarithe, who, after the ordination was over, came joyfully and kissed the hands so recently anointed, and then kneeling asked for his blessing, adding: "You are the first priest to wear this dress, but you will not be the last, for God has blessed this grain of mustard-seed, and before long this chapel will be too small to contain the number of those whom Our Lord will choose to labour for the salvation of our poor Arabs."

Her prophecy was verified even in her lifetime, for in less than eight years this congregation numbered 130 missionaries devoted exclusively to the evangelization of North Africa.

No sooner was Notre Dame d'Afrique completed, than Mgr. Lavigerie invited a religious community (of Premonstratensians) to undertake its services; but they only remained three or four years. Great as was Agarithe's joy at the care of the church and pilgrimage being intrusted to so fervent a body, this appointment became, in the designs of God, an occasion of the severest trials she had ever known, and of a kind to which she had hitherto been a complete stranger. When God wills to possess a soul altogether, He does so by immolation. He sends the suffering to which that soul is the most sensitive, and it is through that channel of intense pain that He gives Himself the more abundantly.

We have seen how, from her childhood, Agarithe had passed through the crucible of suffering, and we have come to that period in her life when all ordinary pains

and sacrifices were only as ladders leading her higher and higher towards Him whom she loved. The only real joy she had on earth was to receive Him daily in Holy Communion, and then remain for several hours absorbed in prayer and thanksgiving in the silence of the sanctuary, pouring out to Him all the secrets of her heart and soul. Now it pleased God, for her greater sanctification, to send her, in the person of one of these religious, a director who totally misunderstood his penitent, treated her as an enthusiast or a visionary, and imposed upon her one of the most painful sacrifices she could have been called upon to make—that was, to leave the church the moment the priest came down from the altar, scarcely giving her time to make an act of thanksgiving after receiving Holy Communion. Thus poor Agarithé, who, like Magdalene, would willingly have passed her life at the feet of her beloved Spouse, was obliged to limit her prayers to the few instants which elapsed between the giving of Communion and the close of the Mass, and was then compelled to hasten back to her shop.

Once there she did not know a moment's peace. The pilgrims crowded round it day by day, besides a multitude of people who sought her advice on every possible subject; so that often she had not a single quarter of an hour to herself till night. This extraordinary trial lasted five whole years. She owned once that nothing had ever cost her so much; but added, with her usual simplicity: "It was, perhaps, because so few souls have such great need of obedience as my own." But this was not all. This same director, either to prove her, or

because God permitted this blindness on his part still further to try the faith of His servant, told her one day that she must leave the place, give up the church and pilgrimage of which she was the foundress, and return to France. He ordered her likewise to join a religious community, saying that he did not approve of the way of life she had hitherto led or the position in which she had been placed.

The blow was an overwhelming one, and became a terrible crisis in a life which was already drawing towards its close. But she persuaded herself that it was her duty to obey, and to accept the trial laid upon her without a murmur. Before leaving Africa, however, she sought the venerable Archbishop, in whom she had the greatest confidence, and who had always been her extraordinary confessor, and told him that she was compelled by obedience to give up her work at Notre Dame d'Afrique and return to Lyons. It was then that God revealed His will to her, and showed her that, as with Abraham, He was satisfied with her obedience without exacting the sacrifice. Mgr. Lavigerie answered without a moment's hesitation: "Return to your cell. I order you to remain where you are. I will speak to your director; but be very sure you will be the last person that will be allowed to leave Notre Dame d'Afrique!" The veneration of the holy Archbishop had always been very great for this chosen soul. Many times he was heard to exclaim: "I have known a great many people, and lived in many different countries, but I never in my life met with a person whom I think such a saint as Mlle. Agarithe." Whenever he bent his steps

to Notre Dame d'Afrique, to implore Our Lady's aid in his gigantic undertakings, he would stop at her little shop and order Agarithé to go and pray for his intentions. "Our Lord and His Mother never refuse her anything," he would add to those around him, as she hastened away to obey his behests.

We hope we have not wearied our readers by referring so often to Notre Dame d'Afrique and its pilgrimage, but it was, as it were, the centre round which every event in Agarithé's life was grouped, from the hour she first landed in Africa. There the first native orphan children were baptized; there the first of the Arab-Christian marriages were solemnized. There again, in 1873, the first African Council was held, after centuries of desolation and darkness. To Agarithé one of the greatest joys in this last event consisted in the fact that all the sacred music used on that occasion and all the ceremonies were performed by Africans recently converted to the faith of Christ. It was on that day, too, that the statue of Our Lady was finally removed from the little chapel where she had so long been venerated to the magnificent throne which had been prepared for her above the high altar in the great basilica; while the small chapel which had witnessed so many prayers and graces became, as Agarithé had prophesied, a sanctuary for him whom she always called her "good" St. Joseph, as Patron of the Universal Church.

One thing only now was needed to complete Agarithé's work, and that was the installation of the priests of the African Missionary College on that spot. Often had Agarithé reproached the young missionaries for not bring-

ing their orphan Arab charges more frequently to their holy Mother's feet. "You come here too seldom," she would exclaim; "this is the natural centre of your mission. This will be your future home."

At that time nothing seemed less likely than their removal to Notre Dame d'Afrique, for the Premonstratensians were building a monastery, with every intention of remaining there. But the troubles of 1871 dispersed the community, and then, as Agarithe had foretold, the Society of African Missioners were finally established in their place, and native priests and servers now gladdened the eyes of that holy woman, whose one prayer had been to bring the Arab tribes to Mary's feet.

With the completion of this great work Agarithe felt that her life was drawing to a close, and that she was now ready to sing her *Nunc Dimittis*. Her strength daily diminished; work of all kinds became painful to her; her features were drawn and livid, and her mortified body seemed literally to waste away. Her weakness soon increased so much that she could no longer work, but passed her time either before the Blessed Sacrament or in her cell, or in what she called "her little corner," that is, behind the door of her shop, where a little window looked into St. Joseph's chapel.

"If only death would take me in this little den," she would exclaim, "I feel I should then die better at my post!" But sometimes she added: "I think I should like best to die while sweeping out the chapel, and so to appear before Our Lord with my *arms* and while doing a work so honourable to a servant of Jesus and Mary."

To sweep and clean the church and keep it in the

most perfect order, was one of the things she loved best. She looked upon it as the greatest privilege and honour, and would not yield it to another, even the very day when she was compelled to take to her bed. It was the last manual work she ever did.

Her reverence for holy places and things was extreme. When she saw the young Arab neophytes kissing the door of the church, she would joyfully exclaim: "Oh, how I understand these poor children, and how I love to see them show such respect to God's house!" If any one ever gave her a small sum of which she was free to dispose, she would buy incense with it, saying: "I should like to burn perfumes all day long wherever our dear Lord deigns to come and dwell with us." To a lady who one day complained of acute bodily pain, she said: "Make use of some of the oil which burns in the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. You do not know the healing virtues which God gives to that precious oil which honours Him by burning day and night before His Throne."

Next to her love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and of the Blessed Virgin, the devotion which she strove the most to propagate was that to the Holy Family, and especially to St. Joseph. In the very last letter she wrote to an intimate friend, she exclaims: "Dear ——, have unlimited confidence in St. Joseph. Every morning I pray for strength and courage for you to the Holy Family, and especially to him. He suffered on earth, and he understands your needs. I have the greatest confidence that this, his Month of March, will not close without your receiving abundant consolations."

To an intense passion for souls Agarithe added an earnest sympathy for all forms of suffering. Among the many gifts God had bestowed on His faithful servant, one of the greatest and most remarkable was her power of consoling those who came to her in trouble, and especially when it was a question of their conversion. Her warm heart and her never-failing charity inspired her always to say the right thing, and to suggest that which best suited the circumstances and position of each person with whom she had to deal. Her memory, too, was extraordinary. She remembered people whom she had not seen for years, with all the details concerning their souls which they had confided to her a long while before, so that they had no need to go over again the history of their troubles. "I know," she would say, "the difficulties you had in such and such a matter. Now tell me how you have been going on." And thus encouraged, they would pour out their whole hearts, and rarely left her without feeling their burdens lightened and their souls drawn nearer to God.

There was one season in the year when she seemed always to be filled with a kind of holy exultation; that was towards autumn, when the retreat of the religious communities and the ecclesiastics began. "How God is being honoured at this moment," she would exclaim; "and what good will result for the future to innumerable souls!"

When she heard of any lost sheep being brought back to the fold, she was quite beside herself with joy. A short time before her last illness, a person who had lived a very disedifying life, but who had been converted by

Agarithe's ceaseless efforts, fell sick and died a holy and admirable death, at peace with God and man. She came with the greatest eagerness to announce the news to her director, her face beaming with joy. "Now that our dear Lord has granted me this favour," she said, "I must never shrink from any future suffering." Sacrifices and mortifications of all sorts had in fact become, with prayer, her daily bread. And whenever she had thus a soul to win she would redouble her fervour and austerities. Yet her ordinary life was, what would be considered even by holy people, most mortified. She slept upon straw and had only the coarsest food, never touching either wine or meat. In the evening her supper was invariably bread and water and an onion, which her faithful friend Anna would prepare for her, or some other vegetable; and she preferred this to the most luxurious food. Yet, according to the evidence of this same friend and companion, her outward mortifications were nothing to her interior ones. To one who so constantly watched this pure and fervent life it was evident that her conversation was far more in heaven than on earth. The mere sight of this calm and angelic face, with its extraordinarily sweet expression, in spite of the shade of sadness of which we have already spoken, impressed every one who came to see her. It was like a ray of light from another world.

A soul so closely united to God, so detached from earth, and living so completely among heavenly things, was naturally favoured with special graces and revelations, in spite of the bitternesses with which her path had been strewed. We have often heard the Arch-

bishop say that very frequently she had spoken to him of important matters concerning the Church which she could only have known by supernatural means. So much so, that Mgr. Lavigerie, who always had such confidence in her holiness and wisdom, did not hesitate to consult her in all difficult cases, and reaped the benefit of so doing in every instance. One of those who were permitted to know the intimate secrets of this chosen soul, writes : " Our Lord spoke to her very often ; but she never would reveal it unless forced to do so by obedience. I had many proofs of this. One day in particular, after Holy Communion, she fell into a sort of trance, and insisted on knowing the cause, as she had told me she would pray for light concerning a matter which related to myself. Our Lord had desired her to confirm me in an important decision which I was about to take, and of which she knew nothing whatever beforehand."

She had a distinct revelation of her approaching death, and spoke of it to several persons. When in May, 1875, Mgr. Lavigerie, worn out by a long and dangerous illness, was about to leave Algiers for a time and go for a change to Rome, there to find rest at the feet of the Holy Father, Agarithe drew close to his carriage, which was taking him down to the port of embarkation, and kneeling, exclaimed : " Bless me, Monseigneur ! and deign to ask for a special blessing for me from the Holy Father, for we shall never see each other again on earth."

"It is true," replied the prelate, blessing her with great fervour ; " I feel I am at the end of my mortal course."

"No," eagerly answered Agarithe, "you are not the

person in question. You will live many years yet to be the blessing of this vast diocese."

The carriage rolled on ; but two months after, when the Archbishop heard of the death of this holy woman, he remembered her last words and then understood their full meaning.

From that moment Agarithe's strength hourly diminished ; she could no longer stand or even read, and her time was spent entirely in prayer and meditation. At last, on the 25th of June, her director insisted on her going to bed. Then, to the great surprise of her companion Agarithe asked for a mattress, and when Anna expressed her joy and surprise at her consenting to make use of so unusual a luxury, Agarithe replied : "It is that, if any one comes and sees me on my poor bed during my illness, they may not perceive anything extraordinary about it." So strong, even in death, was her determination to conceal all that might make others suspect her austerities !

During her last illness her sufferings were terrible. It was quite heart-breaking to see the way she gasped for breath, to feel her burning hands, and see the perspiration streaming down her face with the agony of the pain. But she only thought of one thing, and that was neither to say nor do anything which should excite the least compassion in those around her.

"I would not give up my place to another for the whole world !" she would say to her confessor. Nor did she ever manifest the smallest weariness during the whole length of her illness. She took every remedy offered her with the most perfect indifference. One only

disgusted her and brought on violent vomiting. Yet she never refused to take it, and only asked the Sister who nursed her to offer it first to Our Lady of Dolours, after which she could swallow it with less repugnance. What most struck the holy missionary who attended her during her last illness, was her unalterable patience in the midst of the most acute sufferings. He used to come and see her regularly twice a day. In the evening she always asked him for his blessing: "It is my best sleeping draught," she would smilingly say. Almost every morning he brought her Holy Communion, and her soul all through the night was, as it were, consumed with the holy desire to receive Him. "I shall have my Jesus to-morrow," she would exclaim joyfully in the midst of her agony.

On Wednesday, the 16th of July, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, her sufferings seemed to increase in intensity. Those around her thought her end was at hand, and that Mary had waited for that day to fetch her faithful servant home. But she, guessing their thoughts, said quietly: "No, not to-day; I must wait a little longer!"

In the night she made an effort to turn, as if to find an easier place in her bed. The Bon Secours Sister who was watching by her said: "I am sure you are not comfortable in that position. Will you not let me turn you round to the other side?"

"My Saviour was far worse off on the cross," she murmured; "leave me where I am."

And the Sister remarked that she stayed so to the end, without allowing herself the alleviation of a change of position.

The next morning she sent early for Father Pascal, to make her last confession, and also to ask his permission to renew her act of profession as a tertiary of St. Francis of Assisi, on this the last day of her life. One of the greatest happinesses of her existence had been to make this vow of poverty as a daughter of the Seraphic Father. Mgr. Pavy had refused it to her for many years, partly to purify her holiest wishes by contradictions, and partly because he feared to what excesses her spirit of mortification might, in consequence, lead her, and she submitted to the prohibition with her usual angelic sweetness. On the death of that Bishop her desire increased still more; but she had still some time to wait before her director would permit her to enrol herself among the tertiaries. She often said that that day was one of the happiest of her life. And the renewal of her profession as a daughter of St. Francis was the last consolation which she asked for on her bed of death, a few hours before she was to appear before God.

"I never shall forget that pious and touching ceremony," wrote the Father who was with her. "After kissing respectfully the book of rules, she took in her trembling hands the wax taper which had been given her at the moment of her profession. One saw on her dying face an expression of supreme happiness; an angelic smile rested on her lips. I was so moved and touched that I had the greatest difficulty in repeating the prayers, although I struggled with all my might to conceal my emotion. I thanked and blessed God, who had allowed me to see with my own eyes how a saint can die."

“I here affirm,” continued her director, “that I ever found her closely united to our Saviour Jesus Christ, always anxious to suffer every cross which it might please Our Lord to send her, and to suffer thus until the end of the world, if that were His Divine will and pleasure. The continual remembrance of the death of her crucified Lord made all sufferings light to her. Whenever she heard the Holy Name pronounced, an ineffable joy seemed to light up her face. Even in the midst of the most acute suffering, her heart, burning with love and filled with consolation, seemed to taste already of the sweetness of heaven. Taking her little crucifix in her hand, she would kiss with reverent love the Sacred Wounds of our Saviour and exclaim, ‘Oh, how enviable is my lot, how happy I am! How many graces hast Thou sent me, my Lord and my God!’ and so on, continually making ejaculatory prayers and uttering words of praise and thanksgiving. This privileged soul did indeed hunger after sufferings of which few so well knew the value.”

“The thoughts of death,” adds her confessor, “which generally send a thrill of fear and agony even through the minds of the best among us, never troubled in the smallest degree this true servant of God. Agathe saw the approach of the King of Terrors with a joy and a calm which were inexpressible. She had only one wish, and that was to be united to her Spouse and never again to be separated from Him. I have never in my life seen such serenity in any dying person. Ripe for heaven, she had nothing but disgust for the things of earth. In one word, she lived as a saint and she has died as a saint.”

Her union with God increased as death drew near. She spoke no more, and seemed not to notice anything around her. She prayed incessantly, and seemed to be holding continually internal converse with God. Once or twice she raised her voice unconsciously, and they heard her praying for her dear African mission and for the conversion of the Arabs. Again, she would offer all her sufferings for the life of the Archbishop. It was believed that she had made an offering of her own life, so that this beloved and indispensable chief pastor might be preserved to his flock. And, in confirmation of this belief, it came about that the health of that venerable prelate, which for so many months had caused such deep and increasing anxiety to those around him, suddenly and without any apparent reason began to improve from the hour of Agarithe's death, so that very soon he was able to undertake once more, with renewed strength, the superhuman works which his zeal and charity had inaugurated in his vast diocese.

It was on Saturday, the 19th of July, that this soul, so full of virtues and merits, took flight for heaven, leaving a body worn out with sufferings and austerities, and murmuring to the last the sweet name of Jesus. The Sister of Bon Secours, who had watched for three weeks by this dying bed, exclaimed: "In my life I have nursed many priests, many holy nuns, many very good people, but never did I see such a death as that of this saint-like Mlle. Agarithe."

Scarcely had the news of her demise become known, than crowds of mourners hastened up to Notre Dame d'Afrique to pray by her venerated remains until the

hour of her interment. It was at Biarritz that the Archbishop first heard the news, and he hastened to send orders to have a grave prepared for her in the centre of that chapel, first of Our Lady and then of St. Joseph, where for so many years she had lived and prayed. Until the vault was prepared, the coffin was laid in a corner of the chapel. There, day and night, the piety and veneration of the faithful kept up the most brilliant illumination. An incessant stream of people succeeded one another in praying by that bier; and yet no one seemed able to pray for her soul: an inward feeling appeared to force them to invoke her instead. Popular veneration surrounded, not only the bier, but every corner of her humble home. The greatest anxiety was shown to obtain the smallest thing she had used. Rosaries and crosses were brought to touch the coffin, which was covered with the most beautiful flowers. And it required all the vigilance of the priests to prevent the coffin itself from being cut in pieces, and taken away as relics.

The day of the funeral, which was presided over by the Vicar-General, in the absence of the Archbishop, the crowd was such that not one half could enter the church. Her body now rests under the pavement of the little chapel.

The pious concourse of the faithful to this tomb has never diminished. The pilgrims of Notre Dame d'Afrique, before descending the mountain, never fail to go and pray for a few moments on the slab which covers the body of this great servant of God.

BOGEYS AND SCARECROWS

BY THE REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

Quousque tandem? How long is every assertion, however ridiculous, to be at once accepted, or at least tolerated, if only it tends to discredit the Catholic Church? How long in regard of her, and of her alone, are all rules of criticism and of common sense to be cast to the winds? How long shall the well-meaning and usually not unintelligent multitude be scared away from her by clumsy calumnies which proclaim themselves as frauds far more clearly than do the tatterdemalion figures set up by farmers with the vain purpose of keeping the crows out of their cornfields?

Questions such as these must constantly rise in the mind of any one who observes the attitude of so many of our countrymen towards the Church of their forefathers. Nothing is more heartbreaking than to find how impotent is Reason in a province wherein she ought to be supreme, and how slanders that have been exposed and refuted time out of mind seem never to be one penny the worse, coming forward again and again to court public attention, and being

each time warmly received, as though nothing had ever been heard to their disadvantage.

A signal illustration is furnished by the appearance of "Henry Seton Merriman's" latest romance, *The Velvet Glove*.¹ It is true that nothing in the field of religion from the pen which gave us *The Slave of the Lamp* is likely to exhibit anything very novel or calculated to arouse much interest on its own account. Stage villains and villainies afford little opportunity for artistic variety of treatment, and were it otherwise, our author's grotesque ignorance of the matters with which he elects to deal would still tie him down to his one dreary and impossible theme of a crafty and scheming priesthood acting consistently like idiots, and invariably baffled by the manly straightforwardness of those against whom they devise their fatuous wiles. But if it is not wonderful that such a writer should produce another silly book to foment prejudice and bigotry, it is far more noteworthy that his production should be received with favour and commendation by an enlightened Press, and that successive editions should be bought up by an intelligent public.²

¹ Smith, Elder & Co. This first saw the light, suitably illustrated, in the pages of the *Queen*, July—Dec., 1901. The author's name, according to the British Museum Catalogue, is H. S. Scott.

² An advertisement appearing in the *Athenæum*, March 22, 1902, after announcing that the second impression of *The Velvet Glove* is almost exhausted, and that the third will be ready immediately, goes on to quote some Press opinions concerning the book, amongst which are the following :

"A good story told in the author's best manner. . . . We have nothing but praise for the skilfully interwoven plot, and the artistic development of character" (*Athenæum*).

The story, it must be clearly understood, is one with a purpose of the most definite and determinate character. Its object is to hold up to obloquy and contempt, if not to mark out as proper objects of violence, the representatives in Spain of the Catholic Church, more particularly the members of religious orders, most particularly, it need not be said, the Jesuits. All of these are represented as loathsome and pestilent scoundrels whose one idea is to suck the blood of the nation for their own profit, and who for this end habitually practise every species of trickery, and resolutely endeavour to keep the minds of their countrymen in a state of gross ignorance, in order that they may remain superstitious.

Were such allegations made concerning any other sort or condition of men—were a French “nationalist” writer, for example, to deal in a similar fashion with the Jews—what kind of attitude might English critics be safely expected to assume? Would they not eloquently insist, and most properly, on the iniquity of bringing such charges against any body of men, unless it can be proved up to the hilt that they are deserved, and that those branded as pests to society

“From the murder in the first chapter to the pretty love matter in the last, the interest is artistically and naturally sustained” (*Academy*).

“*The Velvet Glove* is the very essence of good romance” (*Sketch*).

“A more brilliant trial of wits has never furnished the plot of a novel, and the tale is charmingly told” (*Scotsman*).

“A strong story well told and full of interest, containing many passages that will grip the reader’s attention and send him hurrying on through the thirty chapters, absorbed and gratified” (*Daily News*).

have earned the character beyond dispute? Would there not be admirable reflections in abundance upon the evils wrought by bigotry and prejudice, and upon the duty of approaching such questions in a judicial and impartial spirit? Can we suppose that journalists of repute would be found to assume at the outset that concerning the character of the parties accused no man could be expected to trouble himself?

Be it remembered that they are no shadowy or impalpable personages against whom our author's impeachment is directed, but the Catholic clergy of Spain of our own days, for his plot is laid during the Franco-German War of 1870. In regard of this historic conflict, we may note in passing, he gives a most instructive indication of his ideas concerning the method of writing history, and confidently pronounces upon a matter of prime importance, as to which—as at the same time he lets us know—evidence is not at present forthcoming. "History," he writes, "will undoubtedly show, when a generation or so has passed away, that the latter stages of Napoleon's declaration of war were hurried on by priestly intrigue. It will be remembered that Bismarck was the deadliest and cleverest foe that Jesuitism ever had."

At this period, then, there comes back to his native Saragossa a man who has made a large fortune in Cuba. He returns cautiously and stealthily in the dusk, but before he has reached the house he is making for, enter to him three murderers and stab him to death. The object of the crime is to secure that his fortune shall pass forthwith to his son, "a pale and bloodless man—food for the cloister," which

he is resolved to enter. The money will thus be at once available to subsidize the Carlists, whose rising has been determined upon. For "the Jesuits know that it is Don Carlos or a Republic, and all the world knows that all Republics have been fatal to the Society." The assassins are found, however, to have blundered and failed to do their work clean, as is reported by a monkish scout who presently appears upon the scene, and like others of his cloth is facetiously spoken of as "the holy man." The said holy man is "large and heavy of face, with the narrow forehead of the fanatic. With such a face and head, he could not be a clever man." When commended by his employer "the friar's meek face was oily with that smile of complete self-satisfaction which is only found where foolishness and fervour meet in one brain." This worthy discovers that the victim is not dead, though mortally hurt, and as, for some reason or other, it seems not to be deemed expedient to finish him off there and then, he is carried indoors, and insists upon making a will. Finding what his degenerate son means to do with himself, the indignant father refuses to leave him a groat, and bequeaths the three million pesetas to his daughter, Juanita.

Thereupon the interest of all the clerical harpies turns upon this fortunate or unfortunate girl. She is an inmate of a convent school, kept by the Sisters of the True Faith. "The Sisters of the True Faith," we are told, "are a Jesuit corporation, and their convent school is, now a convent, now a school, as the tide may rise or fall. Here, history has surged to and fro, like the tides drawn hither and thither, rising

and falling according to the dictates of a far-off planet. And the moon of this tide is Rome." It is determined by the schemers that the new heiress must at once be made a nun and induced "to sign the usual testament made by nuns, conferring all their earthly goods upon the Order into which they are admitted." So urgent is the necessity felt to be, that application is made to Rome to allow her to be admitted without the tedious preliminary of a novitiate, for "the sanction of the Vatican is necessary to the remittance of the usual novitiate in the case of a young person who is in a hurry to take the veil: once that is obtained, the money is set at liberty and all goes merrily." With three million pesetas it is known that various generals and the army corps under their command will easily be convinced that Don Carlos is their rightful Sovereign, and things will be quite as they should be, for as the wire-puller in chief sagely observes, "The Church does not want her Kings to be capable—remember that." The said wire-puller is a mysterious person yclept "Evasio Mon." No priest himself, he is known to every priest in what our author calls the Peninsular, and runs all the pilgrimages, besides conducting all the plots. He has, of course, all the qualities and characteristics proper for such a vocation. "He was," says the author, "a man of perfect self-control." His features habitually wore a smile—"not a smile of amusement, or of contempt—not even a deep smile such as people wear in books. It was merely a smile, and could not be construed into anything else by any physiognomist. The wrinkles that made it were deeply marked, which suggested that Evasio

Mon had learnt to smile when he was quite young. He had, perhaps, been taught." "His face was rather narrow and long. It was not the face of an easy-going man as God had made it. But years had made it the face of a man that nothing could rouse." "His eyes were a bluish-grey, and looked out upon the world with a reflective attention through gold-rimmed eye-glasses." The world did not find it so easy to return his inspection. "I have known Evasio all my life," says one of the good people who baffle him. "I have stood at the edge of the pit and looked in, I do not know to this day whether there is gold at the bottom or mud." "Which, perhaps," adds our author, "was as good a description of Evasio Mon as any man has given." To treasons, stratagems, and spoils, this formidable person devotes his existence,—and by no chance does any of his crafty devices ever succeed.

He is, of course, only the local agent for the world-wide conspiracy which we have heard likened to a tide whose moon is Rome, and the crisis now to be dealt with is so grave as to require a select conclave of experts to consider it. They muster at Montserrat, in the famous monastery, but repair for their meals to a restaurant outside, where Evasio Mon found them, for "it was the hour of the *table d'hôte*, and the still evening air was ambient with culinary odours." There were four of them at a small table, at which he took his place. "They were obviously gentlemen, and obviously of a thoughtful and perhaps devout habit of mind." There was a subtle resemblance amongst them all that would have made it a hard task to determine their various nationalities, even for the

most practised of observers. "These were citizens of the world, and their likeness lay deeper than a mere accident of dress. In fact, the most remarkable thing about them was that they were all alike studiously unremarkable." One of them had come from Italy, one from France, a third from Poland. More worthy of note than any of these was the remaining member of the party,—clearly the head-centre of the whole concern,—“a little, wizened man, doubled up in his chair, who ate sparingly and bore on his wrinkled face and bent form the evidence of such a weight of care as few but kings and ministers ever know. So absorbed was he that after one glance at Evasio Mon he lapsed again into his own thoughts. The very manner in which he crumbled his bread, and handled his knife and fork, showed that his mind was as busy as a mill. He was oblivious to his surroundings; had forgotten his companions. His mind had more to occupy it than one brief lifetime could hope to compass. Yet he was so clearly a man in authority that a casual observer could scarcely have failed to perceive that these devout pilgrims had come to meet him and were subordinate to him.” When they rose from table, “it became at once apparent that this was a great man. For all stood aside as he passed out, and one opened the door as to a prince; of which amenities he took no heed.” Though we are not told who this mysterious personage may have been, the majority of readers will no doubt easily identify him with the General of the Jesuits. Nothing comes, however, of him and his conclave. They are seemingly introduced only to have their portraits thus taken, and promptly disappear again from the story

which they nowise influence, and in which they are not again mentioned.

Such are the leading villains of the piece. On the other side, standing almost alone, are two exemplary noblemen, the Count de Sarrion, and his son Marcos. "Ramon de Sarrion," says our author, "was one of those good Spaniards and good Catholics who lay the entire blame for the downfall of their country from its great estate to a Church which can only hope to live in its present form as long as superstition and crass ignorance prevail." As for Marcos, having been trained in the best school, that of Nature, as a wolf-hunter and trout-fisher, he has no difficulty in getting the better of the most subtle schemer of them all.

How these loyal spirits rescue the distressed danisel, and foil the machinations of her persecutors, need not be told in detail. Suffice it to say that their master-stroke is to marry Juanita to Marcos, purely as a piece of strategy, and without any pretence of love on either side. She is stolen for the purpose through the window of a convent at Pampeluna where she is confined, and for some reason is put back again before morning, the knot having meanwhile been tied at midnight in a remote country chapel by a mysterious Bishop who luckily becomes available:—"a political Bishop, who was no Carlist, and was ever a thorn in the side of the churchmen striving for an absolute monarchy."

When the enemy, not recognizing this union as legitimate, proceed to ignore it, and to compel Juanita to take the veil in approved traditional fashion, her champions force their way in at the

dramatic moment, nearly killing our unfortunate acquaintance, the holy man with the large, heavy face, who endeavours to stop them, and carry her off in triumph under the very nose of Evasio Mon himself. Finally, after a good deal of not very intelligible intriguing and misunderstanding, the young couple really fall in love, and agree to take their union seriously.

Such, in brief, is the story ; but far more important than its incidents is the atmosphere in which they are set and by which they all are coloured. The one conviction which the book tends to produce is that the Church is a upas-tree beneath the shadow of which nothing good can flourish, and that there can be no hope for the country till she be rooted up and cast into the fire. Everything which has on it, in however slight a degree, the taint of ecclesiasticism, is represented as loathsome and repulsive. The seminarists we meet are "depressing-looking youths with flaccid faces and an unhealthy eye." Monastic religion is a mere varnish. "It is of cowards that nuns are made." Juanita's unworthy brother "lived," we are told, "in an atmosphere of æsthetic emotion, which he quite mistook for holiness." The young man's servant, who aped his master's piety, "had the air of a murderer, or a Spanish Cathedral chorister," and a cathedral choir affords "a living study in evil countenances." A priest usually possesses qualities which are "small and feminine." And so on. For the rest, the cause thus served is described as eminently worthy of its servants. We have already heard the Church stigmatized as conscious that she must cease to exist whenever superstition and igno-

rance are expelled from the land. This is always and everywhere the dominant note. Church services, we are told, are moving and impressive, "especially for those who think that the Almighty is better pleased with abject abasement than a plain common-sense endeavour to do better, and will accept a long tale of public penance before the record of simple daily duties honestly performed." The story of Spain is that of a nation "torn hither and thither in the hopeless struggle of a Church no longer able to meet the demands of an enlightened religious comprehension, and endeavouring to hold back the inevitable advance of the human understanding."

But beneath the lowest deep there is a lower still, and this, of course, is the Jesuit Order. In fact, despite all we have hitherto seen, they are the real exclusive villains of the piece. "Why did Evasio Mon want me to go into religion?" asked Juanita, of her father-in-law. "My child, you have three million pesetas." "And if I had gone into religion—and I nearly did—the Church would have had them?" "Pardon me," said Sarrion, "the Jesuits—not the Church. It is not the same thing; though the world does not yet understand that. The Jesuits would have had the money, and they would have spent it in throwing Spain into another civil war, which would have been a worse war than we have seen. The Church—our Church—has enemies. It has Bismarck and the English; but it has no worse enemy than the Jesuits. For they play their own game."

This game, it is needless to say, they are ready to play with any amount of knavery, marking down the objects of their hatred or suspicion, tampering with

confessors, and not sticking at homicide when required. This as a matter of course. It is better worth our while to consider the following information given us concerning them, which will probably be new to many readers :—

Sarrion, like all who knew their strange story, was ready enough to recognize the fact that the Jesuit body must be divided into two parts, of head and heart. The heart has done the best work that missionaries have yet accomplished. The head has ruined half Europe. . . . The great days of Jesuitism are gone, but the Society still lives. In England and other Protestant countries they continue to exist under different names. The "Adorers of Jesus," the Redemptionists, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Virgin, the Fathers of the Faith, the Order of St. Vincent de Paul—are Jesuits. How far they belong to the heart and not to the head, is a detail only known to themselves. Those who have followed the contemporary history of France may draw their own conclusions from the trials of the case of the Assumptionist Fathers.

They are, we are further assured, not a progressive but a retrogressive Society, inasmuch as their statutes still hold good, the said statutes laying down various immoral maxims, which are championed by "St Liguori and other Jesuit writers." Finally, the founder of the Society constituted himself one of the pests of the human race, of "a world all stirred about by a reformed rake of Spain, who, in his own words, came 'to send fire throughout the earth ;' whose motto was *ignem veni metteri* (sic) *in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur.*" Ignatius de Loyola solved problems "with that unbounded assurance which almost always accompanies the greatest of human blunders. . . .

Loyola wounded in the defence of Pampeluna—wounded, alas! and not killed.”

Such is the tissue of absurdities which not only can “H. S. Merriman” compose, but which our critics take seriously, and a large portion of the reading public welcomes, in the name of “enlightened religious comprehension.” The phenomenon is instructive if not edifying, yet it is not on its account alone that readers are invited to wade through so much that is too extravagant to be even amusing. In one notable passage, the author of *The Velvet Glove* descends to the prosaic but risky regions of facts, and exhibits as a crushing argument against those whom he denounces a catalogue of their misdeeds, as vouched for by his acquaintance with history. We find here collected by him various old familiar friends, stock specimens of erudition which constantly make their appearance in the columns of ultra-Protestant journals, and a convenient opportunity is thus afforded for putting on record some particulars concerning them. Our author shall first be allowed to tell his own story, in listening to which we must not forget that we have to do with one whose righteous indignation is aroused against those who disseminate anything but the truth, or trade upon the ignorance of others. He writes as follows¹ :—

The political Jesuit has a record in history which has only in part been made manifest.

William the Silent was assassinated by an emissary of the Jesuits. Maurice of Orange, his son, almost met the same fate, and the would-be murderer confessed. Three Jesuits were hanged for attempting the life of Elizabeth,

¹ P. 150.

Queen of England, and later, another, Parry, was drawn and quartered. Two years later another was executed for participating in an attempt on the Queen's life ; and at later periods four more met a similar just fate. Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., of France, was a Jesuit.

The Jesuits were concerned in the Gunpowder Plot of England, and two of the Fathers were among the executed.

In Paraguay the Jesuits instigated the natives to rebel against Spain and Portugal ; and the holy fathers, taking the field in person, proved themselves excellent leaders.

Pope Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits. He had signed a Bull to suppress the Order, which was to "be for ever and to all eternity valid." The result was "*Acqua tofana of Perugia*," a slow and torturing poison.

Down to our own times we have had the hand of the Society of Jesus gently urging the Fenians. O'Farrell, who in 1868 attempted the life of the Duke of Edinburgh, in Australia, was a Jesuit, sent out to the care of the Society in Australia.

It is obviously unnecessary to sift every item of this strange medley. The vain attempt shall certainly not be made to identify the eight mythical Jesuits, arily declared to have suffered for attempting Queen Elizabeth's life, but for whom our author cannot even provide names. Neither need we dwell on the case of Parry, who, we are told, "was drawn and quartered," as if this was something which distinguished his fate from that of those who were "hanged." That Parry was a Jesuit is an absurd idea, which "H. S. Merriman" is not the first to entertain, but in support of which there is nothing whatever to be said. He was a Member of Parliament, and, says Camden, though his learning was small, a Doctor of Laws, a consequential, curly-pated dandy.¹ That he was a

¹ "*Titulo Juris Doctor, licet semidoctus, homo elate tumidus, comptus, et calamistratus*" (*Elizabetha Angliæ Regina*, sub an. 1585).

Catholic at all is not certain, but whatever faith he may have professed, there can be no question that he acted as a tool of the Government to work ruin upon Catholics. As we learn, on the authority of Mr. J. S. Brewer, "he acted as a spy and informer on the Continent for the English Government, and entrapped English priests and others into treasonable discussions against the Queen, with the purpose of betraying them."¹ He was, it is true, hanged (as well as drawn and quartered) on a charge of high treason; and it may be, as Queen Elizabeth was led to believe, and as would be quite consonant with his character, that he was a double-dyed villain who had sold his services to both sides. But it may also be, as he himself declared, that he had powerful enemies at Court who wished to get rid of him when their dirty work had been done. In any case, his guilt towards the State is far less clearly established than that against the Papists.²

It does not seem necessary to say more about the thrice-told tale of the "Gunpowder Plot of England" than that the author with whom we are dealing would

¹ *Students' Hume* (1884), c. xviii.

² See Lingard, *History of England*, Edit. 1883, vol. vi. 381. A Protestant author writes: "Parry had been a lawyer, but had recently returned to England, having been employed for some years on the Continent as a Government spy. He was a man of vile character, and had treacherously discussed the question of assassinating the Queen with several priests and others on purpose to betray them. He was admitted to interviews with the Queen, but not being rewarded as he expected, he resumed his practices, was informed against by one of his intended victims, condemned, and executed" (*Annals of England*, p. 355, note, James Parker and Co., 1876).

not appear to have brought his knowledge up to date. Two Jesuit Fathers, Garnet and Oldcorne, were, it is true, put to death in connection with it, but the latter was never even accused of any participation in the conspiracy. He suffered only for having abetted Garnet's attempted escape. As to the guilt of Garnet, which has been fiercely debated from that day to this, suffice it here to say that the latest historian of eminence who has given attention to the question, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, finds the evidence insufficient to condemn him. Professor Gardiner's last utterance upon this subject may be commended to the attention of "H. S. Merriman," who may without offence be presumed to have studied it less deeply. The Catholic clergy, he tells us,¹ were subjected to a persecution, borne with the noblest and least self-assertive constancy, simply in consequence of what is now known to all historical students to have been the entirely false charge that the plot emanated from or was approved by the English Roman Catholics as a body.

And what shall we say of Ravailiac, the assassin of Henri IV.? He once, it is true, entered a monastery of the "Feuillants" (an offshoot of the Cistercian Order), by whom he was presently dismissed because he professed to have visions of such a character as to prove him to be of unsound mind. As to any connection of his with the Jesuits, we are variously told that he applied to be admitted amongst them as a lay-brother and was refused;² that he once went to confession and recounted his

¹ *What the Gunpowder Plot was*, p. 2.

² *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, sub nom.

visions to a Jesuit, who told him to put them out of his head as delusions, to feed well, and go home to his native town; ¹ and finally that on one occasion he obtained alms at the door of a Jesuit church.² That his crime had any accomplices, lay or clerical, is an idea rejected by those historians who have given special attention to the question.³

It is no less difficult to discover any evidence which may be supposed, however remotely, to connect the would-be murderer of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Jesuits, or to furnish a basis for the statement—made here by no means for the first time—that he was “sent out to the care of the Society in Australia.” Referring to the newspapers of the period,⁴ we learn that along with the rest of his family, O’Farrell had arrived in Australia many years previously—that a brother of his after long practice as a solicitor had left the colony long before—that the criminal himself had studied for the priesthood, for which, however, he was not judged a fit subject, and so returned to the world; that his antecedents seemed to point to lunacy, and that he was abnormally excitable; that he was for some time in the corn trade, in which he made a good deal of money, which he lost again in mining speculations; that he took to drinking—and had attacks of *delirium tremens*; and, finally,⁵ that in a declaration which he wrote

¹ *Biographie Universelle*, sub nom.

² Poirson, *Histoire du règne de Henri IV.* (1867), vol. iv. p. 183.

³ E.g., Poirson, *op. cit.*, and Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*.

⁴ *Times*, May 18th and 19th, quoting *Melbourne Argus*, March 30, 1868.

⁵ *Times*, June 18, 1868.

immediately before his execution, he uttered this protestation, "I wish moreover distinctly to assert that there was not a single human being in existence who had the slightest idea of the object I had in view." As to his consignment to the care of the Society in Australia, having no conception what is meant, we must wait till those who profess to be better informed shall vouchsafe some particulars.

The cases remaining to be dealt with, even should they prove on investigation to be no more substantial than those already mentioned, yet as wearing some semblance of historic gravity, demand rather more formal treatment. In the interests alike of clearness and of brevity, it will be convenient to recapitulate the charges one by one, appending in each case what appears to be called for in the way of comment.

(i.) *William the Silent was assassinated by an emissary of the Jesuits.*

This question brings us into contact with historians of some repute.

William of Orange, named the Silent, having taken the leading part in the revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., of Spain, to whose ancestral dominions they belonged, this monarch, in 1580, put him under the ban, issuing a sentence of outlawry against him, and setting a price of 25,000 golden crowns upon his head. Attempts upon his life immediately followed, and on the 10th of July, 1584, he was assassinated by one Balthazar Gérard, who as a native of Burgundy was a subject of King Philip. The assassin was beyond doubt a fanatic of the most

extreme type. That Jesuits were implicated in his crime has been asserted by some few historians, who reproduce the narrative officially published at the time by the Dutch authorities. The charge against the Jesuits is given in its most compromising form by Mr. Motley, who, speaking of Gérard writes thus¹ :—

Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion." . . . As soon as the ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. . . . He took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange party, whose confidence he meant to gain. At last, in March, 1584, Balthazar came to Trèves. While there, he confided his schemes to the regent of the Jesuit College—a "red-haired man," whose name has not been preserved. That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled among the martyrs. Another Jesuit, however, in the same College, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals—adding, that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter should be laid before the Prince of Parma.² . . . Balthazar came to Tournay, and held council with a third—the celebrated Franciscan Father Géry—by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination.

¹ *Rise of Dutch Republic*, vol. iii. c. 7.

² Then Governor of the Spanish Netherlands.

Such is the story so far as it at present concerns us. When, however, we examine for ourselves the sources of this history, things assume a somewhat different aspect.

The principal document dealing with the subject is the original confession of Gérard himself, written in French. It is only within the last half-century that this has been given to the world,¹ and historians were previously dependent on the official Dutch version to be presently described. In the original confession, *one* Jesuit alone is mentioned, namely, the one who endeavoured to turn the intending murderer from his purpose, and of his endeavour we hear a good deal more than the account quoted above might lead us to suppose. In Gérard's own words:—

The said Jesuit strove hard to put this my intention out of my head, on account of the dangers and inconveniences which, as he declared, might thence arise, to the prejudice of God's service and that of the King, through these false seals. Saying, moreover, that he would not meddle with such affairs, as likewise all the members of their said Society.²

At the time, however, and for nearly three centuries after, the assassin's confession was allowed to see the light only in a specially prepared official version,

¹ Published by M. Gachard, *Correspondance de Guillaume le Taciturne, Prince d'Orange*, Brussels, 1857, vol. vi. pp. 163, seq.

² "Et s'efforça ledict père jesuiste de m'oster de teste ceste mienne délibération, pour les dangers et inconveniens qu'il m'allégoit en pourroient survenir, au préjudice du service de Dieu et du Roy, par le moyen desdicts cachetz vollans : disant, au reste, qu'il ne se mesloit pas volontiers de telz affaires, ni pareillement tous ceulx de leurdict compaignie."

the *Cort verhael*.¹ This forfeits confidence by disingenuously suppressing all mention of what Mr. Motley terms the "curious fact" that a Jesuit confessor had discountenanced murder. The story is so told as to leave it to be supposed that the only Jesuit whom, as we have seen, Gérard mentions had, at least tacitly, approved his design. But, on the other hand, the *Cort verhael* adds to the original confession an appendix containing various particulars concerning which nothing is to be found in other documents of the period, amongst others those compromising the Franciscan, Father Géry, the only ecclesiastic named, and the anonymous red-haired Jesuit of Trèves. It is likewise stated that these supplementary avowals were extracted under torture²—a method which

¹ *Cort verhael vande moort ghedaen aen den persoonen vanden seer doorluchtighen Prince van Orangien. Anno mdlxxxiii.* A contemporary French version is printed by Gachard, *op. cit.*, pp. 126, *seq.*

² The tortures inflicted upon this wretched man were so savage and brutal as to be an outrage on humanity, even in such a case. His right hand and forearm were burnt off with a goffering-iron; he was partially flayed and rubbed with salt and vinegar; pieces of his flesh, in six different parts, were torn off with red-hot pincers; finally he was disembowelled alive, and then quartered and beheaded. According to witnesses most bitter against him, he bore all without flinching or showing any sign of pain or even perturbation. As Aertsens, a Councillor of Brussels, wrote, July 11, 1584: "J'ai esté, toute ceste nuit et devant-disner, présent à la torture du malfaiteur; mais n'ay ouy de ma vie une plus grande resolution d'homme ny constance. Il n'a oncques dit *ay my*; mais en tous tourmens il s'est tenu sans dire mot, et sur tous interrogatoires a respondu bien à propos et avec bonne suyte," &c. (Gachard, *op. cit.*, p. 188. See also another letter by the same, p. 192, on the torture of July 13th).

obviously gravely detracts from the value of evidence so obtained, even if we suppose that Gérard actually testified as is alleged.¹ But Mr. Motley, as we have seen, treats all as coming on exactly the same authority.

In the present instance, moreover, over and above this intrinsic defect, there are other considerations which make it quite impossible to attach any credit to these allegations, and which seem to show that the authorities who put them forth, did not seriously affect to believe their own story.

Such considerations are suggested by the Jesuit Father Reiffenberg, who dicusses this whole matter at some length.² He observes that although we have many official documents concerning the murder and the murderer issued by those in power,³ in none of them (the *Cort verhael* alone excepted) are the Jesuits even mentioned as instigators of the crime, albeit accusations are freely made against Philip of Spain and his agents, Parma and Assonleville.⁴ Neither in the official letters addressed to the Dutch ministers abroad and to foreign princes (amongst others Queen Elizabeth), detailing what had happened ; nor

¹ Reiffenberg (1764) commented strongly on the fact that no authentic version of the culprit's confession had ever been published, making it impossible to be sure how far the admissions ascribed to him were really his (*op. inf. cit.*, bk. xvi. p. 571).

² *Historia Societatis Jesu ad Rhenum Inferiorem* (Cologne, 1764), vol. i. bk. x. c. 3.

³ Several are published by Gachard, over and above those mentioned by Reiffenberg.

⁴ Philip II. undoubtedly approved the deed of Gérard, whose family he ennobled and enriched.

in the replies received from these various quarters ; nor in the particulars recorded day by day in the proceedings of the States-General, between the murder and the execution of the murderer ;¹ nor in the account of an eye-witness² of the particular torture, of July 13th, in which he is said to have made this avowal ; nor in the sentence passed upon the latter ; nor in the epitaph upon his victim, is there a word about any priest or Jesuit as being accessory to the crime. Why, moreover, asks Reiffenberg, were no steps taken against Géry, who was actually named, or to discover the red-haired Jesuit ? To identify the latter would have been easy, for it was alleged that he was the Superior of his Order at Trèves. But, far from this being done, within three years afterwards the Jesuits were admitted into Holland, where they laboured, with the permission of the States, for a century. More remarkable still,—Maurice of Nassau, the son of the murdered man and his successor in power, who at first was violently prejudiced against the Society, afterwards, having come in contact with it, and inquired into the truth of matters, became its friend and protector ; for he not only allowed the Jesuit College at Emmerich to remain, when he captured the place, and at a later date (1622) personally interested himself for its safety, when imperilled by his fellow-Calvinists, but actually protested before the assembled States-General that he had convinced himself of the absolute falsity of the criminal charges brought against the Jesuits.³ A witness so con-

¹ Gachard, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

² Cornelius Aertseus, Gachard, *op. cit.*, p. 193.

³ Reiffenberg, *op. cit.*, pp. 292, 300, 529.

vincing as this obviates the necessity of citing the various contemporary and other writers who know nothing of the accusation with which we are concerned, or attach so little credence to it as not to mention it.¹

An interesting example here presents itself of the caution which must be exercised in regard of second-hand evidence. In the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* (sub nom. Gérard, Balthazar) we read as follows :

“ Ainsi finit ce sinistre fanatique que le jésuite Feller appelle, l'exécuteur d'un arrêt prononcé par un roi légitime contre un sujet rebelle.”

Turning to Feller's *Dictionnaire historique* (same heading) we find that in the passage so summarized he speaks thus :

“ De fausses idées qu'il s'était faites . . . achevèrent d'égarer son esprit. . . . Nous n'imiterons ni les hommes inconsiderés qui ont donné des éloges à l'action de Gérard, ni les philosophes inconséquens de ce siècle [18th] dont plusieurs prechent, avec Raynal, l'assassinat des rois, et parlent avec une horreur factice et hypocrite de l'exécuteur d'un arrêt prononcé par un roi légitime contre un sujet rebelle ; qui ne se recrient pas lorsque la tête d'un prince, légitime successeur du trône [*i.e.*, Charles Edward], est mise à prix en Angleterre (1746), et qui font un crime à Philippe [II.] d'avoir proscrit un chef de rebellion. Tout ce qu'on peut dire de plus raisonnable, de plus conforme aux principes du droit des gens et de l'équité naturelle, c'est que la révolte des Pays Bas ayant déjà pris une espèce de consistance, et son chef paraissant en possession de l'indépendance, la nouvelle constitution du gouvernement étant à quelques égards affermie, la puissance de l'ancien

¹ They may be seen in Reiffenberg, pp. 298, *seq.*

souverain restait sans activite et sans force, et ne pouvait par conséquence autoriser une action qui dans un tel état des choses, et surtout par les circonstances qui en précédèrent et accompagnèrent l'exécution, fut regardée, au moins par les étrangers, comme un assassinat."

It thus appears doubtful whether the phrase quoted by the *Biographie Générale* refers to Gérard's deed at all, and quite certain that in any case it does not imply approval of the act, as we should naturally be led to suppose.

(ii.) *Maurice of Orange* [son of William the Silent] almost met the same fate, and the would-be murderer confessed.

This is, of course, the same Maurice spoken of above, and what has been already said would be abundantly sufficient to disprove the present charge. Men do not take into favour cut-throats whose dagger has been at their own heart, and the alleged Jesuit attempt on the life of Maurice in 1598 was prior to the instances of his benevolence to the same Jesuits (in 1621 and 1622) quoted above.

It happens, moreover, that of all historical fictions none has been more completely demolished than this particular one. The facts are that in the year 1598 a bibulous and apparently half-witted creature, Peter Panne by name,¹ arrived at Leyden and began at the very gates of the city to make inquiries as to the

¹ "Ex illis tabulis publicis, dicitur Petrum Pannum fuisse natum sub horoscopo Lunæ . . . et egnisse elleboro, bibacem instar siccæ spongiæ, semper madidum, semper siccum, nequitie et ebrietati, luxui et saginæ natum; vento et foliis leviores, obaeratum," &c. (*Sica Tragica*, p. 22).

whereabouts of the Prince, in such a strange manner as to arouse suspicion. Being arrested and questioned after the rough fashion of the time, he was said to have told an extraordinary tale of a Jesuit at Douai, who gave him Communion with one hand and a dagger with the other, at the same time pointing to a crown sent down from Heaven, which would be his should the Prince of Orange fall by his hand. The story was too good to be let pass, and was accordingly issued also in France by the Huguenots, but in a revised version which in some measure served to mask its original extravagance. Panne was executed, but before he died he retracted and denied all the allegations which had been extorted from him.

Such denial would no doubt be worth little more than the avowals extracted in the torture-chamber, but evidence of another character is fortunately accessible. The Flemish Jesuit Provincial, Francis Coster, was moved to deal with the story, which he did in a little book composed in his native tongue, but presently translated into Latin, under the title *Sica Tragica*, by Father Giles Schondonck, afterwards third Rector of the English College of St. Omers. In this are recited in full the solemn and official attestations of the magistracy of all the cities and towns wherein Panne had laid his narrative—that is to say, of Ypres, Antwerp, Mons, Douai, and Brussels. All bore witness that the circumstances detailed by Panne were inconsistent with known facts; that persons introduced as actors in the affair had not at the time been where they were said to be; and that the tale bristled with manifold absurdities. How complete was the refutation may be judged from the fact that

subsequent historians, however bitter and prejudiced, have left this notable incident severely alone. It will be sufficient to instance Mr. Motley, whose capacity for accepting whatever tells against Papists or Jesuits must suffice to render him a witness beyond suspicion, but who makes no allusion to this particular story, and does not even mention the name of Peter Panne.¹

(iii.) *In Paraguay the Jesuits instigated the natives to rebel against Spain and Portugal: and the holy fathers, taking the field in person, proved themselves excellent leaders.*²

In this instance we may content ourselves almost entirely with the evidence of a single witness, Robert Southey. He was, as is well known, a bitter and uncompromising opponent of Papists and Jesuits; but he was also a serious historian, and, as is apt to happen with such men, while firmly believing that on all manner of other occasions the Society was guilty of all sorts of misdeeds, he was equally positive that in the particular matter which he had made it his

¹ The contemporary Dutch historian, van Meteren, who relates the incident, acknowledges that the Jesuits printed a denial of the narrative officially set forth at Leyden, contradicting the allegations therein made, and protesting that the matter should be fully investigated and proved to the bottom. "To this," he adds, "those at Leyden did not feel themselves bound" (German Edit. 1610, sub an. 1598, p. 94).

² The story of the arbitrary and tyrannical treatment of the Indians of Paraguay by the two Governments in question, and of the action of the Jesuit Fathers in the grave and lamentable crisis thus created, has been told in some detail by Father Sydney Smith in *The Month*, February, 1902, "The Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions."

business to investigate, the accusations against the Jesuits were pure calumnies. We find him, for example, writing thus ¹ :—

All forecast crimes, errors, and offences of the Jesuits were recapitulated against them with terrible effect. Old calumnies were impudently revived, and new ones more impudently invented. They were accused of having established an empire in Paraguay, as their own exclusive dominion, from which they derived enormous riches. It was affirmed that they were defending this empire by force of arms, and that, renouncing all allegiance to the Kings of Spain, they had set up a King of their own, Nicolas by name. Histories of King Nicolas were fabricated and published. And with such zealous malignity was the falsehood propagated, that money was actually struck in his name, and handed about in Europe as an irrefragable proof of the accusation. The contrivers of this nefarious scheme were ignorant that money was not in use in Paraguay, and that there was no mint in the country². . . . Such was the impression which falsehoods and exaggerated representations had produced in Europe that when [a Spanish squadron] arrived at Buenos Ayres, it was thought necessary to inquire, before any of the men were landed, whether King Nicolas were in possession of the city.³

It would be long to follow in detail this author's careful survey of the whole question. Suffice it to say, that he pronounces without any hesitation that the charges made against the Fathers are utterly false ; that these proved their obedience under most hard and trying circumstances, although they clearly

¹ *History of Brazil* (1814), part iii. c. xxxix. p. 473.

² According to Father Florian Bauke, who had laboured on the mission there, Paraguay is a "marshy, water-logged region, where one expects to find frogs rather than gold" (*Jesuiten-Fabeln*, third edit., p. 225).

³ *History of Brazil*, p. 449.

foresaw the misery and ruin which the insensate policy adopted would produce ;¹ that the charge of tampering with Spanish officers " is as false as is the fable that the Jesuits were attempting to establish an independent Republic of their own ; " ² and that the childish character of the Indian tactics when they attempted resistance sufficiently attests that they had no advisers of any capacity or even ordinary common sense.³ He shows, moreover, that both Spanish and Portuguese Generals in chief, who had come out from Europe strongly prepossessed against the missionaries, after full and thorough investigation were completely convinced of their innocence, to which witness was borne in the most formal and authentic manner. As General Cevallos reported to the Government at Madrid regarding the inquiry held by him according to their instructions ⁴ :—

The process being concluded, I have ascertained from it that not only did no single Jesuit in any way incite the Indians to resistance, but on the contrary, as all the evidence proves, that the Fathers did all that men could to retain the Indians in due obedience. All this is confirmed by the testimony of the officers and those holding the chief posts in the army, as will be seen from the record of the process.⁵

(iv.) *Pope Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits. He had signed a Bull to suppress the Order. . . . The result of it was " Acqua tofana of Perugia," a slow and torturing poison.*

¹ *History of Brazil*, p. 458. ² *L.c.*, p. 468. ³ *L.c.*, p. 478.

⁴ Orig. Simancas, Est. Leg. 7404, ap. Duhr, *Jesuiten-Fabeln*, p. 216.

⁵ See also Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *A Vanished Arcadia*.

On this subject the Protestant historian Schoell writes¹ :—

Clement XIV., whose health according to certain writers began to fail from the time the Brief was signed, died September 22, 1774, aged almost sixty-nine. His body being opened, in presence of a large number of the inquisitive the doctors pronounced that the malady to which he succumbed was of a scorbutic and hæmorrhoidal character, one to which he had been subject for many years, and which had been aggravated by excessive labour and by the habit he had adopted of artificially provoking violent perspirations, even in seasons of excessive heat. Nevertheless, the persons who were then denominated "the Spanish party" spread abroad a parcel of fables to induce belief that he had been poisoned with *acqua tofana*, an imaginary product, whereof many ignorant people spoke, but which no one ever saw or came across. A multitude of pamphlets were put in circulation accusing the Jesuits of being the authors of a crime the existence of which rests upon no evidence of which history can take account.

To this testimony as to what occurred, or rather did not occur, may be added a judgment no more open to suspicion on the ground of partiality, which was antecedently delivered as to the probabilities or possibilities of the case. The Duc De Choiseul, a prominent and implacable enemy of the Society, then chief Minister of France, wrote to Bernis, Ambassador at Rome, August 13, 1770² :—

I cannot believe that he [the Pope] can be so credulous or so timorous as easily to receive the terrifying impressions

¹ *Cours d'histoire des États Européens* (1834), vol. 44, pp. 85, 86.

² Theiner, *Clement XIV.*, sub an. 1770, § 85.

which some endeavour to force upon him, concerning the attempts which the Jesuits might make against his life. By reason of its teaching, its institute, and its intrigues, the Jesuit Society has been regarded as dangerous in the States whence it has been expelled : but it has never been accused of being composed of poisoners, and base jealousy or fanatical hatred can alone have suggested the suspicion.

How far Choiseul's adverse testimony can be accepted as good evidence against the Society, those will judge who are acquainted with his character and career ; but obviously the fact that he entertained views so hostile does but lend additional weight to his opinion upon the particular matter with which we are now concerned.

Finally, Theiner, another authority who will not be accused of any favourable bias, thus curtly dismisses the subject ¹ :—

The reader who remembers anything of what we have related concerning the illness and death of Clement XIV. will understand that they were due to natural causes alone, and that the suspicion of poison could have been suggested only by passion or mischievous delusion. For this reason we deem it altogether superfluous to trouble ourselves with the needless labour of a refutation.

Such is the nature of the contributions by which "H. S. Merriman" the historian essays to justify the performances of "H. S. Merriman" the romancer. Some will probably resent being asked to spend so much time in the examination of such trash—but so long as chaff like this is widely accepted for good grain, it is necessary, wearisome as is the task, to

¹ *Clement XIV.*, 1778, § 57.

furnish readers with the means of judging how empty and worthless it really is.

And what shall be said of those who in the name of "enlightened religious comprehension" disseminate this kind of thing? What must they themselves think of a cause which they suppose can be served in such a manner?

INTO THE WAY OF PEACE.

BY C. M. HOME.

CHAPTER I.

“COME along, Aunt Margaret, here’s a roaring fire and a cosy chair. We’ll make you so comfy that you won’t be able to refuse telling us one of your jolly tales.”

And Aunt Margaret, a pleasant looking little woman of middle age, was surrounded by a merry, laughing group of half-a-dozen young people, varying in age from fourteen to six, who vied with each other in eager attentions.

Madge placed a cushion in the spacious arm-chair, George fetched a footstool, Tom, Geoff and Hilda seated themselves on the hearth-rug at their aunt’s feet, while Harry, the youngest of the party, climbed on to her knee.

The children had been left in her charge while their father and mother were away on a long sea voyage, which had been recommended for the health of Mrs. Oliver. When the young people had settled themselves round the fender, and had protested against the lighting of the gas, the ruddy glow of the fire being as they said so much more cheerful, Madge exclaimed, “Now, auntie, can’t you tell us that real true story you promised us ever so long ago?”

“But, Aunt Margaret, is it really true? honour bright you know.”

“Yes, George, honour bright, as you say. I knew all the people intimately that come into it. I shall only alter their names and that of the place where they lived.”

"Then fire away, auntie. About when did this tale happen?"

"I think it was in the year 1869, as far as I can remember. I was staying at Ilstead to help the old priest there, who had known me from a child, to get up a bazaar for the benefit of his schools.

Ilstead was a small place, neither town nor village, in one of the more remote suburbs of London.

In former days it had possessed some pretensions to being considered a rural district. That was gone now, and the sole vestiges of its past attractions were a few straggling stunted old trees that in the summer time struggled to put forth some show of foliage in spite of the smoke and dust, but in the late autumn, when my story begins, they looked weird and miserable with their bare distorted branches outlined against the grey evening sky.

Straight rows of small houses with apologies for gardens in the front occupied each side of one road; farther on in the main thoroughfare there were a few shops, farther still some more imposing edifices, which the landlord had styled villas.

It was while I was staying there, that Ilstead had a visitation of scarlet fever, a sudden outbreak of a most malignant kind. In many cases it proved so fatal that not only several members of the same family were often carried off by it, but even the trained nurses succumbed to its virulence; it thus became almost impossible to obtain efficient attendants for the sick.

There happened to be in Ilstead at that time a small community of Catholic Sisters, who visited amongst the poor, taught in the elementary schools, and nursed the sick; and my friend, the old priest, had asked the Rev. Mother to give me board and lodging in the convent dur-

ing my visit. I think I never spent a happier time, they were all so good and kind to me, and this beginning of our acquaintance was the foundation of a life-long friendship. It was from the Rev. Mother that I heard the account I am going to give you.

One evening in the midst of their recreation hour, the portress came in hurriedly to say that a young woman had come from Mr. Forrester of Beulah Villa, in great distress, asking for a nurse. His eldest son had died of scarlet fever a few days before, his second son was thought to be dying of the same malady, no professional nurse was to be had, and Mr. Forrester begged earnestly that a Sister might be sent, "only," the young woman added, "he hoped she might not be a very tall one."

It was impossible to prevent a smile at this strange proviso, notwithstanding the sympathy which the Sisters felt in the case ; for it happened that Sister Blandina, an elder member of the community who was most fitted for the task, having been trained in one of the London hospitals, was about six feet high. It was not at all clear why this special request was made, unless the height of the Sister was supposed to accentuate the enormity of her unscriptural belief. For Mr. and Mrs. Forrester were known by report to the Sisters as being rigidly antagonistic to the Catholic Faith, and leading members of a large Dissenting congregation in the neighbourhood ; so that nothing short of dire necessity could have forced them to call in the aid of a Religious.

"Tell the young woman, Sister Blandina, that you will go with her at once," said the Rev. Mother. "Poor people, how sorry I feel for them ! You must all pray heartily, my dear children, that the poor boy may be spared."

Sister Blandina hastened at once to the parlour, where she found a nice-looking young woman, who was crying and much agitated. She said she was the cook ; Master had bid her come to the convent as a last resource, since no nurse could be found, and they all feared Master Fred was dying. She must go back at once, as she could not be spared from the sick room, but she left the address, said that the house was about twenty minutes walk further up the road, and then departed.

Sister Blandina hurriedly put together a few necessities in a hand-bag, and then set out, under the escort of a good respectable woman who lived next door to the convent and worked for the Sisters.

It was a cold but fine autumn night. There was no moon, but the stars were gleaming brightly in the dark blue sky with that special clearness which is said to be-token frost.

When they reached Beulah Villa, the sister could distinguish a good-sized house with a small garden in the front. The door was quickly opened, her escort left her, and Sister Blandina was taken at once to a room at the top of the house, evidently the boys' room, where she found Mr. Forrester and the cook preparing to lift the poor sick lad, who was quite unconscious, on to a mattress and carry him down to a large bedroom opening out of their own. The Sister helped them to do this, but thought, as she bent over him, that he was so very near death, her services could be but of little avail. She breathed a fervent prayer for the poor sick boy, and was cheered by the thought of the many prayers that were being offered at that time in the little chapel at home.

When he had been laid on the bed prepared for him, Mr. Forrester drew the Sister aside into the recess of a

window, and in a low voice, the tears streaming down his face, told her how his eldest son and Fred were at school when the plague of scarlet fever had suddenly broken out there. The boys had to be sent home, and the eldest who, like his brother, was a day-pupil, sickened in a few days, and, after a short but very severe attack, became unconscious and died. Fred, who had accompanied his father to the funeral, was attacked by the malady the very next day, went through exactly the same phases as his brother, and had now fallen into a similar state of collapse.

“Our family doctor, who has attended all our children from their birth,” said Mr. Forrester despondingly, “gives no hope; but he has arranged for a consultation with a celebrated West End specialist this very evening, and we expect them every moment. I don’t know how to thank you for coming so quickly; God bless you, Sister! I am afraid we have troubled you when it is too late.”

“It is never too late for God’s mercy or power,” said the Sister, “you must not give up hope.”

“You are right. May He forgive my want of faith! I am nearly distracted with grief. But here are the doctors; I will go to my poor wife, while they see Fred.”

The doctor and the strange physician entered almost immediately, examined the boy, and talked seriously together for a few minutes. When the consultation was over, they called Sister Blandina, and the physician told her he could give no hope. The boy was sinking, and would not live till the morning.

He said the same to Mr. Forrester and his wife when they came in, as kindly as he could, and then took his departure. The poor father and mother knelt by the bed, and wept bitterly, while the family doctor, who had re-

mained behind, told the Sister that he would leave a medicine, which she was to give at once if there should be any signs of returning consciousness. This, he added, was really impossible, but still, there it was, if the impossible should happen.

When the doctor had gone, poor Mrs. Forrester wept unrestrainedly, and gave way to such violent grief that Sister Blandina, fearing she would become hysterical, reminded her gently how distressing her grief must be to Fred, if, as was sometimes the case, he was able to hear, though not to move or speak; she said it might even prevent his recovery, for it was of the greatest importance that he should be kept perfectly calm.

"Stay quietly in your room, dear Mrs. Forrester," she continued, persuasively, "and say your prayers, since what doctors say is impossible, is quite possible with God. I will promise to knock at the folding door, if there is any change."

Mr. Forrester led his wife into the next room; no doubt they kept a vigil with many prayers and tears, for they were good pious people according to their light. Sister Blandina prayed fervently too, as she sat by the bed, and and watched the boy.

He was a lad of about twelve or thirteen; his face was white and drawn, the nose sharp and pinched, the eyes sunken, so that, fervently as Sister Blandina hoped, she could not help fearing that the doctor's verdict was but too likely to prove true.

Closely as she watched, she could see no change in her patient, except that the pulse became fainter as the night wore on, and the breathing almost imperceptible.

About two in the morning she had left her place by the bedside to make up the fire and look at the clock, when a

slight sound made her turn round, and to her surprise she saw that the boy's eyes were open, and watching her, with an absent dazed look.

Scarcely believing her senses, the Sister returned to the bedside, and gave him the medicine the doctor had left. He swallowed it slowly and with difficulty, she supporting his head: then he tried to speak. She bent over him to hear, and he whispered, "Who are you?"

"Your nurse," she answered. "But go to sleep again, and I will tell you in the morning."

Then he fell asleep, only waking once and asking for something to drink, then sleeping again, apparently a healthy natural sleep.

Early in the morning the doctor looked in, fully expecting to hear that all was over. His face was a study, he was so utterly astonished. He considered the change simply miraculous. The poor father cried with joy. He and his wife both declared it was a miracle, a favour granted in answer to the many prayers that had gone up to Heaven on the boy's behalf.

They feared to let Sister Blandina go out of the house, so she stayed day and night for the first week, resting a little in the day-time while the cook took her place by the patient's bed: for the boy was terribly weak, and needed the most watchful care to prevent a relapse.

Mr. Forrester's gratitude to the Sisters was extreme; his wife, though she felt as deeply as her husband, was withheld from expressing her gratitude in the same way, by the influence of her dissenting friends, especially of her two sisters, who were most bitter in their detestation of what they called "Papists," and could not forgive their brother-in-law for his imprudence in admitting a "female Jesuit," as they called Sister Blandina, into the house. Mrs.

Forrester was a good wife and a kind mother, but of a weak disposition ; she stood in awe of her two elder sisters, Martha and Priscilla, and allowed them to rule and govern her in her married life as they had done at home. She avoided the Sister therefore as much as possible, though she was kind and polite when they met.

Her husband on the contrary, when he came, as he did every day, to see Fred in the morning before going to his office in the City and immediately on his return at six o'clock, invariably asked whether he could do anything for the Sister, whether she was quite comfortable, and had everything she wished. When Fred was beginning to get stronger his father used to prolong his visits in the evening, and ask the Sister questions about religion, but always in a most courteous way, usually prefacing with some such remark as, " May I ask you a little question about your persuasion, Sister ? But do not answer me if you would rather not, I would not for the world hurt the feelings of any of you ladies." And then would come some inquiry as to why the prayers were said in Latin ; or why the bell was rung during Mass.

Sister Blandina simply answered his questions, as clearly as she could, without entering into any discussions. Mr. Forrester listened politely and said, " Thank you, Sister " ; and though Master Fred said nothing, no doubt he listened too to both questions and answers, and drew his own conclusions.

After the first week or so, when her patient was quite out of danger, the Rev. Mother withdrew Sister Blandina every Saturday evening to spend the Sunday in the convent, sending in her place Sister Lioba, a good pious Lay Sister, who was an excellent nurse, and had been accustomed to the care of children when she was in the world.

The first night she was in charge, after sitting some time by the bedside of her sleeping patient, she took a little volume of "The Following of Christ" out of her pocket, and began quietly to read it to herself.

"Sister," said the boy presently, "what are you reading?"

"A little book called 'The Imitation of Christ,'" she replied.

"Will you read me some of it?" he asked.

"Not now, Fred; when you are better I will read it to you if you like, but go to sleep again now!"

The following Saturday night when she took her place beside him, he began, "Now Sister, I am better; and you promised to read that book to me when I was better. Will you read me some of it now?"

Sister Lioba read him a few passages, and from that time he never would settle to sleep on the nights she was in charge till she had read him a chapter of the 'Imitation.'

After a time another Sister was sent during the day, and Sister Blandina resumed her duties as nurse for the night only. The Sister who replaced her in the day, was a universal favourite, bright and clever, and was very soon high in favour with Fred and his father; she even succeeded in winning from Mrs. Forrester a relaxation from her usual frigid politeness. This Sister had travelled a good deal, and entertained Fred with tales of the countries she had visited. Her name was Lucilla; the boy delighted in the tales she told him, and looked forward eagerly to her visits.

Now there happened to be in the Community, a very large old-fashioned watch, a curious old watch in a silver case with a crest engraved on the outside, and a Latin motto; as it kept time well, and had a minute-hand, it was usually lent to any Sister who might be out nursing,

and just at this present time Sister Lucilla had the use of it. Fred took a great fancy to this watch, and begged her to leave it with him one evening till she came back in the morning, promising to be very careful of it, and not even to open the case, if only he might have it to look at till she came back.

Next day when Fred returned the watch, he looked unusually grave and thoughtful. He watched the Sister in silence, as she moved about the room, arranging the medicine glasses and all she was likely to require, and then came and took her place by the bed.

"What are you thinking about, Fred?" at last she asked with a smile.

"I was wondering, Sister—," began Fred, and then stopped; after a moment's hesitation he went on, "What is that crown on your watch for?"

"Oh, it is only somebody's crest," she said laughing, "That is a very old watch, Fred; it is not mine, perhaps it belonged once to the ancestors of one of our Sisters. It is always lent to those who go out to nurse the sick."

Fred was silent for a time, and seemed to be turning things over in his mind; at last he asked, "Sister, were you and the other Sisters *ladies*, when you were in your own home? And had you servants?"

"Yes, Fred, some of us had; but why do you ask?"

"Whatever can have made you turn into nurses!" exclaimed the boy, with a slight tone of contempt, "you do not do it for money, do you?"

"No," she answered, "for the people we generally go to when they are ill, are the very poorest; the ones who could not afford to pay a nurse."

"Then why *did* you leave your homes to be nurses?" persisted Fred, looking puzzled.

"I could tell you why, if you had a Bible or New Testament to lend me for a minute, Fred," she observed gravely.

"There's my Testament wrapped in silver paper, in that drawer, under the pocket handkerchiefs, in the corner opposite the collars," said the boy eagerly; "please, Sister, take it out very carefully, be sure not to crumple the handkerchiefs!"—for Fred was exceedingly particular about his attire, and insisted on having everything of the best and finest quality.

Sister Lucilla found the place, and then quietly read: "And every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters or father, or mother, or lands, for My sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting.' Don't you think that promise is motive enough, Fred?"

But Fred was silent; Sister Lucilla thought he must have gone to sleep, he was so quiet for a long time; but he was not asleep, he was thinking. Presently she gave him his beef-tea; and when he had taken it, he said, "Then you *are* allowed to read the Bible?"

"Yes, of course we are; did you think we were like heathen, Fred?"

"Why, all our Chapel people say that if you were allowed to read the Bible you'd turn Protestant," he replied. "I say, Sister," he continued, "I wish you'd tell me something about your religion!"

"I would, gladly, but your father asked us not to do so; and you see he trusts us, Fred, and we must not betray his trust."

"They don't know anything about Roman Catholics," he exclaimed, "there's Sarah, the sister next to me,—we call her silly Sally!—she declares that you worship idols; she *is* a cure! I wish you could see her. She pitches

into mother, right and left, and calls it testifying ; she told her she was a backslider, the other day, because she had one of her sick headaches and stayed away from evening service."

"She can't have found that in the Bible," said the Sister laughing.

"Oh, she preaches at us all," continued Fred, "and calls it lifting up her testimony. But you would like my other sister, Ethel ; she's a year older than me, and a regular brick of a girl. She's very clever, and plays splendidly ! She's passed lots of examinations, and is training to be a governess. I *must* manage for you to see her, but I don't know how, for they won't let her come here for fear of infection. She and I always go together ; and Sarah and Clayton, my younger brother, keep together, and a fine pair they are !"

"I saw cook with a little fellow in her arms ; is he one of your brothers?"

"Oh, that must have been Reggie. I thought they had sent him away somewhere, he has kept so quiet. If he's in the house you are sure to hear him, Sister, he's the noisiest little rascal !"

And she certainly did hear him ; for as soon as it was considered safe to let him run about the house, Master Reggie used to crouch down outside the door of the sick room, and either play at being a lion, and roar, or thump against the door and cry out "Nunny !" to make the Sister look out and speak to him.

It was not till fully six weeks had passed by that Fred was considered sufficiently recovered for the Sisters to leave him ; but before that time, he was able to accomplish his wish of introducing his favourite sister Ethel and Sister Lucilla to each other, though in a rather

peculiar manner. He sent word to Ethel to walk up and down the pavement on the opposite side of the street, at a certain time on a certain evening, for a quarter of an hour, looking up at the windows of his room; and he posted Sister Lucilla at the window at that same time, so that the two saw and bowed to each other. This was Ethel's first introduction to the Sisters.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Fred's two spinster Aunts, Martha and Priscilla Wigby, were greatly exercised in their minds at what they considered the glaring impiety of their brother-in-law, in harbouring a "Popish nun" in his house. After much consultation as to the most effectual steps to be taken, they decided on attacking the minister of their chapel, urging him to bring the matter forward in his exhortation from the pulpit on the approaching Sunday, and to expose publicly before the assembled brethren the scandal Mr. Forrester was causing, by allowing the "Scarlet Woman" to take up her abode in his house.

"James has even been weak enough to let himself be seen by some of the members of our congregation, *walking down the street* by the side of that Roman Catholic woman when she was returning to her nunnery!" cried Miss Priscilla. "Brother Lemuel, it is your bounden duty, as James's pastor, to put a stop to these antichristian proceedings!"

"To flee from which duty," chimed in Miss Martha, "would be to prove yourself a hireling and no shepherd."

"The wolf is not only *seen coming*, but is actually come," continued Miss Priscilla savagely, "in the shape of that female Jesuit, who sits disguised as a nurse, they tell me, by poor defenceless Fred's bedside, seeking, doubtless, to devour him, soul and body! We look to you, Brother

Lemuel, to snatch the prey from its mouth and drive it forth from my brother's house."

But the pastor of Bethesda Chapel was too much awake to his own interests to interfere in the matter. Mr. Forrester was a leading member of his congregation, and by far the most generous contributor towards the support of his minister; so Brother Lemuel replied, "My dear ladies, I must decline to interfere with your brother-in-law's domestic arrangements. If indeed he were to introduce a Popish nun into our *place of worship*, I should be forced to deliver my testimony: as it is—— well, I understand that Romish nuns are excellent nurses, and so no doubt Brother Forrester has acted for the best."

The two spinsters retired in high indignation and disgust, and resolved to take the matter into their own hands, by invading the very house in which the "scarlet woman," as they called her, was abiding, and persuading their sister, Fred's mother, to turn her out.

Later on, Mrs. Forrester confided to her daughter Ethel that during the time of Fred's tardy convalescence they had carried out their intention, and she had been obliged to endure a visitation,—in fact a very serious visitation,—from these two aunts, Martha and Priscilla.

They came, in their very stiffest gowns and most forbidding-looking Sabbath bonnets; and poor Mrs. Forrester knew, directly she set eyes on them, that they were prepared to lift up their voices in testimony against her, though she scarcely knew for what crime, till they began to speak.

"You are aware no doubt, sister, of the purport of our visit," Miss Priscilla began in the grimmest of voices, as soon as they had seated themselves. There were both easy chairs and sofas in the room, but the two spinsters

selected a couple of hard horsehair chairs, on which they planted themselves and sat rigid and stiff, like old-fashioned wooden dolls with badly-made joints.

"You came to ask after Fred," said their sister, "it is very kind of you. He is really better, gaining strength every day; we may give him a little solid food to-day, milk pudding or——"

"Then I hope you have sent off that Roman Catholic creature that James was fool enough to bring into the house!"

Mrs. Forrester looked frightened. "Oh, Martha, you do not know!" she said. "Our dear boy owes his life to that Sister; the doctor says so."

Miss Martha bridled; "I was not aware till this moment, I confess, that life and death were in the hands of papists."

"Don't speak so, sister! You know what I mean," pleaded poor Mrs. Forrester; "Fred requires the greatest care, day and night, and she has been unremitting in her attention, I must say that for her. And the first night, when we all thought the dear boy dying, I believe, and so does his father, that it was the prayers of the nuns——"

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted Martha sharply; "stuff and nonsense! *Their* prayers, indeed! I suppose they pulled their graven images out of their pockets and asked *them* to cure Frederick. Much good that would do! I wonder at you, Maria! you used to be more sensible."

Poor Mrs. Forrester was what her co-religionists would call "but a weak vessel," and she began to cry. "I don't know what you would have me do," she sobbed, "and I don't like to hear you call my husband a fool."

Here Miss Priscilla interposed: "Martha did not call him a fool, dear! she only said he acted like one. So he did; you can't deny that. And now, what *you* have to do is plain enough. Send that woman about her business. You can easily do it now, while James is at his office. Pay her her wages, and pack her out of the house."

"She does not have any wages," began Mrs. Forrester, "they do not work for pay——"

"No, not they!" sneered Miss Martha; "they don't want money, they have plenty of that from the Pope of Rome, their master; what they want is to catch souls! Let *me* see this person," she added, starting up, "I'll soon settle her."

"But," urged Fred's mother, "I do assure you, sisters, it would be as much as Fred's life is worth to send her away. The doctor declares it is the good nursing that is bringing him round, and he will not even consent to this one being sent away to rest while another takes her place. He insists on there being no change."

"Then you are prepared to take the consequences of harbouring a female Jesuit in the house on yourself," said Miss Priscilla in an awful voice: "You have had your warning, and rejected it. *We* have done our duty, and delivered our souls. For my part, I would rather die than be cured by the incantations of the Scarlet Woman! Come away, Martha. Maria is like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears."

"Wait," entreated Mrs. Forrester wiping her eyes, "It is very dreadful! I wish I knew what to do. But I dare not disobey the doctor's orders. Fred is really not well enough for me to venture to do so. And I assure you the Sister does nothing but what any nurse might do! She does not try to convert anyone; Fred tells me he tried to

get her to speak about her religion, and she would not. She said my husband trusted her."

"Ah! there it is!" broke in Miss Martha with a withering smile; "the Beast in the 'Revelations,' that came up out of the earth with a face like a lamb! It's always the way with these Jesuits, *they* know how to come round people! As for you, Maria, take care! You are not what you were before she came into the house. 'Evil communications——,' you know the rest!"

"It is very dreadful," repeated Mrs. Forrester, "but what can I do? I avoid the Sister as much as ever I can, in fact I never go into the room except when I know she is safe out of it, having her meals; and I *never* speak to her except to ask after Fred. Cook is perfectly safe and trustworthy, as you know, and *she* is constantly in and out of the room, and would tell me at once if religion were alluded to."

"Yes!" replied Miss Priscilla in a self-satisfied tone, "cook *is* safe, for I prepared her myself for full membership, last month: I'm in no fear for *her*."

"Well, Maria," observed Miss Martha in her driest and most impressive manner, and emphasizing her remark with appropriate raps upon the ground with her umbrella, "since you elect to keep this Roman Catholic female in the house, to the imminent peril of your own soul and Frederick's, we shall take upon ourselves to rescue from perdition the youthful members of your family, and preserve the girls, at least, from contamination. Where is Etheldreda?"

"Ethel is at school, working up for examination," said her mother.

"Very well; then there only remain Sarah and Jane. Let them come home with us; we will keep them until

that creature has been safely locked up again in her nunnery. Is the poor innocent lamb, Reginald, to be left as a prey to the wolf?"

But Mrs. Forrester protested against her pet Reggie being taken from her, promising to keep him out of all danger.

Sarah and Jane were accordingly carried off by their two aunts, and profited so well by their instructions and example, that I believe they are now second editions of Miss Martha and Miss Priscilla.

Mrs. Forrester had spoken the truth when she said she kept out of the Sister's way; but it was not so with her husband. As soon as Fred was sufficiently recovered for talking to be allowed in his room, his father used to hurry home from his office as early as possible every evening, to secure half an hour's conversation with the Sister before his seven o'clock dinner. He was anxious to have many points regarding the practice of the Church explained to him; but the questions he asked showed so much intelligence and were so courteously and delicately put, that the Sisters had no hesitation in answering him. They felt that he had no wish for controversy, but simply desired to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the charges he had been accustomed to hear brought against the Church. His esteem for "these good ladies," as he called the Sisters, and his feelings of gratitude towards them, seemed to increase as time went on.

His wife forbore to tell him of the visitation she had been favoured with by her two sisters; she knew he would only have laughed, and asked "Which bonnets they had on?" For he always declared that the Sabbath bonnets, when they appeared on a week day, were as good as a storm signal.

As for cook, that trustworthy individual who had been so carefully prepared for "full membership" by Miss Priscilla herself, what would the spinster aunts have said had they known that not only did she wait on the "female Jesuit" with the greatest reverence and devotion, but before the Sister had been many weeks in the house, when Fred was asleep one night, cook confided to her with many tears and much contrition, that she "ought to be a Catholic," she had been brought up and had made her First Communion at a convent school; but that taking service in Protestant families had led her to neglect her duties, and on entering Mrs. Forrester's service, to please her mistress, she had attended the Dissenting chapel. "But Sister," she sobbed, "I am so sorry for it all! Oh, I do want to get right again. If only you could get me to see a priest! I shall have to go from here, but I don't mind that! I would do anything to get to confession, and feel I was safe in the Church again."

Poor cook, she was in earnest; and after Fred's recovery, when the Sisters returned to their convent, she left Mrs. Forrester, and by the Rev. Mother's advice, of whom she sought counsel, returned to the Sisters at whose school she had been brought up, and was soon happy, and "safe in the Church" once more; and this time she persevered.

Fred Forrester was slowly emerging from the shadow of death by a tedious and weary progress to convalescence, all unconscious of the war that was figuratively being waged round his sick bed. For happily the belligerent aunts were not anxious, even for the sake of testifying, to venture into the possible danger of infection by entering the sick room.

Fred was well content that he had his own special Sister back again, for Sister Blandina returned after a week's

rest at the convent; and from the very first neither her height, nor her strange attire, had ever seemed to inspire him with any feeling of alarm or distrust: in fact everything about her was a delightful distraction from the commonplace, and as he gained strength his insatiable curiosity led him to ply her with questions about the convent and its inhabitants, which were highly interesting to himself, and not a little amusing to the Sister.

“Don’t let Fred be troublesome or impertinent, Sister,” said Mr. Forrester, one morning as he paid his usual visit of inspection before going off to his office, “but whatever you like to tell him, please do.”

Master Fred was inclined to be very fastidious in his tastes. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to observe what went on around him, he manifested an old-maidish particularity about the arrangement of the furniture in his room; every chair must be in exactly the same place every day, and perfectly straight. He would fidget till cook had finished dusting and left the room, and then complain, “Sister, that chair next the door is crooked, don’t you see? and the poker sticks out further than the tongs!”

He was also very particular about his pocket-handkerchiefs, he liked to have two or three clean ones a day; and they must be the fine, hem-stitched ones, with his initials embroidered in the corner. And “Oh, Sister! you have given me one with no scent on it!” he would exclaim plaintively, if she forgot that important addition.

He was also somewhat particular about his food. Like most schoolboys, he was fond of good things; and when his birthday drew near, and his father promised him a tea party in his bedroom, he spent ever so much time for days beforehand in making the Sister help him to think of dainties which he might persuade Mr. Forrester to provide

for the occasion ; she laughing to herself at the curious mixture of dishes they made up,—lobster salad and jam tarts ; sausages and marmalade ; pickles and Devonshire cream ; Fred's mouth quite watered in anticipation ! His delight was, however, much abated when he discovered that Sister Blandina would not be of the party.

His own ideas concerning the convent fare were of the most ascetic kind ; the very driest of dry bread with a possible luxury of weak tea appeared to constitute the boy's notion of the daily fare, and prompted him to inquire anxiously of cook what she had for the Sister's supper ? And her reply was triumphantly retailed to the Sister, as if there was some special luxury in store for her.

Fred had however a certain natural piety which led him to reflect that, whatever was the hardness of the religious life, it was entitled to his respect as being endured for our Lord's sake, and for the love of His poor ; and he felt the truth of his father's words, " You see, Fred, whatever errors there may be, this sort of life is really a following in the Master's footsteps, who went about doing good."

After a time, Fred was well enough to amuse himself with a book ; but none of the usual story-books satisfied him. He wanted a story book from the convent. " Do tell the Reverend Mother I want one of *her* books ! Don't you have *any* Catholic tales, Sister ?" The Rev. Mother sent him ' *Fabiola*, ' and he was charmed with it. He read it through, twice, before giving it up ; and after pondering over it in silence for a time, he observed gravely to the Sister, " If I were a Roman Catholic, I would be a monk, and my name should be Pancratius ! " This book made a deep impression on him ; and a year later he borrowed

it again to read with his sister Ethel, who had then returned home after passing successful examinations.

At length Fred was really well, too well to require any further nursing: and to his own and his father's sincere regret, the Sisters took their leave and returned to the convent.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER Sister Blandina had rejoined the Community, nothing more was seen or heard of the Forresters, beyond a report that Master Fred had been sent into the country for change of air.

The sickness had passed away, and the Sisters were occupied as usual with their daily routine of prayer and visits among the poor, and teaching in the schools. It seemed very unlikely that their temporary intercourse with the family at Beulah Villa would ever be renewed.

But in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when the Sisters were busily finishing the decorations in the tiny chapel where reverent hands had placed a very pretty crib in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Rev. Mother was surprised to hear that Mr. Forrester was in the parlour asking to see her.

She found that he was accompanied by Fred, who had grown tall, and, except that he was rather pale and thin, he looked little the worse for his long illness.

Mr. Forrester greeted the Rev. Mother as genially and respectfully as ever, saying that he trusted he had not come at an inconvenient time ; while Fred inquired eagerly after Sister Blandina and his other friends in the convent. After a few cursory remarks, during which Mr. Forrester was rubbing his hands and beaming with some secret satisfaction which he seemed anxious to disclose, he said at length with some amount of hesitation, " I hope, dear madam, I am not guilty of any breach of etiquette in presuming

to offer you a little present at Christmas time. But coming from my office with Fred this afternoon, we passed one of the best confectioners in the city and I ordered a cake for you and the elder ladies, a smaller one for the novices, and some oranges for the Sister who I hear is a great invalid. May my presumption, dear madam, be excused?"

"It is very good of you, dear Mr. Forrester," answered the Rev. Mother, "and I thank you most sincerely for your kind thought of us. We shall be grateful to you for contributing so generously to our enjoyment in the great festival of to-morrow."

"I am only too happy if I can give any little pleasure to you and the dear ladies who have been so good to us. Under God, you have saved the life of my boy, and there is nothing I could ever do to repay you. But come, Fred, we will detain the Rev. Mother no longer, for I am sure she must be very busy this evening."

Fred, however, begged to see Sister Blandina for a few minutes, and this request being granted, he and his father took their leave, with many good wishes for a happy Christmas to the Rev. Mother and the Community.

After this first visit, Mr. Forrester and the boy would often call at the convent, bringing presents of fruit or flowers, sometimes even staying to Benediction.

After a while Fred even brought with him his sister Ethel, a bright intelligent girl two years his senior, with a pleasant manner very different from that of her sisters, and evincing none of their horror of Popery. Yet neither she nor Fred showed any signs of being touched or convinced by what they saw or heard, or any desire to belong to the "household of Faith"; and the Rev. Mother was particularly anxious that no attempt should be made on the part of the Sisters to influence them.

One afternoon there was a most unexpected apparition—that of Mrs. Forrester accompanying Fred! For although when Sister Blandina left Beulah Villa Mrs. Forrester had poured forth all the deep gratitude of a mother's heart for the care bestowed on her boy, she had never made any visit to the convent, or even sent any message to the Rev. Mother.

On this occasion, it happened to be a festival, and Benediction was given by a French Capuchin who had taken refuge in England during the Franco-Prussian war. After service was over, the Rev. Mother brought him into the parlour to see Mrs. Forrester and Fred.

Poor Mrs. Forrester was overwhelmed with astonishment and horror. Such a vision had never before presented itself to her eyes—a Popish friar in a coarse brown habit, with a rope for a girdle, and bare sandalled feet. She looked at him with surprise and a horror that she could not disguise. “Oh,” she exclaimed “what a dreadful religion yours must be! Do you mean to tell me that in your country you would be obliged to walk about in the streets like that?”

“Assuredly, madame! it is only here in England we cannot wear the habit out-of-doors.”

“But—with no shoes and stockings on? and a rope round your waist! oh, it is too horrible!”

“Ah! you find that it is horrible, madame?” said the friar laughing, “on the contrary we find the habit of St. Francis charming! You do not perhaps know the history of this rope?” showing her his cord.

“No! and I don't want to know it,” she answered, turning from him with a shudder; “whatever would become of me if I were to see my boy Fred dressed up like that! I believe I should go raving mad.”

“Believe me, madame,” said the friar earnestly, ceasing to laugh, while the dark eyes gleamed with emotion, “believe me, if Almighty God wants it for your son, He will take him by the hair of his head and lift him up to set him down in the Order of St. Francis.”

“Oh, sir, don’t say such things!” exclaimed poor Mrs. Forrester, thoroughly frightened, retreating to the door and drawing Fred with her; nor could the entreaties of the Rev. Mother persuade her to stay even for the tea which was just being brought into the room for them. She never again ventured into the convent, although later on she heard that the dreadful friar had gone back to his own country. But Fred and his sister continued their visits occasionally on Sunday afternoons, whenever they thought there was a chance of being present at Benediction.

The Rev. Mother, however, feared that it was only the bright short service, which the singing, lights, and flowers rendered attractive in pleasant contrast to the dreary ritual of Bethesda Chapel and the long dry sermons of Brother Lemuel, that drew the young people to the convent. She was therefore not much surprised when they left off coming. The novelty had apparently lost its charm, or they had found some more potent excitement elsewhere.

But one Sunday she was summoned from the choir after Vespers, and told that Master Forrester and his sister were waiting in the parlour and that they begged to see her as soon as possible on a matter of very great importance. The Rev. Mother went to them at once, and found Fred pacing up and down the room in a restless way, and Ethel, with crimson cheeks and tightly clasped hands, eagerly watching the door for her entrance.

“What is the matter, my dear children? What has happened? is anything wrong at home?” she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Ethel, "Fred and I are quite determined to be Catholics, and we have come to beg you to have us received to-day."

"But," said the Reverend Mother, "you do not know what you are asking! It is a serious matter to be received into the Church, and you would have first to go through a long course of instruction. What makes you want to be Catholics?"

"I have always wanted to be one," answered Fred, "ever since my illness."

"And we do know something about it," said Ethel, "for directly Fred got better, we used to go and listen to the children being catechized in the little Catholic Chapel at Ilstead, then Fred got one of those small penny catechisms and we studied it together; and then a priest who spoke to Fred in Saint Mary's, Moorfields, lent him a book called 'The Poor Man's Catechism,' and I found 'The Threshold of the Church,' in a Catholic Repository. I think we know nearly everything now. Oh, please, dear Rev. Mother, don't disappoint us! We were so hoping you would have received us to-day."

"What do they think of it at home?" asked the Mother, "does your father know of your wish?"

"Oh, no! No one knows of it," answered Ethel, "there would be a terrible fuss if they did! Fred and I could not stay in the house."

After questioning them, and finding that they were quite in earnest and were really well prepared, the Rev. Mother said kindly, "My dear children, nothing would give me greater happiness than to know you were safe in the one true Church; but I could not consent to your taking so serious a step in such a hasty manner and without your father's knowledge. You must go home, and tell him

what you have just told me. Be perfectly open with him, and conceal nothing, and then you will have nothing with which to reproach yourselves. Your father has always trusted you completely," she added, "he deserves to have your confidence. Tell him all you feel, and ask his consent. If he gives it, I need not tell you how delighted we shall all be to have you received in our convent chapel."

The two looked at each other in dismay, and Ethel's eyes filled with tears. "You don't know, Mother, what it will be at home," she murmured.

"I shall leave home," exclaimed Fred! "catch me staying to hear Catholics abused by my aunts! I shall go and be a missionary and a martyr!"

"You must do what I have said," observed the Rev. Mother quietly; "that shall be the test of your sincerity. As for you, Fred, how could you have the courage to be a martyr, if you cannot even stand trouble or opposition in your own home? You are both convinced that God has called you to embrace the true faith, cannot you trust Him to give you grace and strength to bear any trial that obedience to His call may bring? Come with me into the chapel for a few minutes, and beg our dear Lord, present in the Blessed Sacrament, to bless and to help you."

Fred and his sister followed the Rev. Mother without a word, and when they came back with her to the parlour they were both much calmer and reasonable. She bade them go home, do exactly what she had told them, and come back the next Sunday to tell her how they had fared. They obeyed her injunctions implicitly, though they did so in fear and trembling.

Their father, however, was so pleased and touched by the confidence shown in him, and, as he expressed it, "the honourable, straightforward conduct of the Rev.

Mother," that he put no veto on their desire, though he made a condition that they should wait for twelve months before carrying it into effect. He told them that during this time it was his wish they should study the question most earnestly on both sides; that they might see and consult Catholic priests, but that they must also hear what his own minister had to say on the subject.

It was a great trial to two eager young hearts impatient of delay, but they submitted, and the sincerity of their conviction stood the test with unshaken firmness.

When the twelve months had expired and Mr. Forrester found that the young people still kept to their intention of becoming Catholics, he gave his consent, and they were both received into the Church.

How Mrs. Forrester bore the trial was never known. Her husband's word was law in his family, and you may be sure he took good care that Fred and Ethel were subjected to no annoyance that he could prevent.

Ethel left home very shortly to be a governess in a Catholic family in Germany, and Fred soon after announced his desire to be a priest. A friend suggested that he should go to one of the Apostolic Schools on the Continent to begin his studies; so, soon after his sister had taken her departure, Fred went to a seminary in Belgium. There, one day, he met a Capuchin friar, and, reminded of the one he had seen at Ilstead, he was drawn to make his acquaintance, and finally to petition for admittance into the Order. He accompanied the good Father to France, entered the novitiate, was professed in due time, and thus became a bare-footed friar, wearing a coarse brown habit and a hempen cord, and leading a hard self-denying life.

And now, my dear children, that is the end of my story."

The younger members of the party clapped their hands and thanked Aunt Margaret, but George and Madge exchanged inquiring looks, and George exclaimed eagerly, "Why, Aunt Margaret, you don't mean——, oh, I say! is it that jolly Father Felix we were so sad about when he went off to the savages last month?"

"Yes, George, Father Felix was once the fastidious Fred Forrester! though one can hardly recognize in the simple, happy, plain-spoken friar, the exacting boy of fourteen with his affected way of talking, patronizing manner, scrupulous particularity about tight-fitting gloves and boots, scented pocket-handkerchiefs, and daintiness in food. He has attained his desire, you see, of being a priest and a missionary, and there is no scrap of the old Fred Forrester left in him, except his goodness of heart."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed George, "I should never have dreamt of Father Felix being Fred, until you spoke of the Capuchin friar, and that made me put two and two together. And how awfully good he is now! Isn't he, Aunt Margaret?"

"It has been by correspondence with the grace of God, and I must not forget to tell you, George, that by a further marvel of that grace, some years after he had been ordained priest, his younger brother became a Catholic, and even Reginald, the mischievous little sprite who used to knock at the door of Fred's sick room and call out 'Nunny!' followed his example. Truly we may say, this was 'the change of the right hand of the Most High.'"

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